THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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DRAWN BY
PHILIP BOILEAU

In This Number

Albert W. Atwood—Peter B. Kyne—Irvin S. Cobb—Samuel G. Blythe
Emerson Hough—Montague Glass—E. Phillips Oppenheim—Corra Harris

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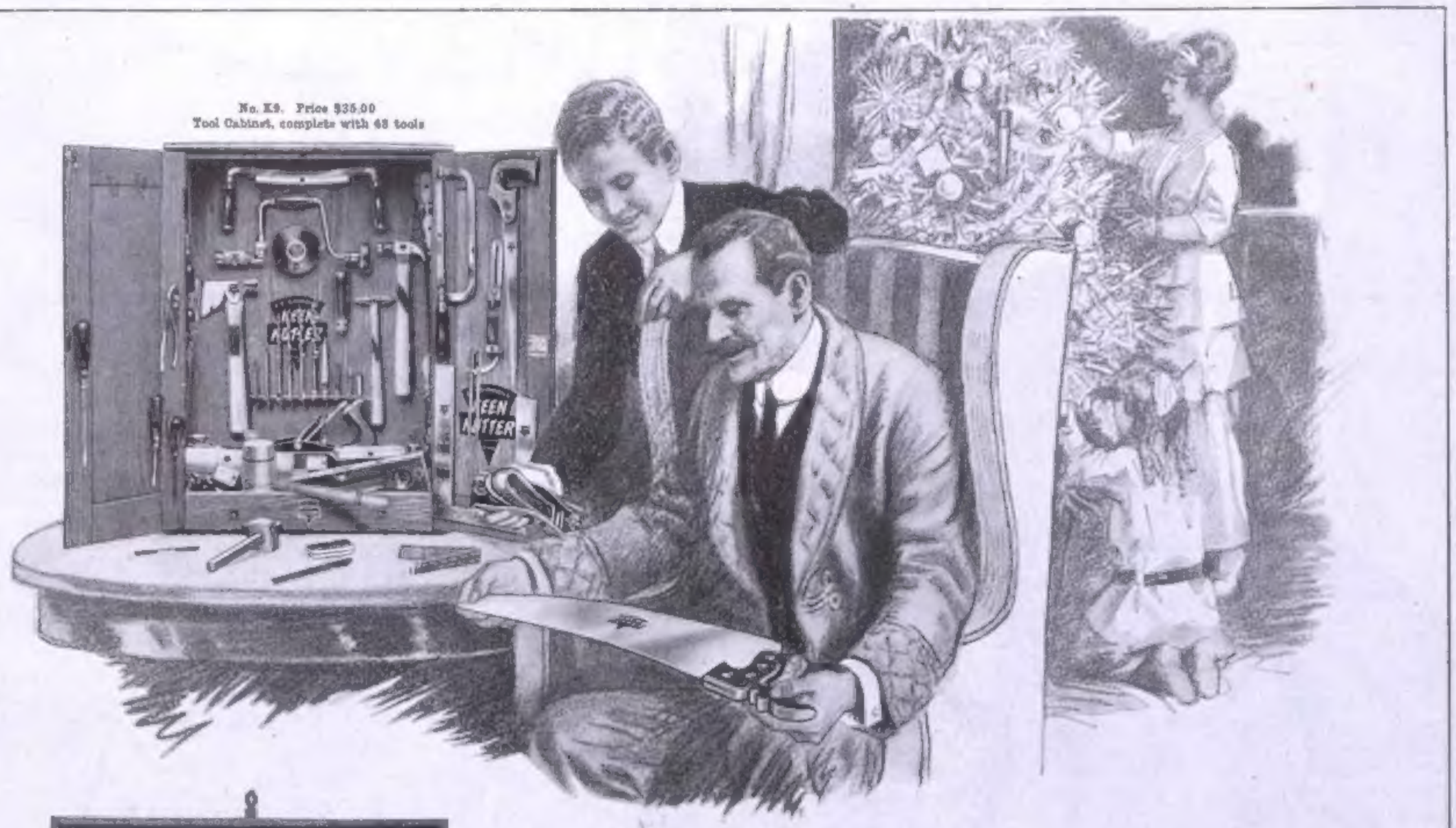

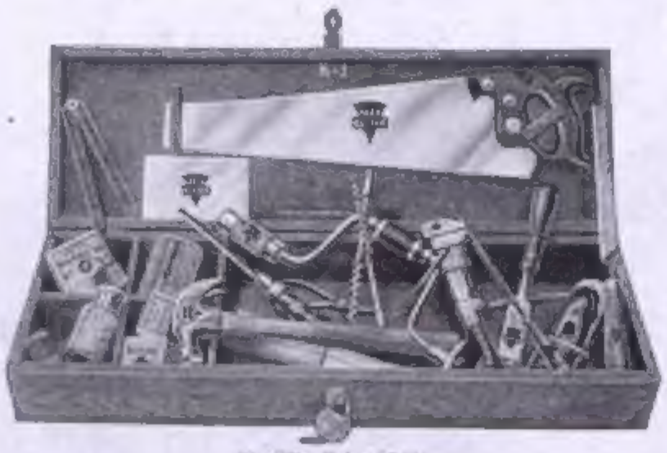

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HOARDED GOLD

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

SINCE the beginning of the world mankind has painfully dug out from the bowels of the earth some fifteen billion dollars' worth of gold, and then carefully hidden away, lost or destroyed nearly a third of it. Hoarding money is one of the oldest, most universal and persistent of human instincts; but if it were allowed anything like free play under modern conditions the whole structure of industry and finance would tumble about our heads.

If the panic-stricken hoarders in their desperate scramble for money had gotten beyond control in this country early last August, we should have had a catastrophe the like of which was never seen. The world-old love for gold, which the first few days of every financial disturbance have always changed into a noxious and destructive mania, was as much a part of human nature in August, 1914, as it was in October, 1907, or in 1893. There was the same fear of what this intangible and mysterious but dreaded instinct might lead to. Swiftness of action, however, checked the most incalculable of all financial dangers.

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Millions in Gold Piled Up in a Subterranean Treasure House

It must not be supposed there has been no hoarding in this country in the past few months. Early last August a well-known business man walked into the office of the president of one of New York's great banks and opened a small satchel. This man had important connections in four or five large Western cities, with bank accounts in all of them. He opened his satchel and took out one hundred thousand dollars in gold certificates.

"I want you to put this in a safe place for me," he said. "I don't want to take any chances. I drew all my money out of the banks."

"I never knew you were an ass," replied the banker, "but I know it now. I won't touch your gold."

"Do you mean you won't take it?" asked the startled man. "What shall I do with it?"

"Take it away from here!" shouted the banker.

It must have taken a lot of righteous indignation and bunches of self-control to refuse a hundred thousand dollars in gold, or gold certificates, which are the same thing, only more convenient; but the bank president told me the incident himself, and he is far too conspicuous a figure in international finance to invent such a tale. Besides, no intelligent banker could afford to encourage hoarding, even for his personal benefit, because widespread hoarding would smash every bank in the country.

Rich Gold Hogs Ashamed of Themselves

A WOMAN whose yearly income exceeds one million dollars drew eighty thousand dollars from a bank in the first few days of August last and locked it up in a safe-deposit vault. Then she boasted to her society friends of her exploit. Hoarding is always considered a sure sign of brutish ignorance among the less fortunate classes, but among the wealthy and intelligent it is the most despicable and cowardly of vices—the unpardonable sin of the modern industrial world.

I went to one of the leading bankers of Wall Street the other day and asked him whether the money hoarded in August was coming back to the banks.

"Yes, of course it is coming back," he responded; "but not to the same banks from which it was taken. The rich hoarders are ashamed to do that. They are putting their money somewhere else. However," he added significantly, "we know fairly well who some of them are."

It has been thought that we Americans have become such an intelligent people, so accustomed to banking practices, to the use of checks, and to the downfall of witchcraft and other superstitions, that the day of hiding money in old stockings, stoves and cisterns had gone forever, except in the case of the more ignorant of our immigrants; but, curiously enough, the development of the safe-deposit business has made hoarding respectable and possible among the intelligent and well-to-do. To hide money in a stocking is a sign of ignorance, but to have a safe-deposit box in a fortified underground steel palace is considered by many the highest mark of shrewdness.

The modern safe-deposit vault has made it possible to hoard money with the utmost security, comfort and secrecy. These modern treasure houses defy man, time, fire and earthquakes. They could stand a siege far better than the forts of Paris. There is no way of knowing what may be hidden in their palatial yet steel-ribbed interiors; but one vault, at least, in the city of New York has held as much as three billion dollars in cash and securities. Safe-deposit vaults alone withstood the San Francisco fire and earthquake. The contents of the great Mercantile Safe Deposit Company's vaults included everything that escaped the ravages of the fire that destroyed the Equitable Life Assurance Society's building in New York.

Hoarding Made Easy by Safe-Deposit Vaults

IN THE Wall Street district of New York there are twenty or more of these subterranean treasure houses containing literally tons of gold, silver, currency, jewels and securities. Because of their great weight, and also for safety, they are sunk two, three and four stories below the street level. Veritable arsenals, watched day and night by disciplined forces of armed riflemen, the actual armor-plate vaults themselves are surrounded by great steel cages as well as solid concrete and granite inclosures; and if a mob broke through all those obstacles it would be greeted by automatic jets of live steam or showers of scalding water.

In no European country have safe-deposit vaults reached this state of perfection. They are not only fireproof, earthquakeproof, bombproof and mobproof—they are supposed also to be proof against revolutions. Many are commodious as well as secure. The Rockefeller vault is said to be large enough to hold a dozen men and to have a passageway through the center thirty feet in length.

Safe-deposit vaults are used, it is true, for keeping stocks and bonds as well as gold and other money. Banks have added safe-deposit boxes to their equipment, partly with the idea that people who see how strong the vault is may get the idea that the bank is just as solid. It seems strange that bankers, who have most to lose from general hoarding, should offer facilities to make hoarding safe and comfortable. Perhaps the bank that owns stock in a safe-deposit company figures it will win either way—whether the money goes into the bank or into a five-dollar box in the vaults.

Bankers say it is impossible for many depositors to withdraw money from a bank and put it in the safe-deposit vault connected with that bank without the officers' discovering what is going on; but the miser and hoarder has from the beginning of time been a clever person at inventing excuses, and if his own bank will not accommodate him it is always possible to go where he is not known. Supreme selfishness outwits laws. Men have told some whopping lies about sick wives and notes coming due to persuade their banks to give them money, and then have rushed to the nearest safe-deposit box with it.

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

The Safe-Deposit Vaults in the Equitable Building Were All Intact After the Big Fire and Everything in Them Safe

There is no refuge so satisfactory to the hoarder as the safe-deposit box. In New York all citizens who are taxed swear an iron-bound oath as to the amount of cash they have on hand, in bank and in hiding; but there is no possible way by which the assessors can check up the statements made. With bonds and stocks there are methods of quietly unearthing the truth; but with gold and other forms of actual money there is none. Indeed, it may at least be surmised that the marvelous growth of the safe-deposit industry in this country is traceable in no small part to its usefulness as a refuge over the tax day. The discrepancy between the actual amount of money, jewels and securities in existence and the amount that is taxed is suspicious, to say the least.

It is sometimes said that the hoarder, as a type, is rare. The extent of hoarding is supposed to be a difficult thing to discover. It may be a disagreeable task to unearth instances of this low human quality, but anyone who wants to can do so. Certainly, in the aggregate, hoarding among all classes of people assumed a formidable total early last August before the banks had outmaneuvered those who attempted it.

The world improves, however. There is no case on record this year to equal the millionaire who, in 1907, drew three million dollars, mostly in gold, from his various banks, placed one million dollars in a safe-deposit vault, and sent two million dollars to what he thought was a safe hiding place in Europe. This man was worth forty million dollars, and made every cent of it in this country. Perhaps if Europe were not a more unsafe place now than America he might have tried to repeat the performance. After he had withdrawn his three million dollars from the banks, and before placing it in the vault, he related to the vice-president of a well-known trust company what he was about to do.

"You ought to be shot!" remarked the trust-company official; but even this pointed suggestion did not cure the Crœsus of his low cunning.

The Grab for Gold in Panic Days

FINANCIAL ethics has moved a tremendous long way in the seven years since 1907. It is true that some bankers who charged a premium on gold for ten days during the panic of 1907 were put on a black list after that; but the damage had been done. Last summer there really existed a premium of two per cent on gold, but it could be cashed in only by engaging in exchange operations with Ottawa or other foreign cities. No banker dared to buy or sell gold. If a state institution had been guilty of it the State Banking Department would have run it out of business; and if a national institution had been so bold the Federal Reserve Board, with its splendid spirit of leadership, would have been heard from.

Banks simply will not recognize a premium on gold nowadays. In Civil War times, and later, too, the purchase and sale of gold at more than its face value was a recognized and respectable banking practice. How different conditions were in August of this year is shown by the fact that the head of one of the large banks was called on the telephone, and a voice on the other end of the wire explained that the owner had fifty thousand dollars in gold notes in a safe-deposit vault and would like to sell them.

"What will you pay?" was the inquiry.

"One hundred cents on the dollar," replied the banker with a supreme effort to control his temper as he slapped the receiver on the hook.

Thus it was impossible for men to go to a savings bank on lower Wall Street, persuade the bank to let them have money on the strength of a hard-luck story about doctor's bills coming due, then take the money to a bullion broker a block farther up the street, sell it for one hundred and four per cent of its face value, receive a certified check on a big bank in payment, and then immediately return to the savings bank to deposit the certified check. This actually took place in 1907; and the astounding feature was that when the savings-bank authorities remonstrated the money ghouls were so obtusely callous that they failed to see wherein they had done wrong.

No longer does enlightened financial sentiment, not to mention the Treasury Department, permit such hoarding of gold as Russell Sage and Jay Gould used to indulge in. On Friday they would send trusted representatives quietly to withdraw five million dollars in gold from banks they controlled. Then, on Saturday morning, just before the Stock Exchange closed, the bank statements would show tremendous losses in cash, though all the known movements of money had indicated increases for the week. Stocks would fall with a thud; and the manipulators, having sold short a few days before, naturally reaped big profits. On Monday the gold quietly went back into the banks.

Russell Sage was a money lover, a believer in ready cash. At one time Wall Street credited him with having thirty million dollars of it. It has been said that Hetty Green, the richest woman in America, is fond of ready money. At least it is recalled that her son, Edward Howland Robinson Green, was once quoted in a newspaper interview as saying: "My mother always has plenty of money to lend on good collateral when currency is scarce."

Lurid Wall Street fiction has been written about the fanciful rumor that the country's richest man has brought about alternate periods of prosperity and depression by releasing or hoarding gold; but that is hardly to be taken seriously.

People are a little more reticent about displaying gold in times of trouble than they used to be—a little more ashamed of it. The figure, legendary but lifelike, of the old farmer who in the panic of 1873 stood in the middle of Wall Street with a carpetbag full of gold certificates and bought stocks at such prices as he himself named, from gutter brokers operating while the Stock Exchange was closed, is hardly possible now.

How many five-dollar safe-deposit boxes were rented in the last two or three days of July last, and during the first week of August, there is no way of prying loose from the members of the Clearing House Committee who investigated the subject; but I know the Clearing House authorities inferred, from their study of the number of five-dollar boxes rented in ten days only in the city of New York and vicinity during October, 1907, that fifty million dollars in money had been hoarded in that short period.

In two days, late in October, thirty-three safe-deposit companies in New York rented seven hundred and eighty-nine boxes, or six times the usual number. Nine of those companies rented two hundred and twenty-six boxes in the week ending October twenty-fourth, as compared with an average of about thirty-six a week for several preceding months. In San Francisco the hoarding became so serious that all the safe-deposit companies agreed, on November second, to rent no more boxes until the fourteenth of the month, and then only to persons who could show a legitimate use for them. An informal agreement of much the same nature was reached in St. Louis.

The largest single instance of hoarding last August was in a Western city, where one million dollars in gold coin was placed in a safe-deposit box; but gold is much more used in Pacific Coast cities than in the East or Middle West. A depositor in a Western bank recently withdrew in gold his entire deposit, went downstairs and rented a safe-deposit box, where he placed the money; and then actually had the nerve to go upstairs and ask the bank for a loan.

In 1907 retail stores picked out gold certificates from other money and sold them to money dealers at a premium of four per cent. Nothing of the kind has been known to happen this year. One international banking firm, with heavy gold payments to make abroad, asked three great department stores, with which it had affiliations, to sort out gold certificates from the general stock of money received over the counter and turn them over to the banking firm; but no premium was paid for the gold. The stores did it merely as a favor. I know a restaurant keeper who sorted out all the gold certificates he received from customers and kept them in hope of getting a premium on gold; but he was disappointed.

Very early in August, just before the banks had adopted the uniform policy of refusing to pay out gold, a business man went to the bank where he kept thirty-five thousand dollars. He had two boys with him, carrying bags, and he insisted on being paid thirty thousand dollars in gold coin. When the money had been tucked away in the bags the man said he intended to put the gold in a safe-deposit box and to leave five thousand dollars for a checking account.

"Here; take the five thousand!" shouted the angry cashier, pushing the money toward the former depositor. "You can't keep a cent in this bank."

Men with salaries of as much as six thousand dollars a year, who had formerly deposited their salary checks in the bank as soon as received, insisted on cashing them at once and placing the proceeds in safe-deposit boxes. A Wall Street newspaper man in daily touch with the operations of finance astonished me by saying that in the first week of August he had rented a five-dollar safe-deposit box and placed one hundred dollars in cash therein. Of this sum forty dollars was in gold coin and sixty in gold certificates.

"Why did you do such a fool thing?" I asked him.

"Oh, well," he replied, "I did it out of devilishness, you may say. Others were doing it—why not I?"

A Nation of Paper-Money Users

IN 1907 no one thought a panic was coming and banks continued to pay out money until they had none left. First they paid out paper money, then, when that was gone, they gave depositors gold, and then silver. Finally, when it was all gone, there was nothing left to pay out. The horse not only ran out at the door but he had run half a mile before the door was locked. Millions of dollars left the savings banks of the city of New York and found their way into hoarding in 1907 before any action was taken.

Fortunately the country had a billion dollars of emergency currency to fall back on then. For the first time there was something to fill the gap. In 1907 there was no currency to meet pay rolls. Now the emergency currency meets every need. Now and then a man goes to the bank and asks for gold.

"But you didn't deposit gold," says the cashier. "You only gave us a check, and we will give you lawful money—nothing more."

Whereupon the depositor is given emergency currency and forced to be content.

Gold practically disappeared from circulation in this country last summer. How many gold certificates have you seen in circulation recently? Take the money from your pocket, if you are fortunate enough to have any there, and see how much of it consists of gold certificates. None. In ordinary times they are about as common as bank notes.

There are no figures to show in what civilized country most gold is hoarded; but the American people, with the exception of those in California and the Rocky Mountain states, where gold is common for obvious reasons, are not accustomed to its sight. As a people we are used to paper money. *(Continued on Page 26)*

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Interior of Modern Safe-Deposit Vaults

THE HANDSHAKE AGREEMENT

They Headed Down the Lonely Stretches of Mesquite Valley, Winning Safely at Last to Deep Wells

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

LONG SHORTY FERGUSON and Dan Purdy, were in the desert vernacular, "pardners from sody to hock." In the matter of age, race, complexion, religion, morals, nature and condition of servitude, Messrs. Ferguson and Purdy ran the race of life to what the sporting fraternity would designate a dead heat.

Both were about fifty years; both were members of the Caucasian race; both were pagans and wholly unconvertible. They paid their bills and gave alms indiscriminately, generously, and in quantity totally disproportionate to their worldly wealth; they borrowed without hesitation or embarrassment, but had never begged. Long Shorty is authority for the statement that, though they had followed many a wild cat to its lair, he could remember but one occasion when they had starved to death!

To continue: They were gentle, kindly, humorous, until one ran foul of their unwritten laws, when he discovered two elderly gentlemen singularly incapable of dodging any issue, be that issue what it might. They were dyed-in-the-wool disciples of the doctrine of personal responsibility, which trait was perhaps the most distinguishing characteristic of each. At any rate, it is the one the reader is cautioned to bear in mind, for without it there would be no story, and our heroes would degenerate into two ordinary old desert rats, in whose comings and goings nobody would have the slightest interest.

So much for the inward aspect. Outwardly Long Shorty and Dan were sizable men, with wrinkled, leathery necks and squint eyes; and by reason of a lifetime of journeying to far horizons they were burned a bricky brown. In a word, or two or three, they were prospectors, gypsies of the Land of Heat and Silence, distinguished from their branch of the genus Homo by nothing more striking than their inflexible doctrine of personal responsibility and the possession by Mr. Ferguson of a plural nickname of singular nature. Yet even this latter is readily accounted for.

Once in a certain boom camp, the name of which nobody now remembers, there dwelt three men surnamed Ferguson. One was long and spindly—that was Long Ferguson. Another was short and fat—that was Shorty Ferguson. One was designed by his Creator along conservative lines—and that was Long Shorty Ferguson. Since he had acquired this cognomen prior to his association with Dan Purdy, Mr. Purdy never called him anything else, except when drunk or profoundly excited. On such occasions he always addressed his partner by the latter's full Christian name, which was Charles Wilfred.

Somewhere back in the springtime of life Messrs. Ferguson and Purdy had foregathered, loaded their worldly effects on a common packsaddle on an extremely common burro yclept Gentle Annie, and gone prospecting. Later they acquired more burros; but, like all self-made men, they had a humble start. And—speaking of starts, let us commence our story.

Let us assume twenty years to have passed—twenty years of joyous, profitless, aimless, unrestricted wandering, during which the desert, which plays no favorites, wrought its mystic spell on Long Shorty Ferguson and Dan Purdy. If you do not know the type it is hard for us to describe exactly how, when or where the desert finally got Long Shorty and Dan. Suffice the fact, therefore, that get them it did; that the silence settled over them like a benediction; that the alchemy of time wrought its changes in character as in appearance, making of our heroes a curious combination of candor and reticence, wisdom and childlike simplicity, sinner and saint. They made some money from time to time and spent it in riotous living and the purchase of the bare necessities of life. They had never known luxury. Blessed mortals! They never missed it! And they had never really grown up. They had lived so long close to the great breast of Nature that their old hearts were clean and unsullied.

Yes, they sinned on those infrequent occasions when they returned to civilization; but what of that? There was nothing else to do, and civilization and sin are synonymous—at least, they were in the camps our heroes visited; and Dan and Long Shorty were the last two men in the world to throw cold water on a popular pastime. They had a vague notion that when they came to town a bout with the devil was eminently fitting and proper and no more than was expected of them. They never stayed very long, however. The noise and the chatter and the gilt and the glamor of camp life frayed their nerves more quickly than desert whisky. The waste was always calling.

They had tried hotels, but preferred a bed in the sand beside a little fire of mesquite wood. To be awakened by a seven-o'clock whistle or the ringing of a room telephone affrighted and annoyed them; they wanted the caress of the cold dawn wind rustling the sage; the shrill yip-yip-yip of a coyote on a distant butte voicing his age-old plaint of famine. And mostly they wanted peace. However——

Dan and Long Shorty had had a week's carouse in Goldfield. Red-eyed and repentant they sat in the Little Casino; and through the garish confines of that hall of Not-a-Chance they glimpsed, in their mind's eye, enchanting vistas of saw-toothed mountains of indigo hue, naked white buttes and vast undulating stretches of burnt-umber desert; through the swinging doors, as the young engineer of the Boston Syndicate that owned the Johnny Mine entered, the wind carried a handful of sand and a tang of sage which, mingling with cigar smoke, stale air and the sickening odor of lemon peel, whisky and humanity, woke in the breasts of Dan and Long Shorty a poignant nostalgia.

"Dan'l, This Fool Gamblin' Has Plumb Ruined Our Lives!"

Long Shorty glanced at Dan Purdy. He spoke no word, and yet he shrieked aloud:

"Dan'l, let's drift! Let's go away and be clean. Let's pack now and camp to-night at Silver Peak; and after supper we'll sit by the fire and spit tobacco juice into it, and watch the moon rise over the Panamints, and be still!"

Dan nodded a brief affirmation, rose, hitched his belt and started for the door. Long Shorty followed.

In twenty years that is what the desert had done to Dan and Long Shorty. It had brought peace and perfect understanding; it had substituted telepathy for speech; it had taught them that silence is golden.

The engineer of the Boston Syndicate blocked Dan and Long Shorty in their dash for freedom by grasping an arm of each.

"Where to?" he queried.

Dan waved his free arm dramatically.

"To hell out o' here!" growled Long Shorty, his disgust betraying him into speech.

"I'll furnish an outfit, grub and ammunition, and five dollars a day to each of you if you'll go down to the Johnny Mine, do the assessment work and guard the property until the first day of April. Some Mormons from over near the Utah line claim an adverse title. There might be some claim jumping."

Dan and Long Shorty shook their heads briefly. Not with them on the job! Hardly!

"You'll take the contract, then?" the engineer of the Boston Syndicate queried.

Dan and Long Shorty nodded and each extended his horny right hand. The Boston engineer shook each in turn; the bargain was concluded.

Now some may prefer, in a matter involving an outlay of cash and possibly blood, to have their attorneys draw up a memorandum of agreement, sign and seal the same before a notary public, and afterward file it for record with the county clerk. Not so the Dan Purdys and Long Shorty Fergusons of this world. They may look extremely wild and woolly, but they are wise enough to avoid entangling legal alliances, for they are well aware of the jokers in written agreements, the idiotic decisions of supreme courts, and the venality of men who wear white collars and have their trousers pressed. Consequently it was their custom to avoid expense and misunderstanding by shaking hands with the party of the second part; for in their primitive world and according to their primitive code woe unto him who repudiated a handshake agreement.

That was the unpardonable crime. Of a murderer Dan and Long Shorty might have said: "Wa-al, I dunno. Mebbe he just had to beef the feller." Of a thief they might have said: "Wa-al, mebbe the feller was hungry an' down on his luck." But of the

foul wretch who broke a handshake agreement they would have said: "The damned skunk! Served him right! I'd 'a' killed the varmint myself. Why, he shook hands with the man, an' then went an' deliberately did the opposite!"

The psychology of this philosophy lies in the principle that a murderer or a thief is merely a murderer or a thief; that such an individual has no honor is a matter of public knowledge. But when you shake hands with a man to clinch an understanding or agreement, the only reason you do so is because you believe him to be a man of honor; and by his acceptance of your hand he confirms this belief. Hence, if later he repudiates the handshake, all men know that he once did have honor but forfeited it for some material gain; and for such a man there is no closed season thereafter.

It required approximately thirty seconds to consummate the deal with all its whereases and wherefores. Their employer furnished a team of sturdy little white mules and a wide-tired light wagon, into which our heroes piled their equipment and the season's grub, two rifles and a quantity of cartridges. The four burros constituting a problem they were obliged to leave behind, the engineer for the Boston Syndicate gave them ten dollars each for three of them.

The fourth, Gentle Annie, now a sedate burro of twenty-eight years and too worthless to bring a price, was turned loose to wander wheresoever she listed. She listed to tag after Dan and Long Shorty, which was another trick on the part of the devil; but our heroes, who were reasonably fond of Gentle Annie, construed her voluntary pilgrimage as an evidence of a deathless affection. Consequently when she came sneaking into camp that night and nickered for her evening flapjack they made her welcome, and the following morning packed two kegs of water on her, tied her to the tail gate of their wagon and headed down through Palmetto Cañon into Inyo County, California; thence down the lonely arid stretches of Mesquite Valley, as the northern arm of Death Valley is sometimes called, winning safely at last to Deep Wells.

At Deep Wells the off mule sickened and died; wherefore Long Shorty and Dan remembered he had broken his hobbles one night in Mesquite Valley and had doubtless drunk deep of an arsenic spring. They thought it was tough luck, but forbore to blame the devil, notwithstanding the fact that they were in his country. Instead, they blessed Gentle Annie's thoughtfulness in tagging after them. They harnessed her with the surviving mule and continued blithely on their way down the west flank of the Funeral Range until they came to Furnace Creek.

The waters of Furnace Creek are meager, warm, and burdened with sufficient borax to make them soft and cleansing. Here our heroes rested and bathed for one week, while Gentle Annie and the white mule gorged themselves with alfalfa grown on the oasis known as Furnace Creek Ranch. Then they took the trail again, southeast through Furnace Creek Cañon, up and over the Funeral Range, down into the Valley of the Amargosa. In this weird valley one would expect to find a weird river, and he is not disappointed. The devil controls the Amargosa. A hellish *zanjaro*, he causes it to flow underground. Only at infrequent intervals does the bed of the river rise above its surface.

"An' He Comes B'lin' Out o' That Tent With His Gun an' Whangs Away at Me"

Across the Amargosa went Dan Purdy and Long Shorty Ferguson and Gentle Annie and the white mule, up into the Charleston Buttes, on the evening of the second day out from Furnace Creek Ranch. In the level rays of the sun, hanging on the serrated sky line behind them, the Buttes flared white where there was borax, red where the oxides cropped out, and black with iron pyrites. And there were ochres and browns and deep, velvety blues where the night shadows already hung in the cañons; and all about Long Shorty and Dan was the eternal peace that soothed and comforted them like the strains of distant music.

"Seems awful good after that toot in Goldfield—eh?" quoth Dan Purdy as he marked a distant yellow scar on a hillside for the Johnny Mine.

Long Shorty nodded.

"Looks like a good place to winter," he said finally, as though loath to break the silence. "We got a water hole right on the claim."

Dan made suitable comment on this evidence of the tenderness of his Creator, and they pressed onward through the buttes, arriving at the mine shortly after dark.

The succeeding six weeks dragged slowly by; and in that time Dan and Long Shorty did the required assessment work on the lode, lead or deposit of the Johnny Mine. This matter attended to, they had nothing to do save guard the property, whereupon they took to playing cooncan and staking nothing thereon, for the reason that they had no assets more tangible than the clothes on their backs, their firearms, jackknives and chewing tobacco; and inasmuch as these were all community property they could not be staked in a game of chance. Also, as everybody knows, a game of chance without something of definite, intrinsic value staked on the outcome, is the most puerile pleasure in which two old rapscallions like Dan and Long Shorty could possibly engage.

However, necessity is the mother of invention, and it is a cold day, even in the Valley of the Amargosa, when Satan cannot find some mischief for idle hands to do. What more natural, then, than that, with such fecund aid, Dan Purdy should presently father an answer to the problem.

"Long Shorty," said he, "tell you what we'll do to make this gamblin' interestin'. Now, me an' you're young yet, with the world before us; and in the nature o' things we just nacherly can't be kept down. We're bound to strike it rich some day."

"That's logic," Long Shorty assented interestedly.

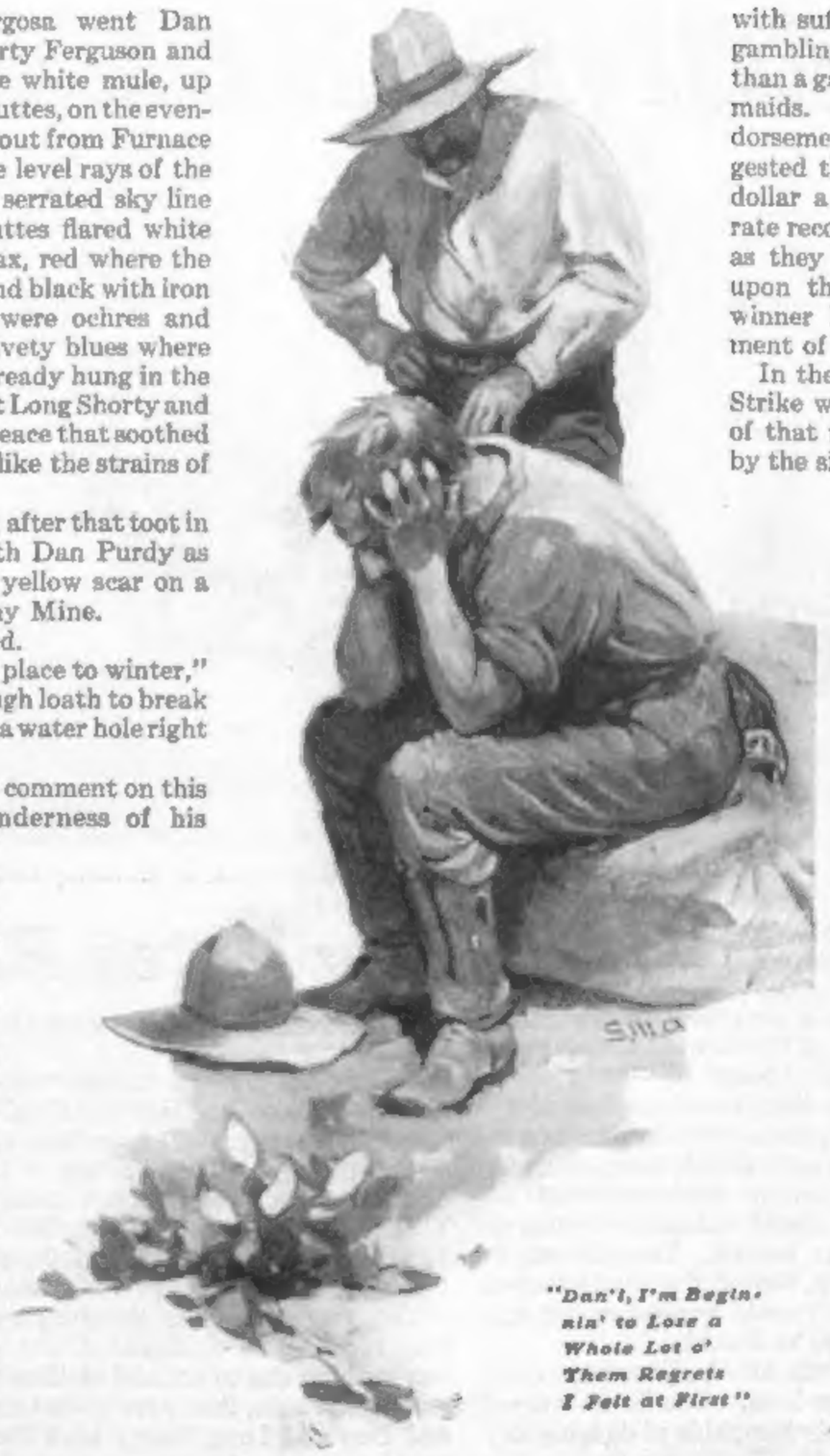
"Then," said Mr. Purdy, "let's bet on futures!"

Why not, indeed? Such means of gleaning pleasure and profit have been practiced in stock exchanges the world over. Moreover, discounting the future was an old game with Dan and Long Shorty; so the proposition seemed reasonable.

"Spread your hand, Dan'l," Long Shorty invited his partner; and forthwith Mr. Purdy complied.

His scheme was absurdly simple. For purposes of expediency they were to assume their luck at mining to be running strong, all signs to the contrary notwithstanding; and that some time within the succeeding four years they would make the Big Strike for which they had been searching half their lives. This strike, according to Dan Purdy, would be worth not less than one million dollars; and Long Shorty gravely hazarded an opinion that it would be worth even more.

Very well! Within four years, then, they would each be worth, at the very least, half a million dollars. Therefore, since credit and time extensions constitute the real basis of capital, Daniel pointed out that he and Long Shorty were, to all intents and purposes, equipped with sufficient capital to render their gambling operations of more interest than a game of cussino between two old maids. On Long Shorty's hearty indorsement of these sentiments he suggested that the game continue at one dollar a point, each to keep an accurate record of the play until such time as they should cease playing; thereupon the loser should issue to the winner his promissory note in payment of his losses.



"Dan'l, I'm Beginnin' to Lose a Whole Lot o' Them Regrets I Felt at First"

In the event of discovery of the Big Strike within four years from the date of that note, the same was to be paid by the signer in stock of the company.

On the other hand, if the Big Strike did not develop within the statutory period, then the holder of the note could whistle for payment; for there was to be no renewal of the obligation, and inasmuch as gambling debts are not collectible in law, their own sense of honor must decide the contest finally.

Long Shorty was delighted. He declared that this plan was the inspiration of genius; and forthwith the two friends shook hands on it.

It is not the purpose of the author to annoy the reader, who may know nothing of the intricacies of cooncan or know them all, with a recital of the details of this long gambling bee. Suffice it that in the beginning our heroes possessed but one deck of cards, of most inferior quality; and when, at length, the cards in Dan Purdy's hand were as readily recognizable to Long Shorty as the white mule or Gentle Annie, the winter was not half over, and of his original stake Long Shorty had left but three hundred and eighty-two thousand four hundred and fifty-nine dollars.

It developed that Dan Purdy had begun to recognize the backs of Long Shorty's cards at least ten days earlier than Long Shorty had begun to recognize his; whereupon Dan had craftily suggested a raise in the stakes to five dollars a point. Later, when Long Shorty, confident of the correctness of his diagnosis of Dan Purdy's hands, declared for ten dollars a point, the spots had been shuffled off the cards and they were forced to discontinue playing through sheer lack of the necessary equipment.

It was a terrible situation. Mr. Purdy, flushed with victory, twitted Mr. Ferguson on the disastrous outcome and suggested that a game of Button—Button—Who's Got the Button? would doubtless be more in line with the latter's qualifications for indulging in a game of chance.

"Game o' chance," roared Long Shorty, "why, I'd as lief play poker with strippers or buck a faro layout with a sanded deck."

"That ain't neither here nor there, Long Shorty," Dan reminded him. "The fact remains that I've won a hundred an' seventeen thousand five forty-one from you; an' as there ain't a possible means o' continuin' this game on a fair basis, accordin' to the belch you just lets out, you might as well make out that there promissory note. However, just so we won't have to deal in odd numbers, I'll spit at a crack with you for two thousand four hundred an' fifty-nine dollars to make the note a hundred an' twenty thousand even."

Long Shorty silently extended his hand. Dan Purdy shook it; each rolled his cud and extracted a mouthful of juice. Then Dan Purdy drew a line in the dust with a stick, designated a sun crack in the collar set of the piñon windlass over the shaft, stepped back to the line, fired at ten feet—which with Mr. Purdy was point-blank range—and called on Long Shorty to bear witness that the charge had disappeared in its entirety. Examination revealed the fact that it had gone through the sun crack to the heart of the collar set.

"That's good, clean spittin'!" remarked Long Shorty, who was as fair a sport as ever spat at a crack. "But I guess I can tie the score." And he did.

Whereupon Dan challenged him to the best two heats out of three. At the third trial Long Shorty fired with his salivary glands at half cock, as it were; and Dan, the possessor of a slight orifice between his front teeth, which enabled him to operate powerfully and scientifically, won, as the saying is, under double wraps.

They returned to their tent and smoked. To them came presently Gentle Annie and the white mule, and it was plain that these two had had a disagreement. The white mule was pursuing the burro, biting her viciously and endeavoring to get into position to flank her and deliver a broadside. On her part, Gentle Annie, realizing that she was no match for the white mule, had fled for protection to Dan and Long Shorty.

"Whatever is the matter with that mu-el?" observed Long Shorty, starting up and reaching for a pick handle. "The critter acts like he's locoed. Whoa, there, you white devil! Lay off on Gentle Annie!" And he rushed out and threatened the mule with the pick handle, while Gentle Annie scurried back of him for protection.

The white mule, thus rebuked, turned his attention to Long Shorty. With a vicious bray he rushed the old prospector; and Long Shorty, noting the blazing eye and long, bared teeth, hurled the pick handle at the crazed animal and dodged nimbly to one side. The missile struck the white mule across the nose and diverted him for an instant, though it did not discourage him. He whirled after Long Shorty, reared on his hind legs, struck out with his front feet, and ——

"Bet you twenty thousand he kills you!" yelled Dan Purdy jocosely; though for all that he sprang to his rifle, for it was apparent to him that the white mule was carnivorous.

"You're on!" Long Shorty shouted back; and on the instant he pulled his six-shooter and shot the mule through the head. It was an excellent shot and the animal was dead before his body struck the ground.

"You win!" said Dan Purdy complacently, setting back his rifle.

"I don't aim to be chawed up by no locoed mu-el, Dan'l. Wonder what got into the critter! He shore didn't act rational for a mu-el."

Dan Purdy elected to ignore this query. He was not interested in the psychology of white mules and would not presume to say to just what reasons might be attributed this sudden fury, for just at present he was thinking of something of far more importance. He walked out from the tent, sprayed the defunct mule liberally with tobacco juice, and remarked:

"Charles Wilfred, you oughtn't to have beefed that mule!"

"Uh-huh! I know, Dan. I ought to have let him chaw me an' tromp me in the cactus so you could win another bet—eh? I guess not! By slayin' this here madcap mu-el I've reduced the principal on that there promissory note twenty thousand dollars; an' if you think I'm settin' any such value as that on any mu-el—an' a maniac white mu-el in particular ——"

"Ain't no use repinin' and voicin' vain regrets," sighed Dan Purdy; "only there's sich a thing as bein' too quick on the trigger. You might 'a' had sense enough to entice this here mule out o' our front yard before killin' him. Now we got to bury the critter."

So they buried the white mule, and had scarcely finished before Long Shorty found time to remember that his gambling account with Daniel was one hundred thousand dollars on the wrong side of the ledger. Wherefore he longed for vengeance on Mr. Purdy, and cast about in his mind for a gambling device in which the element of skill should be eliminated and sheer chance alone decide the issue of the combat. On his part, Dan Purdy, flushed with success and with anxious eyes on the remainder of the Ferguson fortune, did likewise. What more natural, then, than that success should crown their dual efforts?

Mr. Purdy wandered abroad, found two desert terrapins of equal size and returned with them to camp. Then he and Mr. Ferguson stretched two thirty-foot horsehair reatas side by side and two feet apart on a gentle slope, sent both turtles away to an even start, and waited five hours and twenty-seven minutes by Long Shorty's watch to get the returns of the race.

The terrapins would not cross the hairy confines of the course because the horsehair tickled them under their respective chins.

Eventually, however, Long Shorty's reptile found his way down the slope and free of the horsehair lane, thus winning the first prize of fifty thousand dollars. Mr. Purdy was so incensed at his terrapin that he blew it to smithereens with six well-directed shots of his revolver; and Long Shorty hooted with delight.

For two days the gambling fever boiled and bubbled in their blood, seeking an outlet, though both were resolved to race no more desert terrapins. Eventually, however, Long Shorty solved the problem of procuring quick action by taking a smooth, bright board from the top of a case of tomatoes. In the center of this board he set an empty baking-powder can and, with a pencil, drew a circle round the base of the can. Next he stripped from the back of Gentle Annie two wood ticks of approximately the same age, agility and displacement, but differing slightly in color, placed them in the geometric center of this circle and covered them with the inverted baking-powder can; after which he bet Dan Purdy five thousand dollars that at the end of five minutes the dark blue tick would be found, when the can should be lifted, closer to the circumference of the circle than the pearl-gray tick.

A Broad Standing Jump of Six Feet Would Save Him

Daniel promptly accepted and lost exactly one thousand dollars a minute for the succeeding five minutes. Luck was against him; and, notwithstanding the fact that he shifted the burden of his hopes to the dark blue tick when Long Shorty gave odds of two to one on the pearl-gray, and the further fact that he demanded and personally sought a change of ticks, the sun set with Daniel Purdy sixty-two thousand dollars loser.

Two days later, when the leisurely perambulations of Gentle Annie's ticks threatened to set their respective reasons tottering on their respective thrones, Dan Purdy again sought the faithful beast for a new contribution, and discovered that Gentle Annie's days were numbered. A wound on her aged neck where the locoed white mule had bitten her had become infected; and poor Gentle Annie, faithful companion for twenty years, had lockjaw. Long Shorty reverently led her from camp as far as her stiffening muscles would carry her, and slew her with his forty-four-caliber revolver.

The source of ticks—at least ticks of racing size—being now eliminated, gambling languished for a day or two. Then Dan Purdy had a new idea. A lone coyote appeared in the vicinity, attracted no doubt by Gentle Annie; and Dan bet Long Shorty ten thousand dollars he could lift that coyote with his rifle while the creature was on the run. The distance being at least five hundred yards, Long Shorty accepted; whereupon Daniel started the coyote with a trial shot and killed it with the next. Nothing daunted, Long Shorty immediately offered odds of five to one that it was a she coyote. Dan promptly wagered the ten thousand just won at the prevailing odds that it was a he—and walked back from the carcass as rich as when he had first observed the animal.

On the morning following the adventure of the coyote Dan Purdy rolled out of his blankets and sought the water hole for his matutinal ablutions. While standing here combing his hair with his fingers, he happened to glance high up the face of a steep hill back of their camp and beheld a mountain sheep.

Now in California it is a felony to kill a mountain sheep, and Dan and Long Shorty were well aware of this; but, since the prospects of meeting a game warden in that silent land were, to say the least, not bright, and since they had not tasted fresh meat in two months, Dan Purdy went into the tent for his rifle and to break the news of the sheep's presence to Long Shorty, who came out *en deshabille* and took a look.

"He's on the west slope of the hill," commented Long Shorty, "an' if we leave this here water hole for a couple o' hours he'll work down lower to get a drink. You slip round to the north slope, Dan; I'll take the south slope, and we'll work uphill, gradually convergin' toward the west. If we work it that way we ought to get him."

"We!" sneered Mr. Purdy. "I! Bet you twenty thousand dollars I get that sheep!"

"You're on," declared Long Shorty.

Five minutes later he was dressed and sneaking round to the southern base of the hill, preparatory to ascending and flanking the unsuspecting sheep.

It was a fair-sized hill—of about nine hundred or a thousand feet elevation, with a forty-five-degree slope, covered with talus and a sparse growth of sage. Long Shorty climbed swiftly until he reached the crest of the hill and discovered a plateau of several acres plentifully strewn with smooth white granite bowlders which, in his excitement, he at first mistook for a drove of sheep. He worked across this plateau to the western brow of the hill and peered cautiously over. Far below him Dan Purdy's rifle cracked half a dozen times in smart succession, and presently the harassed sheep came bounding up the slope unhurt. As the animal reached the plateau Long Shorty bowled him over at fifty feet, bled him, dressed him, draped the carcass over a rock, and sat down to draw his breath.

Here he awaited the arrival of Dan Purdy and had a fresh chew; and while working it up to the proper consistency he gazed out contentedly across the Valley of the Amargosa. The Funeral Range rose just across the way, while beyond the Funerals, Telescope Peak thrust its thin blue spire out of the Panamints on the other side of Death Valley. It was a pleasant prospect, viewed from that cool height; and now that the shimmering curtain of summer heat had given way to the clear, steel-blue winter atmosphere, Long Shorty thought it was as fair a country as human eye had ever gazed on. He was still lost in admiration of his chosen land when Daniel, badly winded, gained the plateau.

Long Shorty said nothing. He merely grinned and twitched his gnarly trigger finger six times to indicate the six shots Mr. Purdy had fired in vain at the sheep. The latter pretended not to notice this; after an indifferent glance at Long Shorty and the dead sheep his gaze wandered out across the bowlder-strewn mesa, for Mr. Purdy

was a prospector. He observed that the mesa at its eastern end converged to a cañon, which in turn sloped gently upward to the snow-clad peaks above.

Dan Purdy observed that this cañon was the natural escape for erosion from the upper heights. For untold centuries cloudbursts rushing down this cañon had been exposing granite bowlders, which would lie in the cañon until an avalanche of snow, following the same course, swept them out on to the mesa. As a consequence of his scrutiny, Dan Purdy's first thought was: "If there are any gold deposits farther up in that range, where nobody has ever been, there'll be plenty of float down on this mesa to indicate it. I'll take some of this eroded soil down to the water hole and sample it."

He turned to Long Shorty to suggest the advisability of a little prospecting before they descended the hill, when he observed in his partner's eye the sudden maniac gleam which proclaimed all too truly that Long Shorty had hit on a new gambling device. He got up, glared wildly round, nodded, and turned to Dan Purdy; and Mr. Purdy, having lived with Long Shorty twenty years, knew instantly that Long Shorty thought not of such futile and inconsequential atoms as gold dust and nuggets, but of rocks—great, smooth, round, white granite bowlders, that strewed the mesa by hundreds. Being a human being himself Dan Purdy realized that within Long Shorty's being there surged a sudden, fierce, juvenile longing to roll one of those rocks down the hill and time it, to see just how long it would take to reach the desert, far below.

"Dan'l," said Long Shorty, "you owe me eighty-seven thousand dollars. I'll roll you the rocks for one hundred and seventy-four thousand dollars or nothin'."

"Damn my wicked soul!" murmured Mr. Purdy in a kind of holy ecstasy. "I'll go you!"

He drove his horny digits deep into the soil round the base of a hundred-pound bowlder. Long Shorty stooped to assist him; and with many a grunt and labored gasp the bowlder was presently uprooted from its bed and rolled across the mesa to the northern slope of the hill, where they held it poised.

"Which side do you choose—clean or dirty?" demanded Long Shorty.

Dan named his preference, Long Shorty divested himself of a joyous and abandoned whoop, tipped the bowlder with his foot and rolled it over the grade.

Long Shorty's shout as the bowlder got under way was the typical shout of the man of wide, unkenned horizons. It was pronounced Ya-hoo! with plenty of yip and bark to it, testifying to his pleasure as the stone commenced its mad flight; for of all simple outdoor sports it is doubtful whether there is one quite so fascinating as rolling a huge bowlder down a long, steep hill. How frantically it leaps into the air, with ever lengthening leaps, as with the speed of a comet it approaches the base of the hill and shoots far out into the flat below! There is nothing, we trow, that can quite equal it, unless it be the delight of dropping a stone down an eighty-foot well and waiting for the heavy plunk from the invisible deep.

Dan and Long Shorty craned their necks as the bowlder swept down the hill, scattering the talus in its path, and marked where it came to a final resting place three hundred yards out in the desert; then they turned and went back to the carcass of the sheep, prepared the animal for transportation and returned to camp. They strolled over in the open and examined the bowlder. It lay soiled side up, and Dan Purdy was Long Shorty's debtor to the tune of one hundred and seventy-four thousand dollars.

"That," said Long Shorty, "leaves you with a bank roll o' three hundred an' twenty-six thousand dollars, and my luck's runnin' so strong I got a hunch I can break you with one more rock. Dan'l, I'll roll you the biggest bowlder we can handle to-morrow for the balance o' your fortune."

Mr. Purdy Was So Incensed at His Terrapin That He Blew it to Smithereens

Daniel readily assented, and bright and early the following morning they again toiled to the stone-strewn mesa. They carried a light crowbar with them, for they planned to roll a stone weighing several hundred pounds, as the heavier the stone the more speed it would attain, and consequently the greater the delight of watching its flight.

For two hours they worked like beavers, and finally the stone was poised on the brow of the hill, ready for the start. Long Shorty spoke:

"This ends our gamblin', Dan'l. We'll make or break on this bowlder and quit. This is too much like hard work and the pleasure's over too quick."

Dan agreed with him and extended his hand.

"May the best man win!" he declared melodramatically. "And remember, we're playin' for keeps."

Long Shorty accepted his partner's proffered hand and chose the weather-beaten side of the bowlder to carry his money.

"As a friend an' pardner," he supplemented Dan's statement, "you're entitled to the last swig o' water in my canteen; but when it comes to gamblin' I'd take the shirt offen yore back, Dan'l. I'm shore gamblin' for keeps. Let 'er go!"

They shoved the bowlder off—and at that precise instant the devil decided to take a hand in the game himself. In the valley far below them an automobile came rapidly into view round the toe of the hill and directly in the course of the granite Juggernaut bearing down on it with the speed of a comet. Even as Dan and Long Shorty, pop-eyed with horror and speechless with fright, saw the impending tragedy, the automobile stopped and a man jumped down and stooped over to lift the hood.

With a superhuman effort Long Shorty emitted his Ya-hoo! with more yip and bark than had ever characterized it previously, and the warning reached the man at the car about five seconds before the bowlder. He looked up. The bowlder was headed straight for the hood of the car, behind which he stood, and a broad standing jump of six feet would save him.

He jumped, with a second to spare; but, as we have previously remarked, the devil was behind that bowlder, with a power greater than Newton's law of gravitation. Ten feet from the car a stone projecting from the floor of the desert diverted the bowlder, causing it to miss the car by three feet and overtake the driver. As Dan Purdy remarked, the only comforting thing about the incident lay in the fact that the man never knew he had lost!

Dan Purdy and Long Shorty Ferguson called in agony and unison on their Maker and started at top speed down the slope. When at length they reached the ultimate result of their deal in futures Mr. Purdy turned away and was very sick, while Mr. Ferguson, consumed with horror, despair and the travail of conscience, commenced to weep!

"Coons an' catamounts!" he moaned in a weak, small voice. "Dan'l, this is plumb awful!"

From the tonneau of the car came a shrill feminine shriek. At the sound our heroes sprang straight into the air and lit with every hair standing on end, while they stared at the automobile. There was no survivor in sight; however, the voice, proceeding from the floor space in the tonneau, seemed to indicate that the dead man's companion lay cowering there in fear and trembling.

Like a man walking on eggs Dan Purdy cautiously approached the car and peered into the tonneau. The next instant he had backed away, crooked a horny forefinger at his partner and was fleeing from the wrath of a widow—and possibly an orphan. It was the first time on record he had ever dodged an issue, but he salved his conscience with the reflection that this was not an issue, but a judgment come to Daniel. Though Mr. Purdy was by nature and training as harmless as a pet fox, he was, nevertheless, under stress, possessed of ample courage to kill a man; but when it came to facing his victim's widow he was quite willing to check the bet up to somebody else.

They had almost reached their camp by the water hole before Long Shorty, having completed his own investigation of the tonneau, caught up with his partner. Together they sought sanctuary in the tent, threw themselves on their blankets, groaned and gritted their teeth, and swore scandalously and with feeling. Five minutes of this and then Long Shorty sat up.

"Dan'l," he said in a sepulchral voice, "we gotta do somethin'."

"I wish I was in hell!" cried Dan—a perfectly unnecessary remark, by the way, in view of the fact that he was already up to his eyebrows in that interesting suburb.

Consider for a moment their predicament: For and in consideration of certain cash moneys on account, to them in hand paid by the representative of the Boston Syndicate in Goldfield, and in further consideration of additional emolument at the conclusion of their contract, they had bound themselves by their word of honor, represented in a handshake apiece with the syndicate representative, to proceed to the Johnny Mine, do the assessment work and guard the property until the first of April, when the syndicate would send down men to work the property.

Until they could be relieved of their trust, therefore, they must stay; and here they were with a widow and an infernal automobile on their hands—of all things in Nature and out of it the very two of which they knew absolutely nothing! All of this on the fifteenth day of January, in the Valley of the Amargosa, with civilization a hundred miles distant across hell and no hope in sight until the first day of April!

(Continued on Page 30)

As the Crow Flies He Had Approximately Eighty Miles to Travel

A RESERVED SEAT

German Military Balloon Just Ascending Over Battle Lines at Laon Bearing Mr. Cobb and a Military Aviator

By IRVIN S. COBB

SHE was anchored to earth in a good-sized field. Woods horizoned the field on three of its edges and a sunken road bounded it on the fourth. She measured, I should say at an offhand guess, seventy-five feet from tip to tip lengthwise, and was perhaps twenty feet in diameter through her middle. She was a bright yellow in color—a varnished, oily-looking yellow—and in shape suggestive of a Frankfurter.

At the end of her near the ground and on the side that was underneath—for she swung, you understand, at an angle—a swollen protuberance showed, as though an air bubble had got under the skin of the sausage during the packing and had made a big blister. She drooped weakly amidships, bending and swaying this way and that; and, as we came under her and looked up, we saw that the skin of the belly kept shrinking in and wrinkling up, in the unmistakable pangs of acute cramp colic.

She had a sickly, depleted aspect elsewhere. Altogether she was most flabby and unreliable looking; yet this, as I learned subsequently, was her normal appearance. Being in the business of spying she practiced deceit, with the deliberate intent of seeming to be what, emphatically, she was not. She counterfeited chronic invalidism and performed competently.

She was an observation balloon of the pattern privily chosen by the German General Staff, before the beginning of the war, for the use of the German Signal Corps. On this particular date and occasion she operated at a point of the highest strategic importance, that point being the center of the German battle lines along a certain river, the name of which has within the last three months become familiar to every newspaper reader in the world. I am speaking of the River Aisne.

She had been stationed here now for more than a week—that is to say, ever since her predecessor was destroyed in a ball of flaming fumes as a result of having a bomb flung through the flimsy cloth envelope by a coursing and accurate aviator of the enemy. No doubt she would continue to be stationed here until some such mischance befell her too.

On observation balloons, in time of war, no casualty insurance is available at any rate of premium. I believe those who ride in them are also regarded as unsuitable risks. All of which was highly interesting to hear and, for our journalistic purposes, very valuable to know; but, speaking personally, I may say that the thing which most nearly concerned me for the moment was this: I had just been invited to take a trip aloft in this wabbly great wienerwurst, with its painted silk cuticle and its gaseous vitals—and had, on impulse, accepted.

I was informed at the time, and have since been reinformed more than once, that I am probably the only civilian spectator who has enjoyed such a privilege during the present European war. Assuredly, to date and to the best of my knowledge and belief, I am the only civilian who has been so favored by the Germans.

Battles Best Seen From the Rear

WELL, I trust I am not hoggish. Possessing, as it does, this air of uniqueness, the distinction is worth much to me personally. I would not take anything for the experience; but I do not think I shall take it again, even if the chance should come my way, which very probably it will not.

It was mid-afternoon; and all day, since early breakfast, we had been working our way in automobiles toward this destination. As I have stated in a previous article of this series, we had in turn visited the field telephone exchange, the field wireless station, the field hospitals, the field defenses, the field kitchens and the field batteries of the intrenched army of Field Marshal von Heeringen, commanding the German center before Laon.

Already my brain chambered more impressions, all jumbled together in a mass, than I could possibly hope to get sorted out and graded up and classified in a month of trying. Yet, in a way, the day had been disappointing; for, as I may have set forth before, the nearer we came to the actual fighting, the closer in touch we got with the battle itself, the less we seemed to see of it.

I take it this is true of nearly all battles fought under modern military principles. Ten miles in the rear, or even twenty miles, is really a better place to be if you are seeking to fix in your mind a reasonably full picture of the scope and effect and consequences of the hideous thing called war. Back there you see the new troops going in, girding themselves for the grapple as they go; you see the reënforcements coming up; you see the supplies hurrying forward, and the spare guns and the extra equipment, and all the rest of it; you see, and can, after a dim fashion, grasp mentally, the thrusting, onward movement of this highly scientific and unromantic industry which half the world is practicing to-day.

Finally, you see the finished product of the trade coming back; and by that I mean the dribbling streams of the wounded and, in the fields and woods through which you pass, the dead, lying in windrows where they fell. At the front you see only, for the main part, men engaged in the most tedious, the most exacting, and seemingly the most futile form of day labor—toiling in filth and foulness and a desperate driven haste, on a job that many of them will never live to see finished—if it is ever finished; working under taskmasters who spare them not—neither do they spare themselves; putting through a dreary contract, whereof the chief reward is weariness and the common coinage of payment is death outright or death lingering. That is a battle in these days; that is war.

So twistwise was our route, and so rapidly did we pursue it after we left the place where we took lunch, at General von Zwehl's staff-mess, that I confess I lost all sense of direction. It seemed to me our general course was eastward; I discovered afterward it was southwesterly.

At any rate we eventually found ourselves in a road that wound between high grassy banks along a great natural terrace just below the level of the plateau in front of Laon. We saw a few farmhouses, all desolated by shell-fire and all deserted, and a succession of empty fields and patches of woodland.

None of the natives were in sight. Through fear of prying hostile eyes, the Germans had seen fit to clear them out of this immediate vicinity. Anyhow, a majority of them doubtlessly ran away when fighting first started here, three weeks earlier; the Germans had got rid of those who remained. Likewise of troops there were very few to be seen. We did meet one squad of Red Cross men, marching afoot through the dust. They were all fully armed, as is the way with the German field-hospital helpers; and, for all I know to the contrary, that may be the way with the field-hospital helpers of the Allies too.

Though I have often seen it, the Cross on the sleeve-band of a man who bears a revolver in his belt, or a rifle on his arm, has always struck me as a most incongruous thing. The noncommissioned officer in charge of the squad—chief orderly I suppose you might call him—held by leashes four Red Cross dogs.

In Belgium, back in August, I had seen so-called dog batteries. Going into Louvain on the day the Belgian Army, or what was left of it, fell back into Brussels, I passed a valley where many dogs were hitched to small machine guns; and I could not help wondering what would happen to the artillery formation, and what to the discipline of the pack, if a rabbit should choose that moment for darting across the battle front.

These, however, were the first dogs I had found engaged in hospital-corps employment. They were big, wolfish-looking hounds, shaggy and sharp-nosed; and each of the four wore a collar of bells on his neck, and a cloth harness on his shoulders, with the red Maltese cross displayed on its top and sides. Their business was to go to the place where fighting had taken place and search out the fallen.

At this business they were reputed to be highly efficient. The Germans had found them especially useful; for the German field uniform, which has the merit of merging into the natural background at a short distance, becomes, through that very protective coloration, a disadvantage when its wearer drops wounded and unconscious on the open field. In a poor light the litter bearers might search within a few rods of him and never see him; but where the faulty eyesight fails the nose of the dog sniffs the human taint in the air, and the dog makes the work of rescue thorough and complete. At least we were told so.

Presently our automobile rounded a bend in the road, and the observation balloon, which until that moment we had been unable to glimpse, by reason of an intervening formation of ridges, revealed itself before us. The suddenness of its appearance was startling. We did not see it until we were within a hundred yards of it. At once we realized how perfect an abiding place this was for a thing which offered so fine and looming a target.

Moreover, the balloon was most effectively guarded against attack at close range. We became aware of that fact when we dismounted from the automobile and were clambering up the steep bank alongside. Soldiers materialized from everywhere, like dusty specters, but fell back, saluting, when they saw that officers accompanied us. On advice we had already thrown away our lighted cigars; but two noncommissioned officers felt it to be their bounden duty to warn us against striking matches in that neighborhood. You dare not take chances with a woven bag that is packed with many hundred cubic feet of gas.

The Clothesbasket and its Equipment

AT THE moment of our arrival the balloon was drawn down so near the earth that its distorted bottommost extremity dipped and twisted slackly within fifty or sixty feet of the grass. The upper end, reaching much farther into the air, underwent convulsive writhings and contortions as an intermittent breeze came over the sheltering treetops and buffeted it in puffs. Almost beneath the balloon six big draft horses stood, hitched in pairs to a stout wagon frame on which a huge wooden drum was mounted.

Round this drum a wire cable was coiled, and a length of the cable stretched like a snake across the field to where it ended in a swivel, made fast to the bottom of the riding car. It was not, strictly speaking, a riding car. It was a straight-up-and-down basket of tough, light wicker, no larger and very little deeper than an ordinarily fair-sized hamper for soiled linen. Indeed, that was what it reminded one of—a clothesbasket.

Grouped about the team and the wagon were soldiers to the number of perhaps half a company. Half a dozen of them stood about the basket holding it steady—or trying to. Heavy sandbags were hung pendentwise about the upper rim of the basket, looking very much like so many canvased hams; but, even with these drags on it and in spite of the grips of the men on the guy ropes of its rigging, it bumped and bounded uneasily to the continual rocking of the gas bag above it. Every moment or two it would lift itself a foot or so and tilt and jerk, and then come back again with a thump that made it shiver.

Of furnishings the interior of the car contained nothing except a telephone, fixed against one side of it; a pair of field glasses, swung in a sort of harness; and a strip of tough canvas, looped across halfway down in it. The operator, when wearied by standing, might sit astride this canvas saddle, with his legs cramped under him, while he spied out the land with his eyes, which would then be just above the top of his wicker nest, and while he spoke over the telephone.

The wires of the telephone escaped through a hole under his feet and ran to a concealed station at the far side of the field which in turn communicated with the main exchange in the Laon Prefecture, three miles away; which in its turn radiated other wires to all quarters of the battle front. Now the wires were neatly coiled on the ground beside the basket. A sergeant stood over them to prevent any careless foot from stepping on the precious strands. He guarded them as jealously as a hen guards her brood.

The magazine containing retorts of specially prepared gas, for recharging the envelope when evaporation and leakage had reduced the volume below the lifting and floating point, was nowhere in sight. It must have been somewhere near by, but we saw no signs of it. Nor did our guides for the day offer to show us its whereabouts. However, knowing what I do of the German system of doing things, I will venture the assertion that it was snugly hidden and stoutly protected.

These details I had time to take in, when there came across the field to join us a tall young officer with a three weeks' growth of stubby black beard on his face. A genial and captivating gentleman was Lieutenant Brinkner und Meiningen, and I enjoyed my meeting with him; and often since that day in my thoughts I have wished him well. However, I doubt whether he will be living by the time these lines see publication.

Shoehorned Into the Clothesbasket

IT IS an exciting life a balloon operator in the German Army lives, but it is not, as a rule, a long one. Lieutenant Meiningen was successor to a man who was burned to death in mid-air a week before; and on the day before a French airman had dropped a bomb from the clouds that missed this same balloon by a margin of less than a hundred yards—close marksmanship, considering that the airman in question was seven or eight thousand feet aloft, and moving at the rate of a mile or so a minute when he made his cast.

It was the Herr Lieutenant who said he had authority to take one of our number up with him, and it was myself who chanced to be nearest to the balloon when he extended the invitation. Some one—a friend—removed from between my teeth the unlighted cigar I held there, for fear I might forget and try to light it; and somebody else—a stranger to me—suggested that perhaps I was too heavy for a passenger.

By that time, however, a kindly corporal had boosted me up over the rim of the basket and helped me to squeeze through the thick netting of guy lines; and there I was, standing inside that overgrown clotheshamper, which came up breast high on me—and Brinkner und Meiningen was swinging himself nimbly in beside me.

That basket was meant to hold but one man. It made a wondrously snug fit for two; and both of us were full-sized adults at that. We stood back to back; and to address the other each must needs speak over his shoulder. The canvas saddle was between us, dangling against the calves of our legs; and the telephone was in front of the lieutenant, where he could reach the transmitter with his lips by stooping a little.

The soldiers began unhooking the sandbags; the sergeant who guarded the telephone wire took up a strand of it and held it loosely in his hands, ready to pay it out. Under me I felt the basket heave gently. Looking up I saw that the balloon was no longer a crooked sausage. She had become a big, soft, yellow summer squash, with an attenuated neck. The flaccid abdomen flinched in and puffed out, and the snout wabbled to and fro.

War Balloon Ascending With Correspondent and Operator

The lieutenant began telling me things in badly broken but painstaking English—such things, for example, as that the baglike protuberance just above our heads, at the bottom end of the envelope, contained air, which, being heavier than gas, served as a balance to hold her head up in the wind and keep her from folding in on herself; also, that it was his duty to remain aloft, at the end of his seven-hundred-foot tether, as long as he could, meantime studying the effect of the German shell-fire on the enemy's position and telephoning down instructions for the better aiming of the guns—a job wherein the aëroplane scouts ably reenforced him, since they could range at will, whereas his position was comparatively fixed and stationary.

Also I remember his saying, with a tinge of polite regret in his tone, that he was sorry I had not put on a uniform overcoat with shoulder straps on it, before boarding the car; because, as he took pains to explain, in the event of our cable parting and of our drifting over the Allies' lines and then descending, he might possibly escape, but I should most likely be shot on the spot as a spy before I had a chance to explain.

"However," he added consolingly, "those are possibilities most remote. The rope is not likely to break; and if it did we both should probably be dead before we ever reached the earth."

That last statement sank deep into my consciousness; but I fear I did not hearken so attentively as I ought to the continuation of the lieutenant's conversation, because, right in the middle of his remarks, something had begun to happen.

Captain von Theobald had stepped up alongside to tell me that very shortly I should undoubtedly be quite seasick—or, rather, skysick—because of the pitching about of the basket when the balloon reached the end of the cable; and I was trying to listen to him with one ear and to my prospective traveling companion with the other when I suddenly realized that Von Theobald's face was no longer on a level with mine. It was several feet below mine. No; it was not—it was several yards below mine.

Now he was looking up toward us, shouting out his words, with his hands funneled about his mouth for a speaking trumpet. And at every word he uttered he shrank into himself, growing shorter and shorter.

It was not that we seemed to be moving. We seemed to be standing perfectly still, without any motion of any sort except a tiny teetering motion of the hamper-basket, while the earth and what was on it fell rapidly away from beneath us. Instantly all sense of perspective became distorted.

When on the roof of a tall building this distortion had never seemed to me so great. I imagine this is because the building remains stationary and a balloon moves. Almost directly below us was one of our party, wearing a soft hat with a flattish brim. It appeared to me that almost instantly his shoulders and body and legs vanished. Nothing remained of him but his hat, which looked exactly like a thumb tack driven into a slightly tilted drawing board, the tilted drawing board being the field. The field seemed sloped now, instead of flat.

Across the sunken road was another field. Its owner, I presume, had started to turn it up for fall planting, when the armies came along and chased him away; so there remained a wide plowed strip, and on each side of it a narrower strip of unplowed earth. Even as I peered downward at it, this field was transformed into a width of brown corduroy trimmed with green velvet.

For a rudder we carried a long, flapping clothesline arrangement, like the tail of a kite, to the lower end of which were threaded seven yellow-silk devices suggesting inverted sunshades without handles. These things must have been spaced on the tail at equal distances apart, but as they rose from the earth and followed after us, whipping in the wind, the uppermost one became a big umbrella turned inside out; the second was half of a pumpkin; the third was a yellow soup plate; the fourth was a poppy bloom; and the remaining three were just amber beads of diminishing sizes.

Probably it took longer, but if you asked me I should say that not more than two or three minutes had passed before the earth stopped slipping away and we fetched up with a profound and disconcerting jerk. The balloon had reached the tip of her hitch line.

She rocked and twisted and bent half double in the pangs of a fearful tummy-ache, and at every paroxysm on her part the car lurched in sympathy, only to be brought up short by the pull of the taut cable; so that we two, wedged in together as we were, nevertheless jostled each other violently. I am a poor sailor, both by instinct and training. By rights and by precedents I should have been violently ill on the instant; but I did not have time to be ill.

My fellow traveler all this while was pointing out this thing and that to me—showing how the telephone operated; how his field glasses poised just before his eyes, being swung and balanced on a delicately adjusted suspended pivot; telling me how on a perfectly clear day—this October day was slightly hazy—we could see the Eiffel Tower in Paris, and the Cathedral at Rheims; gyrating his hands to explain the manner in which the horses, trotting away from us as we climbed upward, had given to the drum on the wagon a reverse motion, so that the cable was payed out evenly and regularly. But I am afraid I did not listen closely. My eyes were so busy that my ears loafed on the job.

For once in my life—and doubtlessly only once—I saw now understandingly a battle front. It was spread before me—lines and dots and dashes on a big green and brown and yellow map. Why, the whole thing was as plain as a chart. I had a reserved seat for the biggest show on earth.

To be sure it was a gallery seat, for the terrace from which we started stood fully five hundred feet above the bottom of the valley, and we had ascended approximately seven hundred feet above that, giving us an altitude of, say, twelve hundred feet in all above the level of the river; but a gallery seat suited me.

It suited me perfectly. The great plateau, stretching from the Hill of Laon, behind us, to the river, in front of us, portrayed itself, when viewed from aloft, as a shallow bowl, alternately grooved by small depressions and corrugated by small ridges. Here and there were thin woodlands, looking exactly like scrubby clotheshrushes. The fields were checkered squares and oblongs, and a ruined village in the distance seemed a jumbled handful of children's gray and red blocks.

The German batteries appeared now to be directly beneath us—some of them, though in reality I imagine the nearest one must have been nearly a mile away in a bee line. They formed an irregular horseshoe, with the open end of it toward us. There was a gap in the horseshoe where the calk should have been.

A Bird's-Eye View of the Battle Front

THE German trenches, for the most part, lay inside the encircling lines of batteries. In shape they rather suggested a Roman V turned upside down; yet it was hard to ascribe to them any real shape, since they zigzagged so crazily. I could tell, though, there was sanity in this seeming madness, for nearly every trench was joined at an acute angle with its neighbor; so that a man, or a body of men, starting at the rear, out of danger, might move to the very front of the fighting zone and all the time be well sheltered.

So far as I could make out there were but few breaks in the sequence of communications. One of these breaks was almost directly in front of me as I stood facing the south.

The batteries of the Allies and their infantry trenches, being so much farther away, were less plainly visible. I could discern their location without being able to grasp their general arrangement. Between the nearer infantry trenches of the two opposing forces were tiny dots in the ground, each defined by an infinitesimal hillock of yellow earth heaped before it—observation pits these, where certain picked men, who do not expect to live very long anyhow, hide themselves away to keep tally on the effect of the shells, which go singing past just over their heads to fall among the enemy, who may be only a few hundred feet or a few hundred yards away from the observers.

It was an excessively busy afternoon among the guns. They spoke continually—now this battery going, now that; now two or three or a dozen together—and the sound of them came up to us in claps and roars like summer thunder. Sometimes, when a battery close by let go, I could watch the thin, shreddy trail of fine smoke that marked the arched flight of a shrapnel bomb, almost from the very mouth of the gun clear to where it burst out into a fluffy white powder puff inside the enemy's position. *(Continued on Page 31)*

War Balloon Descending Hurriedly at Approach of French Flyer

THE WOMEN OF FRANCE

By Corra Harris

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

AFTER much consideration I concluded that unless one could muster a million men it was safer to enter France without the doubtful protection of only one man courier. So I started for Paris with a very gentle lady whose manners were the only arms we carried. We left Folkestone on the sixteenth of October, in the same hour that brought twelve thousand Belgian refugees to that port. The landing of these people was one of those scenes incident to this war which belong far back in a time when the Greek poets stripped the earth of all its fairness and laid upon its barren peaks and desolate shores the scenes of their awful tragedies.

The English Channel was the River Styx, dividing life from death, mysterious, shrouded in fog. Out of this mist floated a ghastly fleet composed of every imaginable craft laden with misery. One great shape loomed up out of the gray gloom more terrible than the rest. This was a black collier, dripping wet as if she had been drowned, reeking with filth, with clouds of coal dust rising still from her decks like smoke. We saw a thousand haggard faces through this gloom, grimed with soot, as if by some miracle these shades had escaped from everlasting darkness with the smears of night sticking to them.

There was not a sound save the washing of the waves as this horrid ship drew in to the pier, only those anguished faces appearing and disappearing upon her decks, and the forms of men and women moving like a dark mass with a thousand despairing hands lifted out of her. Then suddenly as they caught sight of the green and peaceful land a cry went up. We heard the hoarse voices of men, the sobs of women and the feeble wailing of babes and children. They poured in a stream across the bridge. They rose like a black tide from the hold of the collier. For two days and nights they had been without food. They had had no beds. They had endured frightful cold with no covering save the mantle of sea fog and coal dust.

Yet when I left London two hours earlier the same day I heard everywhere: "The Germans are checked. They will never take Ostend."

This sorrow-folk fleet laden with thousands of half-dead people was the message Germany sent in reply. And the Germans occupied Ostend before the end of that day.

Five hours later we landed at Dieppe, a gray and silent city standing in the twilight upon the shores of France. Instead of the gay crowds that usually meet the English boat there were only a few bent old men, a few old women with shawls over their heads, moving like deeper shadows along the pier. No lights, no noise, no crying of newspapers, no friends to welcome friends. France is like a house where guests are not expected. Her doors are closed; her shutters are down. She is burning tapers within for her dead, and preparing the mysteries of death for her enemies. She is not at home to strangers. One feels that at every turn, as if to come here at all is an intrusion.

The Great Boulevards Like Village Streets

WE HURRIED to the train, which was not the luxurious affair that usually meets the tourist boats, but a poor crawling worm of a train made up of odds and ends of coaches. I ventured to ask the guard if there would be a restaurant car. "The restaurant cars, Madame, are now used for hospitals," he replied, in a tone and with a look that made me ashamed to have thought at all of petting our bodies with food.

For hours we seemed to move deeper and deeper into the night of France. All the stations were dark and deserted. Once a military train passed us with a roar, a long, swift flash of light in the blackness. At last we reached Paris. It was like coming into a larger, more personal silence. The porters at the station had aged and aged until they seemed to be the doddering grandfathers of the porters we remember. The cabs were driven by old men and drawn by skeleton horses with sprung knees. It was barely ten o'clock in the evening, but the streets were deserted. One felt that this was not a sleeping city, but an empty city. One missed the nearness of life behind these silent walls.

The next morning confirmed this impression. Paris is here, but the people who are the tongue of Paris to the world are not here. All of her spaces are empty. Her avenues stretch out of sight like bars of songs that are not being sung, nor measured by the rhythm of feet. Only the people who are the people remain—the common folk, who must live or die with her without fear, like the soul of a man. And, like the soul of a man, they do not make much show. It was the useless people who gave Paris her appearance and her reputation, as clothes denote the man. They were the fashion of Paris; now they are gone. They fled like chaff upon the windy gust of war. The effect is tremendous.

I was here for six weeks three years ago, but I never saw Paris before. I had only momentary glimpses of her through the throngs of people, always distracted by the noise they made and by the roar of her traffic. Now people who show are gone, and those who remain are so nearly a part of her that they do not detract from her. They belong. They are not the mode of Paris; they are the blood flowing deep through her, scarcely seen at all. There is no roar of traffic, there are no shrill cries, no rumblings of omnibuses. The Avenue de l'Opéra is like a village street, widened, to be sure, but as quiet as that and as empty.

The grass in the garden of the Tuileries stands ankle-high. It has not been cut since the first of August; but all the borders are bright with flowers. They languish like forgotten ladies of the old grand days of kings and courtiers. They kiss the feet of ancient statues; they make love to the grass. They have their will and their way, trailing their blossoms out upon the walks and pavements, without fear of the tread of a throng that is gone. Even the Bois de Boulogne, that tidy imitation of a forest, is marvelously changed. It is a great pasture where herds of cattle and flocks of sheep graze, so that milkmaids walk where fine ladies rode, and lambs skip where children played. In short, Paris the beautiful is beautiful beyond words. She has accomplished herself with a comeliness and simplicity which no one could believe who has not seen her thus, shriven of her follies, cleansed of her volatile life, practicing only her virtues with Spartan pride. She does not appear sad or forsaken, but like a treasure magnificently guarded. She is the soul of France, made holy by the blood which a whole nation is shedding for her.

It is not a comfortable sensation to go abroad in a city above which fly those awful dove-shaped aircraft, dropping eggs that hatch fire and death and destruction the moment they touch the earth. Paris is in constant danger of these bombs. Scarcely a day passes that we do not see the French airships suddenly rise above the city, roaring alarm to the people below. When they do this we know that the *Taubes* are near. Still no one is alarmed. That is to say the Parisians are not. As for me, I find myself of an exceedingly retiring disposition upon these occasions. My head was not made to withstand bombs and I am not sufficiently curious to watch where they will fall.

Yesterday, as I was coming in a cab through the Place Vendôme, drawn by what was undoubtedly a retired cavalry horse, the heavens above were suddenly illustrated by moving pictures of French airships. The roar was terrific. Everybody rushed into the place to see what was going on. My cabby looked up, shrugged his shoulders, and did not even urge the emaciated beast to go faster. I endeavored to attract his attention. Finally I was reduced to plucking at his coat tails. "We are in danger. Drive faster or let me get out," I exclaimed, feeling the need of a more solid roof over my head.

He grinned back at me and went on at a snail's pace. He could not drive faster and he would not lose his fare by permitting me to get out. Later we learned that several *Taubes* approached Paris from Compiègne at that hour. We were saved from their bombs only by the vigilance of the French airmen.

Many Americans will recall the barking dogs in the wagons and carts of Paris. The dogs are still here, but their masters have evidently gone to the front. They have nothing to guard, no horses to urge by snapping at their tails, so they do not bark. They sit about the streets like sentries off duty. They keep a keen eye upon the people who go by. And when some man approaches in whose opinion they appear to have confidence, they get up and meet him like a comrade, with a sidewise confidential lift of one ear. So they ask a question, always the same: "Any news? My master has enlisted. I have not heard from him. By the way, in case you need a dog I shall be very glad to serve you." Something like that. There is a very small white-and-tan fox terrier that hangs about my hotel with his collar always lying beside him on the ground. The buckle is broken. He belonged to a British officer who is now with the army, but who usually stops here when he is in Paris. This dog is like a little boy who has torn his breeches. He is embarrassed to be naked of his collar. Every time a British-looking person wearing a uniform passes he rises, seizes his collar and advances with the request that it be adjusted. A dozen times every day he informs some one that he does not wish his master to come home and find him with his only accouterment in disorder.

The Blanket Famine in Paris

THESE whimsical touches of life seen everywhere redeem Paris from dreariness. In a subdued way she is still voluble. The cafés that remain open have a few guests, attended by very fat or very lean old waiters. And always the old garçon stands beside the guest's chair, offering him the news of the day as a part of the menu, proclaiming the glory and courage of France.

Many of the famous shops are closed, and upon the iron shutters there are little placards like this: "The sons of this house are serving under the flag;" or, "M. René Rumpelmeyer, Captain of Artillery, with his regiment on the frontier." Some of these notices are significant, as, for example: "J. Kuhn, French Alsatian. Born French. Serving with the Army of France." The story is that, at the beginning, when a Frenchman had a name so unmistakably German as Kuhn his safety and the safety of his house depended upon his hastening to enlist. Still the Frenchman who is French and nothing else could not resist publishing his courage upon the door of his shop, by way of leaving an eloquent obituary behind him in case of accident.

There is a law against luxury in Paris, which does not really affect the menu, except that we have only plain bread, which is still the best bread in the world. But it does affect the sense of economy wherever the comfort of the soldiers is concerned, as, for example, in the matter of blankets. These are needed by the men, I suppose, for certainly there are not enough left in Paris to keep people warm. When I complained to the maid of the cold she said: "We do not feel it." "It is very cold; you must feel it," I argued. "But no, Madame, we think of the soldiers who are so much colder, and so we are never cold here."

And they are never cheerless. With not a single theater open, nor any place of amusement except one or two moving-picture places, they surpass the London populace in cheerfulness, where all the theaters are open and where sports are in full swing. In short, the effects of war, its horrors and distress, are not nearly so apparent as they appear to be from a distance. America has more sense of that than England has, who is next door to the struggle, but England is more sorrowful than France. It is all here, the frightful harvest of war, widows and orphans. There are scenes of suffering, but there is no sorrow. The whole land is enveloped and illumined by the spirit and valor even of the humble. So these scenes do not seem horrible. They are beautiful; not sad, but inspiring. They are the majestic

features of a brave nation that scorns to yield yet to grief. "We make haste to laugh lest we weep," said one of the great ladies of France. And they do laugh, these women of France, who are also shedding their dearest blood in the blood of their sons.

The courage of these women seems to me one of the most remarkable forces that sustain France in this crisis. At the outbreak of the war they urged their men to enlist; and when the men left, weeping for the fate of their wives and children, the women withheld their tears. This whole city is still intoxicated with a kind of Amazon chivalry. Recently I saw in a company of women one old lady to whom all paid special deference. She smiled and talked gayly, now and then brushing the tears from her cheeks. Never once was a word of sympathy or anxiety spoken to her. Never once did she intimate her suspense. Fear was far from her. Only her tears, which no one dared see, told the tale. Afterward I learned that she had three sons in a certain regiment that she knew was engaged in battle that day. These are the women one sees everywhere doing the best work and doing it well.

Madame L. is the wife of a general. They have four sons in the army. One day last week, just as the general was about to go into battle with his division, his youngest son was shot down by his side. The father could not delay for a moment. Without so much as a look at the dying boy he rushed forward with his men. The next morning, before the names of the dead were known in Paris, Madame L. went as usual to mass. As she was about to receive the sacrament she saw the priest's hand tremble. She looked up and whispered: "Which one?"

There is a very poor woman connected with one of the *ouvroirs* here. She has just lost three of her eight sons. When a friend ventured to console her she smiled through her tears and said: "I have always wanted to do something for France. But I was too poor. Now I have given my sons to her, and I am rich."

Another mother here had eight sons in the army. Five were killed, two lay desperately wounded. This is the letter which the sister sent to the one who remained in the trenches: "Mamma is crying. She bids you avenge the death of your brothers. She says your chief cannot refuse you a place in the front ranks now to avenge their death."

The old men who remain here with the women are not less brave. This is the letter one of them showed me, written by his son twenty minutes before he died in battle: "The weather is fine. The shells are falling like apples. We are doing good work."

Those Who Bear the Heaviest Burdens

NOT all of the women have been brave. Among those who fled from Paris during the terrible days when the Germans were within a few miles of her fortifications was the wife of an official. She took her son with her, a delicate boy of seventeen, and went to Bordeaux. The boy tried to enlist, but was refused on account of his delicacy. But one does not need so much strength to be an interpreter with the English troops, though this is a far more dangerous service. So the boy was accepted for this post. The mother did what she could to save him; then she wired the father to prevent him from enlisting. The old man was furious. He was ashamed of his wife and sent his blessings to the boy.

I do not know if I am correct, but it seems to me that the women who have lost their husbands show less of this intoxication of courage. They at least have arrived at the terrific sanity of sorrow. One day I talked half the morning with the poor women who sell vegetables and fruit from pushcarts. They all had men at the front, usually sons, because the sacrifice of the young first is the law of war. But I found that those women who had lost their husbands had less to say and far less hope in the future. One young wife stood shivering in her black dress beside a dingy cart. "But I cannot care now what happens. They have killed my husband," she said as she handed me the grapes I had purchased of her.

"There is still France," I answered, pressing the universal note.

"The Germans cannot destroy France; but they have killed my husband. They have destroyed me. So I cannot think any more. I have that peace—nothing can matter to me now."

The burden falls heaviest, after all, upon the mothers of sons; and considering how much we have heard about the depopulation of France, it is astonishing to meet day after day women in the highest walks of life with from two to eight sons in the army. But I have not seen one who complains of the sacrifice. We feel a certain horror of their unconscious medievalism. It is not natural or even sane for women to believe in an order of things that inflicts death upon their own children. I do not know if this is the intoxication of the moment brought on by a war which was unavoidable, or if it is a characteristic of the French women. This is not the time to judge them but to admire their courage. They are the reservists of France whom no invading foe can reach, but who are exceedingly active in sustaining the men of their own nation. And they will still be doing that when the war is over. And one would like to see them share more equally the rewards of courage. For this is the truth—a man is a soldier only in times of war, for the purpose of inflicting death upon his enemies; but every woman who marries becomes a soldier of fortune in the battle of life, for life, not death. They are good soldiers who are never promoted for gallantry if they survive, who never receive even honorable mention for slipping into the breach one at a time. They go down to the gates of death, millions of them, bringing back the newborn nation, which is squandered by governments and war offices at times like this. And I say one wonders how they can bear it, not only without protest but with approval, for the sake of the country.

But it is impossible to be in France now without understanding better the instinct of patriotism. It is an instinct stronger than blood ties, because it is the foundation of all ties.

There is not a word heard here about the loss of fortunes or the destruction of business, for the simple reason that unless one has a country in which to live there can be no business. Unless the people have land and homes and a government to protect them, what is the good of having children?

One does not bear sons and daughters to have them become the slaves of another nation. This is the definition of patriotism in France which the people are giving with guns and swords, and it is a good one.

The wealth of England, along with certain John Bull characteristics in the men, resulted in an idle and neurasthenic condition of the women of one class and aroused dissatisfaction among the lower classes. This caused the more or less hysterical reaction which we have seen there in the agitation for the franchise. They began to think about and to resent their state of highly civilized bondage and to demand better conditions. This agitation, in turn, has developed many latent capacities in the women, especially for organized effort toward whatever end they have in view. I was informed, and my observation confirmed the information, that every branch of relief work in London which is effectively and wisely conducted has enough suffragists in it to hold the organization together.

This is a new feature, so far as the women are concerned. They do not work well together as a rule, but according to a certain ratio of antagonism, the one faction against the other.

The women in Paris illustrate this latter more primitive method of service with all the charm, charity and emotion of elemental women. The destitution here is far greater than in London, and the women are doing what they can to relieve it as individuals, without any semblance of an organized effort. The poor who attract their attention and enlist their sympathies are the genteel poor—dressmakers, clerks, stenographers, waitresses and lady's maids. And one can scarcely walk three blocks in Paris without seeing an *ouvroir*—a workshop—where these women are making garments, chiefly for the soldiers, but also for the absolutely destitute, like the Belgian and native refugees. There is no thought of union wages or of an economic system. The women receive less than sweatshop wages, for the reason that these people are up against a far more serious proposition, that of actual starvation. They are glad to work from one o'clock until six for one franc and fifty centimes, or even less.

The *directrice* of an *ouvroir* is a lady who conducts it at the expense of her patron—usually a rich man or a committee of rich men—who furnishes the money to buy materials and pay the workers. None of these workshops is self-supporting. They vary in size from one where ten women are employed to others where there are two or three hundred. But they are all charities. The price paid for the garments, even when they can be sold, does not nearly meet the expense of material and wages.

I saw one at a famous dressmaking establishment in Paris where American women formerly purchased fashionable gowns. Two hundred and fifty women are employed there. The *directrice* of this workroom is a woman whose books have been published in America. She gives a lunch to her workers every day for fifty centimes which would cost a dollar anywhere in America. She has a day nursery, as we would call it, for the children of the workers. These children are clothed and fed also at her expense, and she conducts the whole thing at a loss of one thousand francs a month. This is the deficit paid by "Monsieur," a modest gentleman who does not give his name.

How the Sewing Circles are Made Cheerful

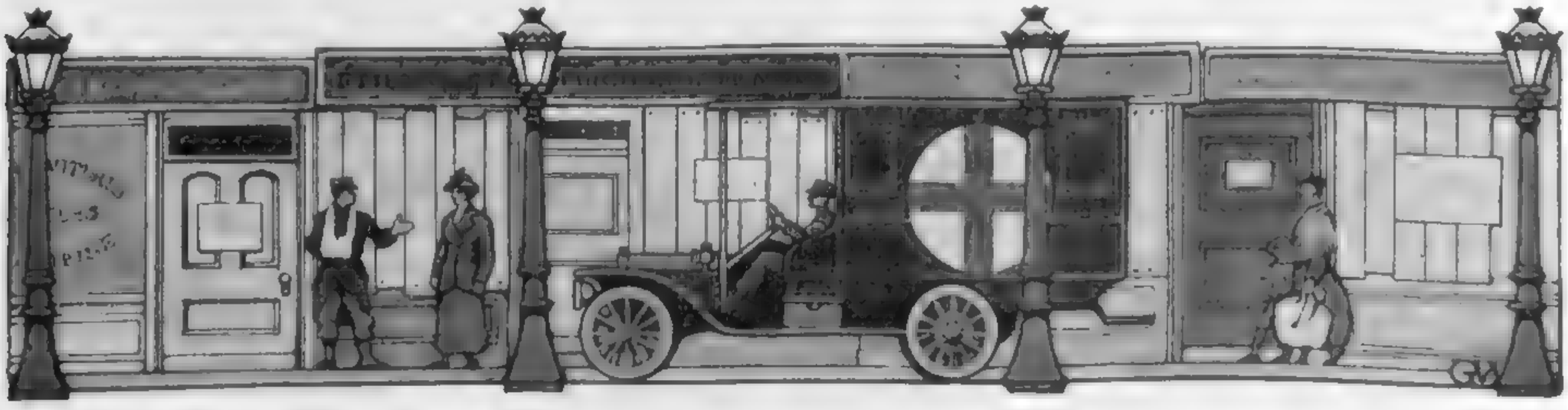
THE largest *ouvroir* I have seen is in the famous Ledoyen restaurant opposite the Petit Palais. This restaurant was closed at the beginning of the war. And now Ledoyen gives three thousand free soups every day to the poor women of Paris. The women work in one of the great halls under the direction of Daniel Lesueur, another famous author whom most people suppose to be a man. She is really one of the tenderest, most eloquent and charming women in France. Her very near and affectionate relation to the women was apparent when we entered the *ouvroir* together. The women clapped their hands, shouted salutations, covered her with a rainbow of smiles.

She has managed to give the place the air of a queer drawing room, not in its appointments, which are chairs, work tables and sewing machines, but in its atmosphere of social freedom. In nearly every group of women there were one or two convalescent soldiers, all of whom gathered about the famous author on crutches, or with their arms in slings, or leaning upon their sticks. And she could not have received them with more courtesy if they had been the generals of the French Army. I doubt if anywhere else such a scene of charm and cheerfulness could have been accomplished under conditions so little conducive to happiness. The French have a lightness, a sense of joy, that they must mix even with their sadness. These gentle dames go even farther in their efforts. They do not forget the hunger of these forlorn women for amusements. So once a week they invite some of the most famous actors of Paris to entertain them. Men like Mounet-Sully agree to come.

These French ladies have a genius for sentimentality in their relations to the poor. They never miss the italics of emotional service. There is a workroom here where forty-five women are employed at the usual wages of one franc; but, in addition to that, they are permitted to give away the socks and jackets and other garments they make to any person who applies to them for help. This is the first time I have ever seen paupers exercising the privileges of philanthropy.

In short, the effort the women are making here to relieve suffering is ephemeral, without system, and without any wisdom except that of love and sentimentality. It will last as long as they can collect funds for their extravagant charities and until they are personally weary of the task of conducting them. After that we must wonder what will happen. France makes very little provision for the wives and children and widows of her soldiers. Her resources are taxed to the limit. Most of the industries that support the working population of Paris are closed. The men will find food if not shelter in the army this winter. But no barracks are provided for the women and children.

(Continued on Page 34)



LUCKY NUMBERS

By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

No Blanks and Everybody Satisfied

NOBODY'S got to go nowheres, Mawruss, if he don't want to to go," Abe Potash declared one morning in July.

"D'you think it's a pleasure for me to go to a place like Short Beach and watch every evening a lot of lunatics dancing?" Morris demanded. "Might you would like such things, Abe, but me I am built differencely."

"Then what do you go for?" Abe asked.

"I tell you," Morris replied angrily, "if me and Minnie wouldn't go down there her Uncle Max would never forgive me."

"The worst that happens me should be that my wife's relations would never forgive me!" Abe ejaculated.

"If I would have your wife's relations, Abe, then I'll give you right," Morris retorted; "but if your Rosie would got a childless uncle; which only last year his wife dies on him, y'understand, so rich like Max Margonin, y'understand, I bet you would go and spend the winter with him in Souther California, rather as make him *brogus* at you. D'you think I want that sucker he should go to work and leave his money to charity?"

"*Gott soll hilten!*" Abe said.

"Then what are you talking nonsense?" Morris continued. "So me and Minnie would go down and join Uncle Max at Short Beach to-morrow, and you could depend on it I would leave there every morning on the first train after breakfast and go home on the first train before dinner. Believe me, Abe, the less I see of that *medeena* the better it suits me."

"Look! That Shows If I'm a Liar or Not"

Abe grew somewhat mollified toward his partner.

"You should anyhow quit here early enough to get a sea bath, Mawruss," he urged.

"Sea baths don't agree with me, Abe," Morris said. "I'd sooner that Max Margonin takes 'em, Abe. The undertow is something terrible at Short Beach, and besides, Abe, the five-fifty-eight train is early enough. Last night when I went down there to see about a room I counted on that five-fifty-eight three resident buyers and Henry Lesengeld of the Lesengeld & Kammer Dry Goods Company of Cincinnati. He's also staying at the Victoria—him and his wife, his wife's sister and three children. I bet you it costs him fifty dollars a day there at the very least."

Abe shrugged.

"I guess he could stand it, Mawruss," Abe commented. "Them Lesengeld-Kammer people is an A-number-one concern. They're rated from two hundred to two hundred and fifty thousand, credit fair. I looked 'em up only yesterday."

"You looked 'em up, Abe!" Morris exclaimed. "What good does that do? Looking up concerns you don't sell merchandise to is like smelling the cooking which other people is going to eat. All the good it does is to make you hungrier."

"Well, if you would only get hungry enough for Lesengeld's account, Mawruss, might you would be able to cop it out maybe."

"Don't worry about that part," Morris declared. "If you ain't satisfied with what I'm going to do to them Short Beach bluffers this summer, Abe, I hope Max Margonin should live to be a hundred yet."

"He'll either do that or get married again, Mawruss," Abe said encouragingly. "Especially now, Mawruss, you want to look after him pretty careful, because widowers is like babies, Mawruss, the most dangerous time is the second summer."

"That's the least of my troubles," Morris declared. "A quiet old fellow like Max Margonin ain't lookin' to get married again. You should see the mourning he's in. Actually he's wearing a black silk shirt, Abe."

"Laundry ain't so cheap at Short Beach neither; but anyhow, Mawruss, I hope you'll enjoy it down there."

"I told you before, Abe, I don't go to enjoy," Morris replied. "I'll be perfectly satisfied if I only get decent sleeping and eating at the Victoria Hotel."

Even these modest expectations were not realized, however, and two days after the conversation above recorded Morris entered his place of business at eleven o'clock in the morning, bearing every appearance of annoyance and disgust.

"*Na*, Mawruss," Abe cried, "I thought you would get the first train out of Short Beach after breakfast. Seemingly they serve a combination breakfast and lunch at Short Beach."

"A man must got to get a little sleep *some* time, Abe," Morris retorted, "and if he couldn't get it in the night he's got to take it in the morning. I give you my word we didn't go to bed till half past three."

"That shows what a fool you are," Abe commented. "Who the devil sits up till three o'clock in the morning, I'd like to know!"

Morris glowered at his partner.

"Leon Sammet for one," he replied after a pause. "Sol Klinger for another, Mozart Rabiner also. Even B. Gans wouldn't go to bed so long as Lesengeld sticks it out, and what for a fool do you think I am that I should go to bed and leave a prospective account like Lesengeld & Kammer in the hands of them sharks, Abe?"

"Still that makes six of you," Abe said. "How could you play pinochle six handed, which is not including your wife's Uncle Max Margonin?"

Morris snapped his fingers.

"I forgot all about that old snoozer," he exclaimed. "Minnie told me to see him the first thing this morning and apologize for leaving him alone all evening."

"Was Minnie in the game too?" Abe asked.

"What do you mean game?" Morris cried impatiently. "There wasn't no game. They danced there till half past three, and I'll bet yer the old gentleman didn't get a wink of sleep all that time."

Abe's head became palsied with amazement and disgust.

"So!" he said. "You danced till half past three! And then you come down here and expect to do business, hey?"

"I expect to do business just so much as Leon Sammet and all them other *roshaim*, Abe, because all I did was to sit round while Leon Sammet danced with Mrs. Lesengeld till he looked like he'd been in bathing with his Tuxedo on. No, Abe, I didn't dance last night because I don't know how to, but you can bet your sweet life I will be dancing next week."

"You will be dancing next week!" Abe said.

"Sure I will," Morris replied. "I've got an appointment with the professional to take a lesson this afternoon at five o'clock."

Abe sat down and glared indignantly at his partner.

"You ain't going to do no such thing," he said. "You got an appointment right here in the store every day from eight until half past five. Either you would do business or you would do pleasure, but you can't do both."

"Do you think it's a pleasure that I am getting some one to learn me dancing?" Morris expostulated. "Ten dollars an hour that professional charges us. I tell you, Abe, nowadays, when you figure cost prices, labor and material is nix. It's the overhead which makes prices high."

"Overhead!" Abe exclaimed. "Do you mean you are going to charge up these here dancing lessons to the expense account?"

"Why not?" Morris asked.

"Why not!" Abe said. "What do you think—I am going to pay half your dancing lessons for you?"

"All right," Morris said, "then you take dancing lessons too."

A satirical smile spread itself over Abe's face and it was apparent that he was about to launch a particularly telling rejoinder.

"No, Mawruss," he said, "you could go in for dancing if you want to, but me, I am going up to the art needlework department at Appenweier & Murray's and take a few lessons in embroidery. H'afterward we would let Minnie and Rosie come down here and attend to business, y'understand, while you and me would stay uptown and do the cooking and housekeeping.

"Let us act like men, Mawruss, not ladies. If we got to dance to sell goods, Mawruss," he declared, "we might just so well run a cabaretel show to entertain our customers with and be done with it. We are going to do business in a business way, Mawruss, or otherwise not at all. So I don't want to hear no more about this dancing business and that's all there is to it."

Nevertheless, when Abe and Rosie journeyed to Short Beach on the following Sunday and observed, during that afternoon and evening, the age and sound financial standing of the men who circled the dancing floor in the grillroom at the Victoria Hotel, Abe began to think that his condemnation of dancing had been slightly ill-judged. To be sure, Max Margonin was more than outspoken in the expression of his disgust at the spectacle.

"Look at them cows," he said to his niece Minnie, who with Morris was entertaining Abe and Rosie at a table abutting on the dancing floor. "I bet you eighty per cent of them is grandmothers and they dance yet."

He snorted contemptuously.

"And their partners call themselves business men," he added. "If I would be a credit man and I seen one of my concern's customers dancing in a public dance hall like this, I wouldn't sleep till I got him to assign enough accounts to me to cover his bill."

Abe nodded, but without enthusiasm, for among the throng of dancers he discerned B. Gans, Henry Lesengeld, and a dozen other manufacturers and retailers whose credit was unimpeachable by the most meticulous of credit men.

"Oh, I don't know, Uncle Max," Morris protested. "It stands in the *Haphtorah* already that there was dancing even in them old times yet."

"Not the one-step *oder* the hesitation," Max retorted. "Maybe the *Krakaviak oder* the *Gasotzki* they danced it, and then only by weddings or something special. But morning, noon and night, to see them *meshugoyim* dancing like they would be wound up already, it is honestly sickening."

Abe was about to nod again, but his head remained stationary at the spectacle of Leon Sammet ducking and turning with Mrs. Lesengeld clasped in his arms.

"Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Margonin," he said huskily, "a business man has got to get a little exercise the same like anybody else."

"That ain't exercise, Potash, that's *meises*, which in former times people would get sent away to a sanitarium or a lunatic asylum for."

Here Abe saw B. Gans smiling into the upturned face of Mrs. Lesengeld's sister, Miss Pauline Kammer, as they trod the mazes—so to speak—of the fox trot, and he began to think that even if Max Margonin was the wealthy uncle of his partner's wife, he could not in all self-respect sit and listen to an old fogy dogmatize in such an out-of-date fashion.

"Them is back-number ideas you got, Mr. Margonin," he said. "Dancing is not only good for the health, y'understand, but also it don't cost nothing. Might you think that all them fellers would be better off supposing they was pickling themselves with smoke, y'understand, and going back on four hundred in spades, fifty cents a hundred, twice double double, while their wives is working their fingers to the bone trying to make a last season's cape effect look like a basque. Some folks has got funny ideas, Mr. Margonin, I must say."

Abe punctuated his indignation with a righteous snort, while Morris grew pale with apprehension as he observed the effect upon his wife's uncle.

"Well," Margonin said, scraping back the chair, "if that's the case that I got funny idees, Potash, all I got to say is that I don't got to stay here and get insulted."

"What do you mean—insulted, Uncle Max?" Morris cried in anguished tones. He laid a restraining hand on Max's arm, but he was shaken off abruptly as the old man rose from his seat.

"He didn't mean anything by it," Mrs. Perlmutter said. "Did you, Abe?"

"I didn't mean to insult nobody," Abe corrected. "And if anyone gets insulted by such remarks, why, all that I can tell him is ——"

"Well, now that he's apologized, Uncle Max," Morris interrupted with a venomous glance at Abe Potash, "sit down and drink a little glass of Schnaps with us."

"I never drink Schnaps at no time," said the puritanical Max Margonin; "and I guess I could go up to my room if I wanted to, couldn't I?"

"Sure, sure," Morris agreed, and he smiled with such forced amiability upon his uncle by marriage that no one—not even the recording angel—could have been deceived as to the underlying profanity.

They watched Margonin's progress to the hotel lobby and then Minnie Perlmutter heaved a long-restrained sigh.

"Come on, Mawruss," she said, "let's try this fox trot before it's over."

Morris blushed and looked guiltily toward his partner, but Abe only smiled his encouragement.

"Don't be ashamed, Mawruss," he said; "believe me, Rosie and me would do it too if we wasn't too old."

Mrs. Potash bridled and frowned.

"What do you mean—too old?" she said.

II

WITH Miss Pauline Kammer's family endeavor had survived hope in the matter of providing her with a husband, and while outwardly Mr. and Mrs. Lesengeld still put forth an occasional effort, inwardly they were resigned. With Miss Kammer herself, however, there was no note of despair, in either her wardrobe or deportment, for she dressed and danced as though, instead of forty-two, she were only twenty-two—or eighteen for that matter. Consequently she came in for Max Margonin's especial condemnation.

"Did you ever see anything to equal it?" he declared on Monday evening. "A woman her age dancing!"

He sat with Leon Sammet at a table in the grillroom not ten feet from where Mr. and Mrs. Lesengeld were taking their after-dinner coffee.

"Not so loud, Margonin, for heaven's sake!" Leon said.

"Am I saying anything out of the way?" Margonin demanded with undiminished forcefulness. "At her age, Sammet, a woman should be either a grandmother or a hopeless invalid. Because a lady who could still dance at fifty ain't got no excuse why she shouldn't have got married at twenty."

"*Geh weg!*" Leon whispered. "She's only forty-two."

"She's good preserved, I admit," Margonin said as he gazed with grudging admiration on the gyrating Miss Kammer. "She don't look over forty-two, but with widders and old maids, Sammet, you should always add ten years to their looks and even then you're likely to underestimate."

"Maybe you would and maybe you wouldn't," Leon retorted; "but all the same, Margonin, you couldn't underestimate the capital she's got invested with the Lesengeld & Kammer Company. I bet you if she's got a cent invested in that business she's got fifty thousand dollars."

"Well," Margonin commented, "you're a single man, Sammet, ain't it?"

"That's my business," Sammet said with what—if he had been a nobleman in a novel instead of a garment manufacturer in a summer hotel—could with justice have been described as a touch of hauteur.

"Sure, it's your business," Max replied as Sammet started to leave. "It ain't my business, Sammet, because even when I was in business, Sammet, I was in the retail clothing business and not the garment business. *Aber*, if I would be in the garment business, y'understand, a hint is as good as a kick any time."

Sammet flipped the fingers of his right hand.

"*Schmooes*," he said and moved on to the Lesengeld table.

Margonin smiled maliciously and glanced at his watch. He had postponed his coffee and liqueur until the arrival of Morris and Minnie, so that when the time should come to settle the bill Morris might insist—against Margonin's protest of course—that, having ordered the coffee and liquors, he, Morris, must pay for them. More than ten minutes elapsed, however, and just when Max had determined to risk drinking at his own expense Morris and Minnie appeared in the doorway of the grillroom followed by Abe and Rosie Potash.

"*Nu!*" Max exclaimed. "You must like it down here—coming two days in succession"

"We do," Abe replied, and Rosie beamed her assent.

"In fact, we come down here for the summer, Mr. Margonin," she said.

"Every day you and Morris are both coming down here?" Max asked.

"Sure; why not?" Abe said.

And in response Max Margonin sniffed, whereat it appeared to his auditors that Max had delivered himself of a long condemnatory speech, in which he had dealt severely with the folly and iniquity of two partners both leaving their business to run itself into the ground at half past five every afternoon. Abe, therefore, glared angrily at Uncle Max, while Morris endeavored to smooth things over, first by nudging Abe and second by contorting his face into what he believed to be a conciliatory smile.

"We did considered one of us coming down only for week ends, Uncle Max," he said, "but we couldn't decide which of us should ought to be the week-end feller."

"Now don't begin that again," Minnie pleaded with a despairing glance at Rosie. "We've had it all through dinner."

"Say," Abe said, "if Mawruss and me wants to come down here every day, Minnie, what is it skin off that old—off of anybody's nose?"

He was so determined at all hazards to be calm toward Uncle Max that the veins stood out on his forehead and his eyes grew bloodshot.

As for Uncle Max, he had determined to take offense at nothing Abe might say, and to create this amiable impression he smiled at Abe in a manner calculated to provoke a breach of the peace.

Therefore Morris hurriedly called a waiter, and in a few minutes Abe and Max Margonin temporarily forgot their differences in the noisy inhalation of black coffee. They were thus occupied when there appeared on the dancing floor a slender young man whose hair seemed to have been applied to his head in three coats by an expert carriage painter, and whose dinner coat and trousers were constructed of white flannel. Immediately there fell upon the assemblage what might be termed a hush, save for Max Margonin's second cup of coffee, and when the slender young man said "Ladies and gentlemen," Abe raised his eyebrows inquiringly at Morris.

The Professional Conveyed the News That There Would be a One-Step and a Hesitation Contest

"That's the professional," Morris explained, and before Abe could ask any further questions the professional made an announcement which, to those guests who were familiar with his style of delivery, conveyed the news that there would be a one-step and a hesitation contest, to be followed by a lucky-number contest, and that all the guests of the hotel were eligible to compete for three handsome prizes. The remaining guests, to whom the professional's enunciation sounded as though he had got out beyond his depth and was coming up for the third time, immediately asked: "What did he say?" And in the uproar of explanation that followed Max Margonin rose.

"Where are you going, Uncle Max?" Minnie inquired.

"For a walk," Max replied. "Maybe some people enjoy seeing it a pack of *chamorim* dancing themselves blue in the face to win for twenty-five cents an imitation gunmetal cigarette case *oder* a fifty-cents pocketbook. *Aber* me I am built differencely. Are you coming, Potash?"

"Wait a minute," Abe cried. "What is all this here about?"

"Didn't you hear what the fellow announced it?" Morris asked.

"I ain't acquainted with Hungarian," Abe replied. "So if some one wants to dance themselves blue in the face for a twenty-five-cents cigarette case I want to see what it is."

"It's a dancing contest," Max said, reseating himself. "Judges gets appointed and the *leute* dances for 'em, and which couples the judges says wins, they win."

"*Aber*, who is the judges?" Abe cried.

"Anyone the professional asks," Max answered.

Whereupon Abe wanted to know what a professional was, and being informed that he was employed by the hotel management to take charge of the dancing, Abe wagged his head from side to side.

"And for this he gets paid?" he asked.

"I should say he gets paid," Max Margonin replied. "He gives it also lessons on the side. Why, some lunatics here even pays for such lessons ten dollars an hour."

"Oh, that's the fellow, is it?" Abe cried. "He's the one that makes the overhead high, Mawruss, ain't it?"

Morris displayed great presence of mind and remarkable dual control of his muscles, for with one impetus he kicked his partner beneath the table and rapped on top of the table for a waiter.

"More coffee," he said.

"Not for me," Max declared, once more rising to his feet. "I would got a tough enough time sleeping as it is with all the racket here, without I should drink too much coffee besides. So if you and your partner wants to sit here, Morris, go ahead. *Aber* me, I am going for a walk."

"You Should Leave it to Me and the Feller With the White Tuxedo and Pants"

Abe winked solemnly at Minnie as Max walked away.

"That fellow knows how to enjoy life," he said, "like a sweatshop worker."

Morris only scowled in reply. "What are you trying to do, Abe," he demanded: "put me in bad?"

"What do you mean—put you in bad?"

"You hear what Uncle Max thinks from fellers dancing, and you want to give me away yet," Morris exclaimed.

"What is the difference?" Abe asked. "He's bound to find it out sooner or later."

"No, he ain't, unless some one tells him," Minnie said.

"You wouldn't be able to keep it from him," Abe said, "after you win them prizes, Mawruss."

"Me win prizes!" Morris cried. "Why, I'm only just a new beginner."

"That's neither here nor there," Abe retorted, "because you are going to dance in these here contests *mit* Mrs. Lesengeld's sister and a couple other good prospects, Mawruss, and you're going to win too."

Morris laughed raucously.

"And how about the judges?" he asked.

"Ten dollars an hour on the side is slow money for such a short season as they got it here," Abe said; "so you should leave it to me and the feller with the white Tuxedo and pants."

III

HAROLD MENDELBERG never perspired, even in the warmest weather. Adding to this qualification a firm resolve to avoid the restrictions of a regular job and a real enthusiasm for dancing, it was inevitable that Harold should become a professional dancer. In this capacity he proved a general favorite with the young ladies of the Victoria Hotel, and with such of the older ladies as were not the parents of the young ladies in question, and hence ran no risk of acquiring him for a son-in-law. Consequently Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lesengeld, who neither hoped nor feared for Miss Pauline Kammer, were outspoken in their praise of Harold.

"Such an elegant behaved young fellow," Lesengeld said to Max Margonin the following morning as they sat on the veranda of the Victoria Hotel. "And comes from good people too. His father used to was Mendelberg, Reis & Company in Milwaukee."

"I knew him for years already," Uncle Max said. "Everything went against him in business and now he's got a son which is a dancer yet. *Es fehlt nur noch!*"

"What do you mean—*es fehlt nur noch?*" Lesengeld asked. "Harold is a decent, respectable young feller."

"As a stranger, yes," Max replied; "but a professional dancer is no kind of business for a relation to be in, Mr. Lesengeld. For my part, even a gambler is better, because a gambler must anyhow got to got some business ability, while with a dancer, what is it? Am I right or wrong?"

He was distinctly wrong, for at that very moment, in the office of Potash & Perlmutter, Harold was demonstrating the possession of the business ability which Max declared he lacked by accepting from Abe a check for fifty dollars.

"The idee is this," Abe explained: "if I would get a good strong opening with a concern which is staying at the Victoria, I could sell 'em goods, certain sure."

Harold nodded.

"And the way it is with my experience," Abe continued, "you could entertain a merchant at a theayter and restaurants, but when it comes right straight down to it, Mendelberg, I see more goods sold quick by kissing a baby *oder* patting a little boy on the head in the presence of the father and mother than from all the theayters and restaurants on Broadway put together. Ain't it?"

Harold nodded again.

"And it stands to reason that the older is the children, the more pride the parents has in 'em," Abe went on. "So you take, for example, Miss Herzberg, which her father is Herzberg's Arcade, Bridgetown, *oder* Miss Schoen, a daughter from Schoen Brothers & Company, Toledo, y'understand, and if Mawruss dances with them in a couple contests, understand me, and you would fix it so I am one of the judges and you are another—and any other *schlemiel* can be the third, y'understand—and we give 'em the prize, y'understand, why, then, old man Herzberg is tickled to pieces, and Adolph Schoen also. In that way I could get there a good strong opening."

"But that would be a pretty raw deal," Harold protested, "considering that Mr. Perlmutter is your partner and you are acting as judge—especially as Mr. Perlmutter don't handle his legs right even for a beginner. Everybody would get wise."

"So long as Herzberg and Schoen got wise I wouldn't worry at all," Abe said.

"But I would," Harold said; "I've got my job to look out for. How would it be if I got you and Mr. Perlmutter to act with me as judges? Then you could both give the prize to Miss Schoen and Miss Herzberg?"

"Sure, I know!" Abe said. "And the girls' partners would be some of these here garment salesmen who are sticking round here and they would get the credit for it and not us. No, Mendelberg, I ain't wasting my time and money getting orders for my competitors."

"Leave that to me," Harold assured him. "I'll introduce the young ladies to their partners, and I'll pick out a couple of guys in the real-estate business or some other line outside of the garment trade."

"*Aber*, how about Miss Kammer?" Abe said. "It ain't so easy to get a partner for her outside the garment trade, Mendelberg. Because, unless some one would be acquainted with the rating of a concern like Lesengeld & Kammer, he ain't going to take no chances dancing with a lady like Miss Kammer."

"She don't come in the class you mention," Harold said. "Her father and mother ain't staying at the hotel, Mr. Potash."

"They're dead *schon* twenty years ago already," Abe said. "But her sister and brother-in-law take just so much interest in her. Believe me, Mendelberg, any little kindness we could show to Miss Kammer wouldn't be thrown away neither. In fact, Mendelberg, if me and my partner would be a single man, we would go to work and get Lesengeld & Kammer's trade for the rest of our lives."

"Why, she must be fifty," Harold said, "and she couldn't dance for sour apples."

"She could be seventy and on crutches even," Abe said, "and with the money she's got invested in Lesengeld & Kammer's business, it's worth our while we should give her a prize anyhow."

"All right," Harold said. "Mr. Perlmutter can dance with her in the lucky-number contest. I'll give each couple a number, and when I draw the numbers out of a bag—see! the last number I draw wins the prize. Mr. Perlmutter's number I put a pinhole in—see? And every time I feel the pinhole I don't draw it out until all the others is drawn out."

"But I don't want to do nothing crooked, Mendelberg," Abe expostulated.

"What's there crooked about it," Mendelberg said, "so long as the hotel management don't have to pay for the prize?"

Abe looked at Harold for more than a minute.

"I get the idee," he said. "And I'll buy them prizes this afternoon yet—a five-dollar pocketbook for Miss Kammer and for Mawruss I'll get an elegant fountain pen. I've been needing one of them things for six months already."

IV

LEON SAMMET'S views of matrimony were not those of the confirmed misogynist, even though he was fast approaching fifty-five. He merely took the attitude that as a business man with a flourishing business—a trifle under-capitalized—he ought not to touch this last source of monetary accommodation until the occasion warranted it. Thus in 1907, when even gilt-edge paper was unmarketable, and again in 1910, when two large failures coming simultaneously had temporarily embarrassed him, he yearned for those domestic amenities which could be provided only by a good wife and a father-in-law rated at one hundred to a hundred and twenty-five thousand, credit fair.

He was not entirely mercenary, however, for neither in 1907 nor in 1910 had he contemplated a bride of more than half his age, and until the conversation with Margonin above set forth he had bestowed upon Miss Pauline Kammer only the customary attentions of the manufacturer toward the family of a prosperous retailer. Indeed, all the rest of that day he continued this correct attitude, and his feelings toward Miss Kammer underwent no change. Nor was it until the following morning, when he visited his bank and was asked temporarily to clean up his loans, that the seeds of romance implanted by Max Margonin began to germinate. That afternoon he bought a new pair of white flannel trousers and allowed the barber to singe his hair. Moreover, he performed the remainder of his toilet so carefully that the entire grillroom had concluded its after-dinner coffee before he finally appeared at the border of the dancing floor, and Harold Mendelberg, who was sitting at the Lesengeld table with Mrs. Lesengeld and Miss Kammer, could not conceal his admiration.

"What have you been doing to yourself, Mr. Sammet?" he said; "you look like a young fellow."

"What do you mean—look like a young fellow?" Sammet demanded angrily.

"He means you anyhow act like one," Lesengeld suggested; and Sammet was about to retort that he didn't act so young as some people acted, but he thought better of it.

"Well," he said, "it's an old saying and a true one—a woman is only so old as she looks and a man as he acts. You know we can't all be kids, Mendelberg."

He glanced quizzically at Miss Kammer, but there was nothing in her manner to denote sympathy, for while she looked straight at his shirt front, her eyes were focused upon a point miles beyond.

"What time does the contest begin, Mr. Mendelberg?" she said.

"In five minutes," Sammet replied. "Could I have the pleasure with you, Miss Kammer?"

"You're too late, Sammet," said a voice at his elbow. "A popular young lady like Miss Kammer you should ought to ask the night before."

Leon turned in time to see Abe Potash engulf his stubby mustache between his nose and his upper lip in a smile of mingled triumph and malice. As for Miss Kammer she blushed so vividly at the compliment that for the first time Leon admitted to himself the possibility of a real attachment, leaving altogether out of consideration the matter of banking conditions.

"I didn't know you was taking up dancing at your age, Potash," he said tartly.

Abe raised his eyebrows and made a deprecatory gesture with one hand.

"At my age! Say," he protested, "when it comes right down to ages, Sammet, I leave my partner, Mawruss Perlmutter, he should do the dancing, y'understand, because I could assure you, Sammet, it's no pleasure for Miss Kammer that she should dance with a couple of old timers like you and me, Sammet."

Abe sat down and further enlisted the sympathy of his audience with cigars for Lesengeld and Harold Mendelberg, while Leon retreated to the hotel veranda, where in a secluded corner he composed himself to formulate a telling revenge on Abe and Morris as well as a campaign for his courtship of Miss Kammer. Hardly had he seated himself in one of the porch rockers, however, when he was interrupted by Max Margonin, who was trudging along the piazza in search of a comfortable corner for his evening nap. At his first sight of the white flannel trousers Max immediately reopened all Leon's wounds.

"*Nu*, Sammet," he said "you look like a young feller to-night. What's the *simcha?*"

Leon waved both hands in the air. "It's all right, Margonin," he shouted; "I admit it, I'm fifty-five."

"Did I say you weren't?" Max asked.

(Continued on Page 46)

"She Could be Seventy and on Crutches, and With the Money She's Got It's Worth Our While"

MADE IN AMERICA

What Uncle Sam Offers to Europe's Tourist Trade

By Emerson Hough

The Funicular Mule is Strictly Nonskid; His Spark Plugs Never Get Too Much Carbon on Them

HOW much Americans spend annually in Europe it is difficult to say. As long ago as 1907 a good authority gave the annual income of France from tourists as five hundred million dollars; that of Italy as one hundred million dollars; that of England as twenty-five million dollars. It is pretty well established that since then Switzerland has taken from tourists in a single year one hundred and fifty million dollars. Footed up this comes to seven hundred and seventy-five million dollars a year—a sum almost unbelievable, yet fairly accurate. The very lowest figure allowed as American tourist expenditure in 1910 was estimated by another authority at three hundred and fifty million dollars.

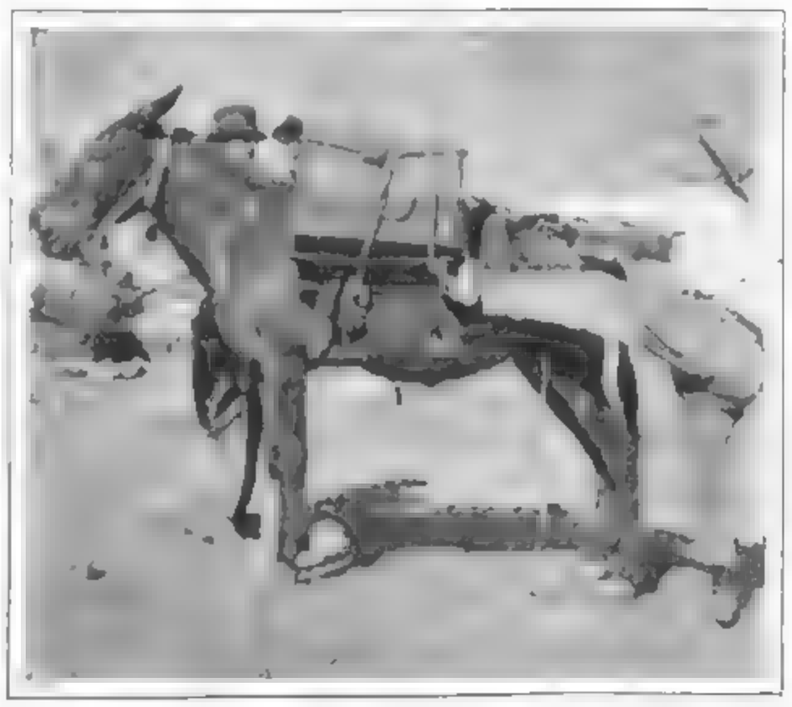
As to the numbers of Americans who visit or formerly visited Europe annually, they came back home this summer by the thousand a week, as fast as they could. Then we began to see how vast is our European travel. Neither this year nor last year did many of these tourists bring much back with them, except a grouch and some clothes that were out of style by the time they got home.

Some years ago, in a quiet room in a Mayfair club, I was talking with an Englishman who did not in the least dress, talk or act like an Englishman—because he was a real one; and he found occasion to comment on this tendency of Americans to come across, in both senses of the phrase.

"I don't understand it," said he; "because you have so many things to see in your own country. Take the Grand Cañon, for instance, and the Yosemight—I have always wanted to see them myself. Of course you've seen them."

You will observe that he called Yosemite "Yosemight." I have heard a score of Americans do the same thing. There are not lacking many thousands of Americans who believe that the Grand Cañon of the Colorado is located in Colorado. They know more about Biskra than they do about our Painted Desert. It has long been our habit, our fashion, to be ignorant of our own attractions, and to spend at least half a billion dollars abroad annually, seeing crowns, clothes and cafés.

A thousand things conspire to-day in favor of America's national parks. The war in Europe is too terrible an affair to allow the weighing of any good it may bring to anyone; but, without doubt or question, fewer tourists will go to Europe next year and the year thereafter, and more tourists will turn toward the attractions of America. From now on we shall know more and hear more of the Grand Cañon, of the Yosemite, of Sequoia Park, and Rainier Park, and Glacier Park, and the Yellowstone, and others—any one of



Without the North American Mule the Cañon Would Not be Feasible

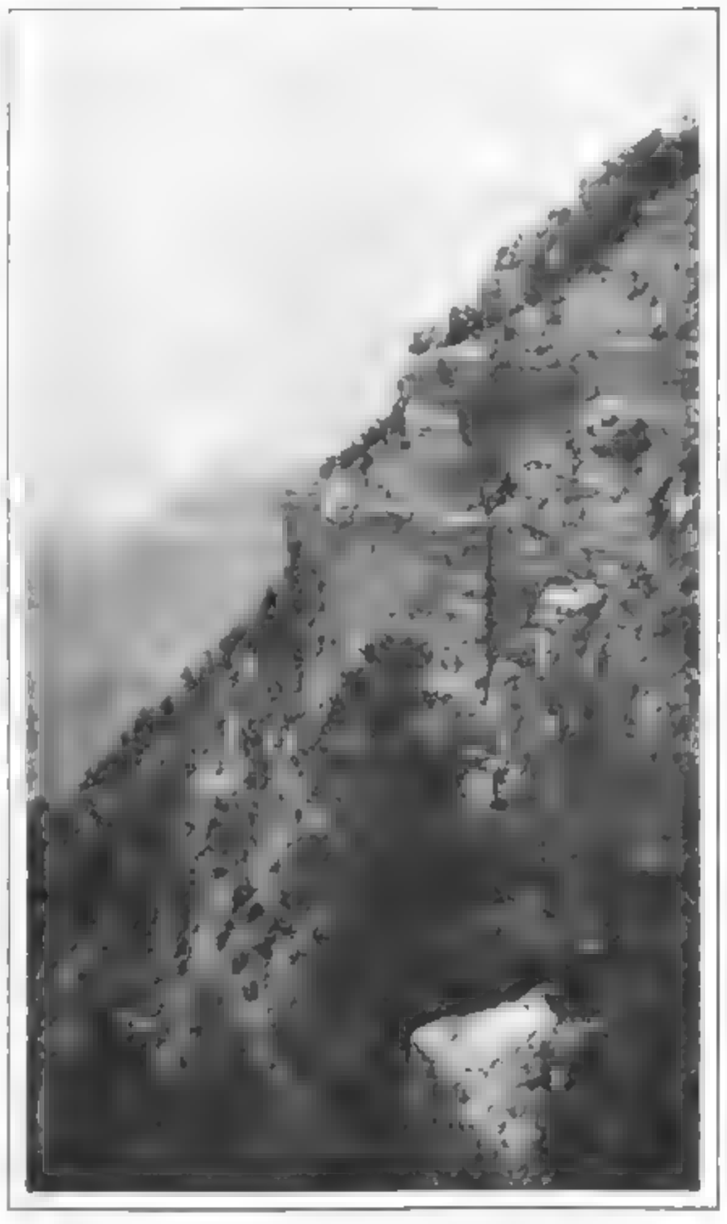
them an attraction not rivaled in any quarter of the world. Many thousands who go to the Panama Expositions on the Pacific Coast next year will also visit some of the Western parks.

It happily chances, further, that at Washington, in the official family, there is now a large, calm and wholly adequate gentleman holding down the chair of the Secretary of the Interior—to wit, one Franklin K. Lane, quite able to stand certain comparisons with other members of the family were it necessary to make them.

We did not all of us help elect Mr. Lane to his chair, but we should all rejoice that he is seated therein, for his tenure of office marks a pronounced change in the attitude of the Government at Washington toward the national parks of this country. To care for these and to develop them is perhaps we may be so bold as to say—Secretary Lane's hobby. So much the better for us. Business administration, development, publicity—which is all that has been needed for them.

We have sixteen national parks, embracing almost four million and a half acres of land—to be exact, 4,436,904.25 acres. Of these sixteen parks, large and small, there are some of which you never heard—you could not possibly parse all our parks if you tried. Also, we have twenty-odd national monuments, which you could not name to save your life. Perhaps we may for once in a way go into certain scrapbook statistics, *pro bono publico*.

Thousands or Hundreds of Thousands of Women Have Made the Trip Safely Down the Trails



There is Nothing Like the Grand Cañon to Subdue Human Egotism

The national parks are: Yellowstone, in Wyoming, Montana and Idaho; Yosemite, in California; Sequoia, in California; General Grant, in California; Mount Rainier, in Washington; Crater Lake, in Oregon; Wind Cave, in South Dakota; Sullys Hill, in North Dakota; Platt, in Oklahoma; Mesa Verde, in Colorado; Hot Springs Reservation, in Arkansas; Glacier, in Montana; Casa Grande Ruin, Arizona; Potomac Park, D. C., Rock Creek Park, D. C., and National Zoological Park, D. C.

The national monuments administered by the Interior Department are: Devil's Tower, Montezuma Castle, El Moro, Chaco Cañon, Muir Woods, Pinnacles, Tumacacori, Mukuntuweap, Shoshone Cavern, Natural Bridges, Gran Quivira, Sitka, Rainbow Bridge, Lewis and Clark Cavern, Colorado, Petrified Forest, Navajo.

Those monuments administered by the Department of Agriculture are: Cinder Cone, Lassen Peak, Gila Cliff Dwellings, Tonto, Grand Cañon, Jewel Cave, Wheeler, Oregon Caves, Devil's Post Pile, Mount Olympus. There are only two national monuments administered by the War Department: Big Hole Battlefield and Cabrillo.

It will be news to the average American to discover that the administration of the national show grounds of this republic is a sort of happy-go-lucky, chuck-and-chance-it affair. Just why the Grand Cañon of the Colorado should not be a national park is difficult to say; and just why the Department of Agriculture should handle it rather than that the Department of the Interior should is another question which cannot be answered. Should the House bill of April 20, 1911, eventually pass Congress the Grand Cañon will be made into a park. Certain scientific bodies recommended the name Powell National Park, which hardly will prevail. It is not easy to say why it has not long ago been called the Grand Cañon National Park. A lot of things are not easy to understand about our national parks. For instance, neither is it easy to say why the War Department should have, all for its own, as much as six acres of ground to look after, whereas in one capacity or another the War Department is so largely concerned in the practical administration of the large parks.

In short, if the truth be told—and it ought to be told and ought to be remembered—the whole business of running these splendid national parks of ours is nothing but a dignified Washington muddle, which is a disgrace to this great and rich republic.

It has long been felt that the administration of these parks ought to be under a bureau or a commission, or a

department of its own. In his message of February 2, 1912, President Taft earnestly recommended the establishment of a Bureau of National Parks. However, like a good many other things President Taft "earnestly recommended," it did not come through.

Three years ago Senator Smoot, of Utah—or is he from Vermont?—introduced a bill in Congress looking to the establishment of a Park Bureau. The said bill, amended so its mother would not know it, reposes in a well-guarded pigeonhole at Washington, to the regret of the Civic Association of America, which fostered it.

It was at this stage of affairs that, during the past spring, Secretary Lane, with or without good authority—certainly without precedent—did something large, definite and practical.

He appointed a general superintendent of national parks—selecting for this work Mr. Mark Daniels, a landscape engineer of San Francisco, a young man of the live-wire class, to whom he gave little more instruction than to go out and do things.

At this writing, after extended association in the field with the new incumbent of the new office, it certainly looks as though at last things were going to be done in our parks, and done with some plan and some system, unless the curse of politics shall kill or alter plans as fast as made. One good director may be better than a bureau. He could not be if removed every four years or oftener.

We may as well, in view of irrefutable figures, admit that Americans are shamefully ignorant as to America's national parks. I recall, for instance, a chance talk in a railroad train with a young business man of Billings, Montana. He was just coming back from New York and was full of sturdy Western Americanism.

"All they think of down there," said he, "is running over to Europe. Lot of snobbery about that; nothing to it but a fashion—that's all. Why don't people see their own country?"

I nodded gravely.

"Now there's the new Glacier Park, up near your country," said I. "Of course you've been all over that?"

He colored a trifle, and I saw I had made a *faux pas*

"Well, no; I haven't," said he.

"But you've seen the Yellowstone, of course?"

Faux pas number two. He had to admit that he had never as yet been in Yellowstone Park.

The Grand Cañon

"AND there's the Grand Cañon, too," said he ruefully. "A fellow ought to go and see that—I'm going to see them all sometime. Of course you've seen the Grand Cañon?"

A *faux pas* for him! I never had done so, though my calling has for years taken me pretty much all over this continent.

It was then and there that each of us made certain resolves. In view of that resolve I started last spring, heavily disguised as a tourist, to stroll all through our national parks. I thought it would take about six weeks. It took three months, and it was only a beginning. You have to see this country systematically to know how big it is.

All our national parks are in wilderness country, which means that they are all in the western part of the United States—a region never admitted to exist by Senator Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts; Senator Thomas Benton, of Missouri; or Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts—or is it Vermont? That means a long journey from the more thickly settled portions of the East. Most of the parks lie west of Senator Benton's once famous statue of a "fabled god Terminus," which he located on top of the Rockies. Yet it is a journey not so long as that required to visit any foreign land, and one which can be made in absolute comfort.

Thus in visiting the Grand Cañon of the Colorado there is choice of two transcontinental trains the like of which has yet to be found anywhere else in the world. Without danger of seasickness, without the terrors of war or famine or pestilence, and at an astonishingly small cost, the American citizen can be set down at the gate of the Grand Cañon after a journey that has not been a hardship but a delight. Our train had a chef, a stenographer, a barber, a valet, a manicure—and an official chaperon, the latter paid by the company to take care of unescorted ladies! It had comfort, room, privacy, a place to eat and a place to sleep. Europe never had such a train on wheels.

And traditions—history? You do not need to go to Europe for such things. You could lie awake at night and look out over the wheat fields of Kansas—hearing the greatest crop ever known in the history of that state, a crop great when the need of the world was great—and see passing in the moonlight over the wheat, knee-deep as they rode, the steel-clad band of Coronado's soldiers, dead and gone years ago.

It is no special credit to the Government at Washington that one may thus comfortably reach and enjoy the world's greatest wonder. That it is accessible and comfortable to-day is not due to government enterprise but to American commercialism. The Grand Cañon, as it offers itself to the average tourist, was discovered and is now made available and enjoyable by reason of two agencies—a great frontier railroad and a great frontier catering company; and they represent pretty much the Law and the Prophets in its practical administration.

Time was when this railroad's hotel service was the greatest matrimonial agency of all the West. It imported waitresses patiently, laboriously and rapidly, only to have them married off and absorbed in the growing Western lands. Ten thousand happy homes, first families of Kansas, were founded thus. Mayhap the good work still goes on; but surely at the Cañon you can sit in a comfortable dining room and have an Imperial Valley cantaloupe gently and efficiently placed before you, and meantime look out over one of the world's most wonderful spectacles. It costs money and genius to furnish cantaloupes, girls and sunsets in combination under conditions so difficult. The Government has never attempted it. To some extent we shall always be obliged to rely on the transcontinental railroads to develop and maintain our national parks; and part of the problem will always be to give each corporation its proper place in the picture, and no more.

As for the Grand Cañon, the visit to it is a revelation for the most hardened traveler in the world. It is the one thing that passes all expectations and forces any traveler to forget all his earlier experiences.

At the Bottom You Will Find a Resthouse, to Which All the Water and Food is Brought Down on the Backs of Mules or Burros

The Cañon is the Greatest Sermon Ever Written in the World

"Awfully Cute"

THE conventions of the world fall like a loose garment from the shoulders of the visitor. It may be days before he recalls that he has forgotten to dress for dinner. Gradually he realizes that there is no ragtime music to ruin his comfort at table—and he thanks God for that. There is no tango or turkey trot by night—and he thanks God for that. Surely there is a poet, a man with imagination, in the manager's chair. Continually, silently, it is suggested that the music of the spheres is far better than all the lascivious pleasings of the union-hours lute.

There is nothing like the Grand Cañon in all the world for subduing human egotism. The hotel manager tells you he never hears a kick—never a grouch; and few other hotel managers can say as much. "The Cañon takes all that out of them," he says. It carries no elation. Silence is its best and its usual tribute. It is impossible to withhold from it awe, reverence, at first a feeling of dread and terror, and then of solemnity and reverence. The attitude of the Cañon itself is one of absolute indifference to all things human. You cannot make friends with it. It does not know a jest. There, indeed, you see royalty. Yonder is our crown.

All the painters and all the writers of the world to whom the opportunity has come have endeavored to take an artistic fall out of the Grand Cañon, and have failed. If you have not written an appreciation of the Grand Cañon you cannot be received into the selectest circles of American literature. The Cañon still seems untroubled, though its walls are littered with *disjecta membra* of parts of speech—jagged and fractured adjectives; exclamation points by the liberal peck. Try it if you like and get a reputation.

All description of the Grand Cañon is the merest piffle—as inadequate as the dinner-table talk you may hear. One lady with glasses thought the Cañon very "meticulous"; and another found it "awfully cute"—as good a description as most. But I sat for some time on the same bench with a solid citizen, who looked out over the mighty scene for a long time in silence. At last he knocked the ashes out of his pipe on the arm of the seat.

"She's got the punch!" said he, sighing. I am not sure but that is the best comment I ever heard regarding the Cañon.

Nothing much really has happened in the Cañon for some years; yet geologists call the great earth-rent relatively young—not more than twenty-seven million years of age. Out in California once on a time, according to the

There are Not Lacking Many Thousands of Americans Who Believe That the Grand Cañon of the Colorado is Located in Colorado

story, a landslide carried away the residence of a certain citizen of Italian extraction. He went to a lawyer for redress, but was told he had no remedy—that his house had been carried away simply by the force of gravity.

"Gravity!" said the irate sufferer. "He take-a my house away? Then I sue that fellow Gravity—I show heem something!"

Commonly it is thought that the Cañon in some occult fashion was carved by gravity, or water, or erosion—or something of the sort. Geologists say otherwise. Sir James Murray, one of the most famous scientists who have visited the Cañon, figures that this was once a vast plateau, fifty by one hundred and fifty miles, itself the bottom of a sea from seven to nine thousand feet above what is our sea level to-day, yet acting as a sort of dam to the great inland sea that covered what is now Utah, Colorado, and so on.

Now came a series of volcanic eruptions and slow uplifts under this plateau. You can see the evidence of this forty or fifty miles on each side of the Cañon's course in extinct volcanic peaks, none of which is near the Cañon proper. This slow uplift stretched the earth's surface, and under the strain at last it slipped apart unevenly, the north side being from seven to fifteen hundred feet higher than the south side.

Now through this fissure ran the pent-up inland waters. Thus the Colorado River was made, thus Lower California was built up, and thus the Imperial Valley; so that we got both Cañon and cantaloupe. Water and weather began to elaborate the great plan of Nature, who blocked out the Cañon by ripping open a chasm clear across the ancient sea level, leaving fishbones four thousand feet above the river.

The rim of the Cañon does not slope toward the Cañon but away from it, the water running back from the rim and not into the Cañon. Bright Angel Creek and Indian Creek, which are living streams, both rise within the Cañon walls and do not drain from without.

The only approach to the Cañon to-day is from the south side, but the north side is in many ways more interesting. The south rim, for reasons that may be read in the foregoing crude geological description, is dry. The hotel is obliged to haul all its water a hundred and fifty-five miles, and to filter it, heat and ice it, and pump it—mere details to the public, yet meaning problems.

The Grand Cañon reserve, or national monument, is only three miles by forty along the brink, and the public sees only a small fraction of that. Some day we shall have a Grand Cañon National Park, fifty by one hundred and fifty miles in extent, every mile of it full of grandeur and wonder. The region in which it will lie is less known to-day than any part of Africa. Scarcely twenty miles of the Cañon may be said to be used by the average tourist to-day—half of that is more usually the case—yet the Grand Cañon itself is over a hundred and fifty miles long, and it has side cañons almost as wonderful.

Motoring Across the Painted Desert

THE official photographers come back and say that the color effects in some of these—for instance, Cataract Cañon—are not equaled by any of the better-known portions of the Grand Cañon itself.

You can travel now, if you like, at fifty miles an hour by auto across the Painted Desert. There ought to be a hundred and fifty miles more of automobile road on that side of the Cañon. It would develop a region with which tourists are not in the least acquainted. Not even Major Powell, giant of exploration, saw it all; nor the lesser though hardy adventurers who have followed him.

Perhaps chief among these latter may be called the Kolb boys, of the Bright Angel Trail, who not only have made the full run of the Colorado River from Green River, Wyoming, to Needles, California—a drop of six thousand feet, including over three hundred bad rapids—but also have pulled off many daring explorations in the side cañons, Cataract Creek, the Little Colorado, and so on, and have made all sorts of photographs in all sorts of places. In this risky work the brothers have saved each the other's life so often they have lost the count, and it rather bores them to save each other's life, or lives, any more. It is a poor day when Ellsworth does not save the life of Emery, or Emery save the life of Ellsworth. They wake up in the morning and yawn before they get out of bed. "Well, whose turn is it to-day?" one asks the other; and it goes hard if there is not some life-saving done before breakfast.

As a Tourist Attraction the Grand Cañon is an All-the-Year-Round Proposition

Once Emery Kolb ran down the Bright Angel Trail to the river, climbed up the wall of the inner gorge, ran along it some distance, and climbed down again—all in about fifty-five minutes—merely to save the life of Ellsworth, who once more had gone astray and hung his boat up on a rock in midstream, subsequently losing his boat and remaining on the rock himself. The boys are modest about these risks, however, and perhaps they have done enough now to leave the partnership unbroken in the future.

Seeing the sun rise on Mont Blanc is a fashionable thing to do. How about the sunrise from Desert View, at the brink of the Grand Cañon? Why do we not have a resort there, and why are there not available automobile roads there, so that the public may enjoy the unapproachable atmospheric effects of that extraordinary region? As yet but few get even thus far out of the restricted and stereotyped grooves of travel.

It is true, state and county appropriations are slowly extending the road on the southern rim, but there ought to be a road on each side of the Grand Cañon. Can little Italy build better roads at Sorrento and Amalfi than our own engineers? Biskra, Mont Blanc, the Alps, the Desert—the best of all the world's great landscapes—they do not compare with what lies in this far southwestern region of our own, of which we know little even now.

Who first thought of setting aside the Grand Cañon for the general use of the public? That is difficult to tell. The first definite step in that direction was taken by Charles A. Brant, a hotelkeeper, a man of genius, a lover of beauty, and a poet. He did not like to see the destruction of game in that part of the world—already opened by a keen-scented railroad—and appealed to President Roosevelt to set apart a large district there as a game refuge—inside the forest reserve that already existed. That was done on June 29, 1906. Two years later—June 11, 1908—the refuge was erected into a national monument. When President Roosevelt visited the Cañon he said to Mr. Brant: "Well, we got her, didn't we?" And the bird-loving hotelkeeper was happy.

The story of the Cañon's earlier human occupancy is a curious and interesting one, which you cannot find in any of the guidebooks. Exploration here went on as it did all through the wilderness world. There was water below, and the game of the desert knew it and got down to it. First came the deer and the antelope, zigzagging up and down, round projecting shoulders and buttes, and getting down after some fashion. Then the Indians followed the game trails, as they have all through the Sierras and all through the Rockies—as you yourself often have seen in the high passes if you are a hunter in the mountain regions.

Breaking Out Bright Angel Trail

AFTER the Indians came the cowmen, looking for water; then miners; then tourists; and then the railroad, scenting tourist money. It was this latter factor that led to the development of the Cañon so far as it has yet been developed. Little was done until long after Powell's thrilling story of the voyage through the Cañon was made public. It was a wilderness; and the general public cannot use a raw wilderness very much.

There is an ancient frontiersman yet to be seen about the Cañon—old Cap Hance, who claims that he did the first work ever done on a Cañon trail, some twenty-eight years ago. Hance and his companion, Bill Ashurst, prospected along the floor or plateau of the Cañon proper, and Hance came up to the rim on what is now the Bright Angel Trail. He saw footprints in that trail then; for, though it was not yet developed, it had long been known.

The first cowmen took down about sixty-five head of cattle at or near that point, it being their intention to winter them far below, where the temperature is thirty degrees warmer than it is on the rim, and where water and grass were sufficiently abundant. Undoubtedly these cowmen used a trail partly developed by the Indians, leading down to what is known as the Indian Gardens, one of the stopping points on the Bright Angel Trail of to-day; but the Indians never got horses down that trail, and perhaps not even burros, until white miners made the trail feasible by blasting and leveling—as they did every one of the trails that later were used by tourists.

At different places over one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles, however, Indians did live on the floor of the Cañon, where they found grass and water. The Havasupais have a village now fifty miles west of the railroad entrance point; and others of the Supais lived near the Indian Gardens water hole, free from molestation and able to get on in comfort. Big Jim, a Supai of to-day, alleges

(Continued on Page 40)

This is the Grand Cañon Scenery That the Gushing Lady Described as "Awfully Cute"

It is the One Thing That Passes All Expectations and Forces Any Traveler to Forget All His Earlier Experiences

MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

XXVII

VIOLET glanced at her watch with an exclamation of dismayed annoyance. She leaned appealingly toward the croupier.

"But one coup more, monsieur," she pleaded. "Indeed your clock is fast."

The croupier shook his head. He was a man of gallantry, so far as his profession permitted, and he was a great admirer of the beautiful Englishwoman; but the rules were strict.

"Madam," he pointed out, "it is already five minutes past eight. It is absolutely prohibited that we start another coup after eight o'clock. If madam will return at ten o'clock the good fortune will without doubt be hers."

She looked up at Draconmeyer, who was standing at her elbow.

"Did you ever know anything more hatefully provoking!" she complained. "For two hours the luck has been dead against me. But for a few of my *carrés* turning up I don't know what would have happened. And now at last my numbers arrive. I win *en plein* and with all the *carrés* and *chevaux*. This time it was twenty-seven. I win two *carrés* and I move to twenty, and he will not go on "

"It is the rule," Draconmeyer reminded her. "It is bad fortune though. I have been watching the run of the table. Things have been coming more your way all the time. I think that the end of your ill luck has arrived. Tell me, are you hungry?"

"Not in the least," she answered pettishly. "I hate the very thought of dinner."

"Then why do we not go on to the Casino?" Draconmeyer suggested. "We can have a sandwich and a glass of wine there and you can continue your vein."

She rose to her feet with alacrity. Her face was beaming.

"My friend," she exclaimed, "you are inspired! It is a brilliant idea. I know that it will bring me fortune. To the Cercle Privé, by all means! I am so glad that you are one of those men who are not dependent upon dinner. But what about Linda?"

"She is not expecting me, as it happens," Draconmeyer lied smoothly. "I told her that I might be dining at the Villa Mimosa. I have to be there later on."

"I Have Lost It All—All, You Understand—the Four Thousand Pounds and Every Penny I Have of My Own"

Violet gathered up her money, stuffed it into her gold bag and hurried off for her cloak. She reappeared in a few moments and smiled very graciously at Draconmeyer.

"It is quite a wonderful idea of yours, this," she declared. "I am looking forward immensely to my next few coups. I feel in a winning vein. Very soon," she added as they stepped out on to the pavement and she gathered up her skirts—"very soon I am quite sure that I shall be asking you for my checks back again."

He laughed as though she had been a child speaking of playthings.

"I am not sure that I shall wish you luck," he said. "I think that I like to feel that you are a little, just a very little, in my debt. Do you think that I should be a severe creditor?"

Something in his voice disturbed her vaguely, but she brushed this feeling aside. Of course he admired her, but then every woman must have admirers. It remained for her to be clever enough to keep him at arm's length. She had no fear for herself.

"I haven't thought about the matter at all," she answered carelessly; "but to me all creditors would be the same, whether they were kind or unkind. I hate the feeling of owing anything."

"It is a question," he observed, "how far one can be said to owe anything to those who are really friends—a husband, for instance. One can't keep a ledger account with him."

"A husband is a different matter altogether," she asserted coldly. "Now I wonder whether we shall find my favorite table full. Anyhow, I am going to play at the one nearest the entrance on the right-hand side. There is a little croupier there whom I like."

They passed up through the entrance and across the floor of the first suite of rooms to the Cercle Privé. Violet looked eagerly toward the table of which she had spoken. To her joy there was plenty of room.

"My favorite seat is empty!" she exclaimed. "I know that I am going to be lucky."

"I think that I myself shall play for a change," Draconmeyer announced, producing a great roll of notes.

"Whenever you feel that you would like to go down and have something, don't mind me, will you?" she begged. "You can come back and talk to me at any time. I am not in the least hungry yet."

"Very well," he agreed. "Good luck to you!"

They played at opposite sides of the table. For an hour she won and he lost. Once she called him over to her side.

"I scarcely dare to tell you," she whispered, her eyes gleaming, "but I have won back the first thousand pounds. I shall give it to you to-night. Here, take it now."

He shook his head and waved the money away.

"I haven't the checks with me," he protested. "Besides, it is bad luck to part with any of your winnings while you are still playing."

He watched her for a minute or two. She still won.

"Take my advice," he said earnestly, "and play higher. You have had a most unusual run of bad luck. The tide has turned. Make the most of it. I have lost ten thousand francs. I am going to have a try on your side of the table."

He found a vacant chair a few places lower down and commenced playing in maximums. From the moment of his arrival he began to win and simultaneously Violet began to lose. Her good fortune deserted her absolutely and for the first time she showed signs of losing her self-control. She gave vent to little exclamations of disgust as stake after stake was swept away. Her eyes were much too bright; there was a spot of color in her cheeks. She spoke angrily to a croupier who delayed handing her some change. Draconmeyer, although he knew perfectly well what was happening, never seemed to glance in her direction. He played with absolute recklessness for half an hour. When at last he rose from his seat and rejoined her his hands were full of notes. He smiled ever so faintly as he saw the covetous gleam in her eyes.

"I've lost nearly everything!" she gasped. "Leave off playing, please, for a little time. You've changed my luck."

He obeyed, standing behind her chair. Three more coups she played and lost. Then she thrust her hand into her bag and drew it out empty. She was suddenly pale.

"I have lost my last louis," she declared. "I don't understand it. It seemed as though I must win here."

"So you will in time," he assured her confidently. "How much will you have—ten thousand francs or twenty?"

She shrank back, but the sight of the notes in his hand fascinated her. She glanced up at him. His pallor was unchanged; there was no sign of exultation in his face. Only his eyes seemed a little brighter than usual beneath his gold-rimmed spectacles.

"No, give me ten," she said.

She took them from his hand and changed them quickly into plaques. Her first coup was partially successful. He leaned closer over her.

"Remember," he pointed out, "that you need to win only once in a dozen times and you do well. Don't be in such a hurry."

"Of course," she murmured. "Of course. One forgets that. It is all a matter of capital."

He strolled away to another table. When he came back she was sitting idly in her place, restless and excited but still full of confidence.

"I am a little to the good," she told him, "but I have left off for a few minutes. The very low numbers are turning up and they are of no use to me."

"Come and have that sandwich," he begged. "You really ought to take something."

"The place shall be kept for madam," the croupier whispered. "I shall be here for another two hours."

She nodded and rose. They made their way out of the rooms and down into the restaurant on the ground floor. They found a little table near the wall and he ordered some sandwiches and champagne. While they waited she counted up her money, making calculations on a slip of paper. Draconmeyer leaned back in his chair watching her. His back was toward the door and they were sitting at the end table. He permitted himself the luxury of looking at her almost greedily; of dropping for a few moments the mask he placed always upon his features in her presence.

In his way the man was an artist, a great collector of pictures and bronzes, a real lover and seeker after perfection. Yet the man's personality clashed often with his artistic pretensions. He scarcely ever found himself among his belongings without realizing the existence of a curious feeling wholly removed from the pure artistic pleasure of their contemplation. It was the sense of ownership that thrilled him. Something of the same sensation was upon him now. She was the sort of woman he had craved always—slim, elegant, and, what to him counted for so much, she was modish, reflecting in her presence, her dress and carriage, her speech even, the best type of the prevailing fashion. She excited comment wherever she appeared. People, he knew very well, even now were envying him his companion. And beneath it all she, the woman, was there. All his life he had fought for the big things—political power, immense wealth, the confidence of his great master. All these had come to him easily. And yet at this moment they seemed to him mere baubles.

She looked up at last and there was a slight frown upon her forehead.

"I am still a little down, starting from where I had the ten thousand francs," she sighed. "I thought ——"

She stopped short. There was a curious change in her face. Her eyes were fixed upon some person approaching. Draconmeyer turned quickly in his chair. Almost as he did so Hunterleys paused before their table. Violet looked up at him with quivering lips. For a moment it seemed as though she were stepping out of her sordid surroundings.

"Henry!" she exclaimed. "Did you come to look for me? Did you know that we were here?"

"How should I?" he answered calmly. "I was strolling round with David Briston. We are at the Opera."

"At the Opera?" she repeated.

"My little protégée, Felicia Roche, is singing," he went on, "in Aida. If she does as well in the next act as she has done in this one her future is made."

He was on the point of adding the news of Felicia's engagement to the young man who had momentarily deserted him. Some evil chance changed his intention.

"Why do you call her your little protégée?" she demanded.

"It isn't quite correct, is it?" he answered a little absently. "There are three or four of us who are doing what we can to look after her. Her father was a prominent member of the Wigwam Club. The girl won the musical scholarship we have there. She has more than repaid us for our trouble, I am glad to say."

"I have no doubt that she has," Violet replied, lifting her eyes.

There was a moment's silence. The significance of her words was entirely lost upon Hunterleys.

"Isn't this rather a new departure of yours?" he asked, glancing distastefully toward Draconmeyer. "I thought that you so much preferred to play at the club."

"So I do," she assented. "I was just beginning to win when the club closed at eight o'clock, and so we came on here."

"Your good fortune continues, I hope?"

"It varies," she answered hurriedly, "but it will come, I am sure. I have been very near a big win more than once."

He seemed on the point of departure. She leaned a little forward.

"You had my note, Henry?"

Her tone was almost beseeching. Draconmeyer, who was listening with stony face, shivered imperceptibly.

"Thank you, yes," Hunterleys replied, frowning slightly. "I am sorry, but I am not at liberty to do what you suggest just at present. I wish you good fortune."

He turned round and walked back to the other end of the room, where Briston was standing at the bar. She looked after him for a moment as though she failed to understand his words. Then her face hardened. Draconmeyer leaned toward her.

"Shall we go?" he suggested.

She rose with alacrity. Side by side they strolled through the room toward the Cercle Privé.

"I am sorry," Draconmeyer said regretfully, "but I am forced to leave you now. I will take you back to your place and after that I must go to the hotel and change. I have a reception to attend. I wish you would take the rest of my winnings and see what you can do with them."

She shook her head vigorously.

"No, thank you!" she declared. "I have enough."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I have twenty-five thousand francs here in my pocket," he continued, "besides some smaller change. I don't think it is quite fair to leave so much money about in one's room or to carry it out into the country. Keep it for me. You won't need to play with it—I can see that your luck is in; but it always gives one confidence to feel that one has a reserve stock, something to fall back upon if necessary."

He drew the notes from his pocket and held them toward her. Her eyes were fixed upon them covetously. The thought of all that money actually in her possession was wildly exhilarating.

"I will take care of them for you, if you like," she said. "I shall not play with them though. I owe you quite enough already and my losing days are over."

He stuffed the notes carelessly into her bag.

"Twenty-five thousand francs," he told her. "Remember my advice. If the luck stays with you stake maximums. Go for the big things."

She looked at him curiously as she closed her gold bag with a snap.

"After all," she declared with a little laugh, "I am not sure that you are not the greater gambler of the two to trust me with all this money!"

XXVIII

WITH feet that seemed to touch nothing more substantial than air, her eyes brilliant, a wonderful color in her cheeks, Violet passed through the heavy, dingy *rooms and out* through the motley crowd into the portico of the Casino. She was right! She knew that she had been right! How wise she had been to borrow that money from Mr. Draconmeyer instead of sitting down and confessing herself vanquished! The last few hours had been hours of ecstatic happiness. With calm confidence she had sat in her place and watched her numbers coming up with marvelous persistence. It was the most wonderful thing in the world, this. She had had no time to count her winnings, but at least she knew that she could pay back every penny she owed. Her little gold satchel was stuffed with notes and plaques. She felt suddenly younger, curiously light-hearted; hungry, too, and thirsty. She was, in short, experiencing almost a delirium of pleasure. And just then, on the steps of the Casino, she came face to face with her husband.

"Money Never Counts Here. We Shall Soon Know If It Is Possible"

"Henry!" she called out. "Henry!"

He turned abruptly round. He was looking troubled and in his hand were the fragments of a crushed-up note.

"Come across to the hotel with me," she begged, forgetful of everything except her own immense relief. "Come and help me count. I have been winning. I have won back everything."

He accepted the information with only a polite show of interest. After all, as she reflected afterward, he had no idea upon what scale she had been gambling.

"I am delighted to hear it," he answered. "I'll see you across the road, if I may, but I have only a few minutes to spare. I have an appointment."

She was acutely disappointed; unreasonably, furiously angry.

"An appointment!" she exclaimed. "At half past eleven o'clock at night! Are you waiting for Felicia Roche?"

"Is there any reason why I should not?" he asked her gravely.

She bit her lips hard. They were crossing the road now. After all it was only a few months since she had bidden him go his own way and leave her to regulate her own friendships.

"No reason at all," she admitted, "only I cannot see why you choose to advertise yourself with an opera singer—you, an ambitious politician who moves with his head in the clouds and to whom women are no more than a pastime. Why have you waited all these years to commence a flirtation under my very nose?"

He looked at her sternly.

"I think that you are a little excited, Violet," he said. "You surely don't realize what you are saying."

"Excited! Tell me once more—you got my note, the one I wrote this evening?"

"Certainly."

His brief reply was convincing. She remembered the few impulsive lines she had written from her heart in that moment of glad relief. There was no sign in his face that he had been touched. Even at that moment he had drawn out his watch and was looking at it.

"Thank you for bringing me here," she said as they stood upon the steps of the hotel. "Don't let me keep you."

"After all," he decided, "I think that I shall go up to my room for a minute. Good night!"

She looked after him, a little amazed. She was conscious of a feeling of slow anger. His aloofness repelled her, was utterly inexplicable. For once it was she who was being badly treated. Her moment of exhilaration had passed. She sat down in the lounge; her satchel, filled with thousand-franc notes, lay upon her lap unheeded. She sat there thinking, seeing nothing of the crowds of fashionably dressed women and men passing in and out of the hotel; of the gayly lighted square outside, the cool green of the gardens, the café opposite, the brilliantly lighted Casino. She was back again for a moment in England. The strain of all this life, whipped into an artificial froth of pleasure by the constant excitement of the one accepted vice of the world, had suddenly lost its hold upon her. The inevitable question had presented itself. She was counting values and realizing.

When at last she rose wearily to her feet Hunterleys was passing through the hall of the hotel on his way out. She looked at him with aching heart, but she made no effort to stop him. He had changed his clothes for a dark suit and he was also wearing a long traveling coat and a tweed cap. She watched him wistfully until he had disappeared. Then she turned away, summoned the lift and went up to her rooms. She rang at once for her maid. She would take a bath, she decided, and go to bed early. In the morning she would see Henry once more. Deep in her heart there still lingered some faint shadow of doubt as to Draconmeyer and his attitude toward her. It was scarcely possible that he could have interfered in any way, and yet—— She would talk to her husband face to face; she would tell him the things that were in her heart.

She rang the bell for the second time. Only the *femme de chambre* answered the summons. Madame's maid was not to be found. Madame had not once retired so early. It was possible that Susanne had gone out. Could the *femme de chambre* be of any service? Violet looked at her and hesitated. The woman was clumsy fingered and none too tidy. Violet shook her head and sent her away. For a moment she thought of undressing unassisted. Then instead she opened her satchel and counted the notes. Her breath came more quickly as she looked at the shower of gold and counted the many oblong

And All This Success, Her Wonderful Recovery, Had Been Done So Easily!

strips of paper with their magic lettering. At last she had it all in heaps. There were the twenty-five thousand francs he had left with her, and the seventy-five thousand francs she had borrowed from him. Then toward her own losses there was another thousand francs, and a matter of five hundred francs in gold. And all this success, her wonderful recovery, had been done so easily! It was just because she had had the pluck to go on, because she had followed her vein.

She looked at the money and walked to the window. Somewhere a band was playing in the distance. Little parties of men and women in evening dress were strolling by on their way to the club. A woman was laughing as she clung to her escort on the opposite side of the road, by the gardens. Across at the Café de Paris the people were going in to supper. The spirit of enjoyment seemed to be in the air—the light-hearted, fascinating, devil-may-care atmosphere she knew so well. Violet looked back into the bedroom and she no longer had the impulse to sleep. Her face had hardened a little. Every one was so happy and she was so lonely. She stuffed the notes and gold back into her bag, looked at her hat in the glass, and touched her face for a moment with a powder-puff. Then she left the room, rang for the lift and descended.

"I shall be at the club for an hour or so in case I am wanted," she told the *concierge* as she passed out.

Hunterleys, on leaving the hotel, walked rapidly across the square and found David waiting for him.

"Felicia will be late," the latter explained. "She has to get all that beastly black stuff off her face. She is horribly nervous about Sidney and she doesn't want you to wait. I think perhaps she is right too. She told me to tell you that Monsieur Lafont himself came to her room after the curtain had gone down and congratulated her. She is almost hysterical between happiness and anxiety about Sidney. Where's your man?"

"I asked him to wait a little higher up," Hunterleys replied. "There he is."

They walked a few steps up the hill and found Richard Lane on the lookout for them in his car. The long gray racer seemed almost like some submarine monster, with its flaring headlights and torpedo-shaped body that scarcely cleared the ground.

"Ready for orders, sir," the young man announced, touching his cap.

"Is there room for three of us in case of an emergency?" Hunterleys asked.

"The third man has to sit on the floor," Richard pointed out, "but it isn't so uncomfortable as it looks."

Hunterleys clambered in and took the vacant place. David Briston lingered by a little wistfully.

"I feel like rather a quitter," he grumbled. "I don't see why I shouldn't come along."

Hunterleys shook his head.

"There isn't the slightest need for it," he declared firmly. "You go back and look after Felicia. Tell her we'll get Sidney out of this all right. Now get away with you, Lane."

"Where to?"

"To the Villa Mimosa!"

Richard whistled as he thrust in his clutch.

"So that's the game, is it?" he murmured as they glided off.

Hunterleys leaned toward him.

"Lane," he said, "don't forget that I warned you there might be a little trouble about to-night. If you feel the slightest hesitation about involving yourself ——"

Richard interrupted him. "Whatever trouble you're ready to face, I'm all for it too," he said. "Darned queer thing that we should be going to the Villa Mimosa though! I am not exactly a popular person with Mr. Grex, I think."

Hunterleys smiled.

"I saw your sister this afternoon," he remarked. "You are rather a wonderful young man."

"I knew it was all up with me," Richard replied simply, "when I first saw that girl. Now look here, Hunterleys, we are almost there. Tell me exactly what it is you want me to do?"

"I want you," Hunterleys explained, "to risk a smash, if you don't mind. I want you to run up to the boundaries of the villa gardens, head your car back for Monte Carlo, and while you are waiting there turn out all your lights."

"That's easy enough," Richard assented. "I'll turn out the searchlight altogether, and my others are electric and worked by a button. Is this an elopement act or what?"

"There's a meeting going on in that villa," Hunterleys told him, "between prominent politicians of three countries. You don't have to bother much about secret service over in the States, although there's more goes on than you know of in that direction. But over here we have to make regular use of secret-service men—spies, if you like to call them so. The meeting to-night is inimical to England. It is part of a conspiracy against which I am working. Sidney Roche—Felicia Roche's brother—who lives here as a newspaper correspondent, is in reality one of our best secret-service men. He is taking terrible chances to-night to learn a little more about the plans these fellows are discussing. We are here in case he needs our help to get away. We've cleared the shrubs away close to the spot at which I am going to ask you to wait and have taken the spikes off the fence. There's just a chance that if he's hard pressed for it and heads this way they may think that they have him in a trap and take it quietly. That is to say, they may wait to capture him instead of shooting."

"Say, you don't mean this seriously?" Richard exclaimed. "They surely can't do more than arrest him as a trespasser or something of that sort?"

Hunterleys laughed grimly.

"These men wouldn't stick at much," he told his companion. "They're hand in glove with the authorities here. Anything they did would be hushed up in the name of the law. Such things are never allowed to come out. It doesn't do anyone any good to have them gossiped about. If these people caught Sidney and shot him we should never make a protest.

"This business is all part of the game, you know. Now that is the spot I want you to stop at—exactly where the mimosa tree leans over the path. But first of all I'd turn out your headlight."

They slowed down and stopped. Richard extinguished the acetylene lamp and mounted again to his place. Then he swung the car round and crawled back upon the reverse until he reached the spot to which Hunterleys had pointed.

"You're a good fellow, Richard," Hunterleys said softly. "We may have to wait an hour or two and it may be that nothing will happen; but it's giving the fellow a chance, and it gives him confidence, too, to know that friends are at hand."

"I'm in the game for all it's worth anyway," Lane declared heartily.

He touched a button and the lights faded away. The two men sat in silence, both turned a little in their seats toward the villa.

XXIX

THE minutes glided by as the two men sat together in the perfumed, shadowy darkness. From their feet the glittering canopy of lights swept upward to the mountain sides, even to the stars; but a chain of slowly drifting black clouds hung down in front of the moon, and until their eyes became accustomed to the surroundings it seemed to both of them as though they were sitting in a very pit of darkness.

"It is possible," Hunterleys whispered after some time, "that we may have to wait for another hour yet."

Richard was suddenly tense. He sat up and his foot reached for the self-starter.

"I don't think you will," he muttered. "Listen!"

Almost immediately they were conscious of some commotion in the direction of the villa, followed by a shot and then a cry.

"Start the engine," Hunterleys directed hoarsely, standing up in his place. "I'm afraid they've got him."

There were two more shots, but no further cry. Then they heard the sound of excited voices, and immediately afterward rapidly approaching footsteps. A man came crashing through the shrubbery, but when he reached the fence, over which for a moment his white face gleamed, he sank down as though powerless to climb. Hunterleys leaped to the ground and rushed to the fence.

"Hold up, Sidney, old fellow," he called softly. "We're here all right. Hold up for a moment and let me lift you."

Roche struggled to his feet. His face was ghastly white; the sweat stood out upon his forehead; his lips moved but no words came. Hunterleys got him by the arms, set his teeth and lifted. The task would have been too much for him, but Richard, springing from the car, came to his help. With an effort they hoisted him over the fence. Almost as they did so there was the sound of footsteps dashing through the shrubs and then a shot, the bullet of which tore the bark from the trunk of a tree close at hand. The car leaped forward, Sidney supported in Hunterleys' arms. A loud shout from behind brought Richard's foot down upon the accelerator.

"Stoop low!" he cried to Hunterleys. "Get your legs in if you can."

A bullet struck the back of the car and another whistled over their heads. Then they dashed round the corner, and Richard, turning on the lights, jammed down his accelerator.

"Gee whiz, that's a bloodthirsty crew!" the young man exclaimed, his eyes fixed upon the road. "Is he hurt?"

Roche was lying back on the seat. Hunterleys was on his knees, holding on to the framework of the car.

There Was a Momentary Commotion in the Club

"They've got me all right, Hunterleys," Roche faltered. "Listen! Everything went well with me at first. I could hear—nearly everything. The Frenchman kept his mouth shut tight as wax. Grex did most of the talking. Russia sees nothing in the *entente*—England has nothing to offer her. She'd rather keep friendly with Germany. Russia wants to move eastward—all Persia—India. She's only lukewarm anyway about the French alliance as things stand at present, and dead off any truck with England. There's talk of Constantinople, and Germany to march three army corps through a weak French resistance to Calais. They talked of France putting her recruits in the front, taking a slight defeat, making a peace on her own account with Alsace and Lorraine restored. She can pay. Germany wants——"

The words died away in a little groan. The wounded man's head fell back. Hunterleys passed his arm round the limp figure.

"Take the first turn to the right and second to the left, Richard," he directed. "We'll drive straight to the hospital. I made friends with the English doctor last night. He promised to be there till three. I paid him a fee on purpose."

"First to the right," Richard muttered, swinging round. "Second to the left, eh?"

Hunterleys was holding his brandy flask to Roche's lips as they swung through the white gates and pulled up outside the hospital. The doctor was faithful to his promise, and Roche, who was now unconscious, was carried in. In the hall he was laid upon a stretcher and borne off by two attendants. Hunterleys and Lane sat down to wait in the hall. After what seemed to them an interminable half hour the doctor reappeared. He came over to them at once.

"Your friend may live," he announced, "but in any case he will be unconscious for the next twenty-four hours. There is no need for you to stay for the present or for you to fetch the young lady you spoke of. If he dies he will die unconscious. I can tell you nothing more until the afternoon."

Hunterleys rose slowly to his feet.

"You'll do everything you can, doctor?" he begged. "Money doesn't count."

"Money never counts here," the doctor replied gravely. "We shall save him if it is possible. You've nothing to tell me, I suppose, as to how he met with his wound."

"Nothing."

Hunterleys and Richard walked out together into the night. The bank of clouds had drifted away now and the moon was shining. Below them, barely a quarter of a mile away, they could see the flare of lights from the Casino. Through the open windows of a house on the other side of the way they could hear a woman laughing hysterically. Some one was playing a violin in a café at the corner of the street.

"Richard," Hunterleys said, "will you see me through? I have to get to Cannes as fast as I can to send a cable. I daren't send it from here, even in code."

"I'll drive you to Cannes like a shot," Richard assented heartily.

They stopped at the Café de Paris and left the car under the trees. Both men took a drink and Richard filled his pocket with cigarettes. Then they reëntered the car, lighted up and glided off on the road for Cannes. Richard had become more serious. His boyish manner and appearance had temporarily gone. He drove with even less than his usual recklessness.

"That was a fine fellow," he remarked enthusiastically after a long pause—"that fellow Roche!"

"And we've many more like him," Hunterleys declared. "We've men in every part of the world doing what seems like dirty work—ill-paid work, too—doing it partly, perhaps, because the excitement grows on them and they love it; but always they have to start in cold blood. The papers don't always tell the truth, you know. There's many a death in foreign cities you read of as a suicide, or as the result of an accident, when it's really the sacrifice of a hero for his country. It's great work, Richard!"

"Makes me feel kind of ashamed," Richard muttered. "I've never done anything but play round all my life. Anyway, such things don't come to us in our country. America's too powerful and too isolated to need help of that description. We shouldn't have any use for politicians of your class or for secret-service men."

"If you're in earnest," Hunterleys advised, "you go to Washington and ask them about it some day. The time's coming, if it hasn't already arrived, when your country will have to develop a different class of politicians. You see, whether she wants it or not, she is coming into touch, through Asia and South America, with European interests, and she'll have to adopt their methods more or less. Poor old Roche! There was something more he wanted to say, and if it's what I've been expecting your country was in it."

"I guess I'll take Fedora over for our honeymoon," Richard decided softly. "Don't see why I shouldn't land in one of the embassies, in time."

Hunterleys laughed quietly.

"My young friend," he said, "aren't you taking your marriage prospects a little for granted? May I be there when you ask Augustus Nicholas Ivan Peter, Grand Duke of Vassura, Prince of Melinkoff, cousin of His Imperial Majesty the Czar, for the hand of his daughter in marriage!"

"So that's it, is it?" Lane murmured. "Why didn't you tell me before?"

Hunterleys shook his head. He gazed steadfastly along the road in front of him.

"It wasn't to my interests to have it known too generally," he said, "and I am afraid your little love affair didn't strike me as being of much importance by the side of the other things. But you've earned the truth, if it's any use to you."

(Continued on Page 52)

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 12, 1914

War Prophets

INTELLIGENT men are usually chary about predicting what is going to happen farther ahead than day after to-morrow. Now that the most unusual condition of history has developed, you can hardly turn round without brushing against a prophet. The reason, no doubt, is that this unusual condition gives a certain license to the imagination.

Commonly it is extra-hazardous to predict that anything is going to happen next year that will be very different from what happened last year—so extra-hazardous that it lays one open to a suspicion of lack of mental balance. Now that about half of civilized society is trying to destroy itself, one may feel free to imagine the most fundamental and momentous changes.

The milder war prophets, for example, foresee England or Germany reduced to a third-rate and impoverished Power, whose weight in the world will about equal that of Turkey. Darker previsions see a Europe utterly bankrupt, with wholesale repudiation of financial obligations, public and private, and a general welter of economic ruin, out of which the belligerents can hardly dig themselves in two generations. Still gloomier prophecy proclaims a collapse of civilization and a return to the Dark Ages.

Prophets have always inclined powerfully to the most pessimistic views—that seems to be a result of the deep emotional agitation which inspires one to prophesy; but probably the war will have decidedly less profound and extensive effects on human society than most of the prophets imagine.

Probably after the treaties are signed taxes will be staggering, bankruptcies plentiful; there will be great gaps in the European population. But probably, on the whole, the world will take up the same work in the same way, with nothing different except a heavier burden all round.

Thus the war will stand as a monstrous futility. And that, taking it by and large, is probably the gloomiest prophecy of all.

Everybody's War

SUPERFICIALLY the war in Europe is a great simplifier of life. It abruptly releases millions of men from all responsibility and all doubt. For them there are no longer perplexing choices among several possible lines of conduct. They do not have to worry about the effect—to-morrow or next week or next year—of what they do to-day.

Only one line of conduct is open to them, and that is of the simplest possible pattern. They are to do whatever the lieutenant tells them to do. Implicit obedience to persons with certain insignia on their coatsleeves comprises for them the whole problem of existence. They are reduced to one dimension. They can act only in one way, and that way is chosen for them.

To many of them, no doubt, this condition is welcome enough. Struggling with one's environment is a harassing occupation. The ruthless decree to struggle, and struggle intelligently or succumb, is exactly what makes life so difficult. It seems easier to give it all up and just take orders from the first person who wears a shoulder strap, or from the first lazy or vicious prompting in our own minds.

In the United States, for example, a million soldiers march into saloons every day—just so many automatons, giving up self-direction, shunting off responsibility and taking the first order that comes along.

An Organized Business

NORMALLY the trade in securities amounts to several hundred million dollars a month, and several hundred thousand persons participate in it to some extent during a year. The outbreak of war foreshadowed a great rush to sell securities and a great demoralization of prices. To prevent that, almost the whole trade in securities was cut off at a stroke by a few men who were hastily called together to deal with the crisis.

Committees then fixed arbitrary prices, below which stocks and bonds should not be sold. For four months, to this writing, dealers in securities—with a few unimportant exceptions—have adhered to the rules laid down by the committees.

One man might want to sell and another might want to buy at a price below that arbitrarily fixed. The proposed transaction might be submitted to a committee, which would consider its probable effect on the whole security situation, and then approve or forbid it. Unsanctioned trading was fairly negligible in volume. Brokers refused to quote prices so made. Journals that specialize in security business refused to print them.

In England substantially the same condition prevailed. It would be difficult to find a more striking case of a great trade submitting itself for a long period to committees that were supposed to be acting for the best interests of the trade as a whole. The security trade, of course, is highly organized, centering in exchanges that, in any circumstances, are able to act promptly and effectively for the whole membership.

True, this organization is a necessary condition of the trade's existence. Without a thorough organization this war crisis, for example, would have ruined the trade; but businesses in which the need of organization is not so pressing might find it useful.

A Lesson They All Know

AT THIS writing little has been heard of Turkish military operations. As to the seven other armies—German, Austrian, French, Russian, Belgian, English and Servian—each of them, man for man, seems to fight well, to be well equipped and ably led.

For years each of these belligerents has been devoting no inconsiderable part of its best intelligence to preparation for war. Germany invented the biggest gun, and that seems to be the only decided advantage that any one of them has scored over any other.

In peaceful respects there are great inequalities among these nations. Compare France's total contributions to civilization with Servia's, or Germany's with Russia's; but when it comes to fighting, one of them can do it substantially as well as any other, and we shall be surprised if Turkey, on the field, is not about as effective, in proportion to her numerical strength, as any of them.

The last twenty years of feverish military competition in Europe seems to have schooled the whole Continent about equally in warfare.

Making Taxdodgers

THEY have just had a brisk little inning at baiting taxdodgers in Illinois, where—as in various other states—that is one of the standard forms of amusement. Appropriately enough, they usually take it up at the close of the baseball season.

Illinois has one of the silliest revenue systems in the Union—which is saying a great deal. It is not enforced. It cannot be enforced. There is not even a serious pretense of enforcing it. Everybody knows that. Yet year after year the legislature neglects to replace it by a rational and workable system. The owner of bonds or of the stock of a corporation organized in another state who pays the taxes the law prescribes simply submits his income from such a source to confiscation.

This revenue law makes taxdodgers as certainly as though that purpose were declared in the title of the act. We must assume the state wants taxdodging, for it deliberately decrees that it shall exist. This statement is true of a regrettably large number of other states. Every attempt to tax money and credits, including investments, on the same basis as tangible property has been a failure.

Buying Home Goods

WE HAVE an interesting pamphlet from the Toronto Board of Trade. It states that thousands of Canadian workmen are unemployed, while Canadians are buying millions of dollars' worth of imported articles that might be made at home. "If the people of this country," it adds, "would buy Canadian-made goods exclusively the Dominion would be millions of dollars richer and all the workmen would be back at work."

That sounds plausible from the Canadian point of view; but the pamphlet gives a long list of foreign articles that were sold in Canada last year, and the greater part of those articles came from the United States. Obviously if the Dominion is going to stop buying four hundred million dollars' worth of our goods annually—mostly manufactures in order to substitute homemade goods, business here will be worse than it is now, and a still greater number of our workmen will be forced into unemployment. So, from our point of view, the Board of Trade's argument has no attractions.

On the other hand, if we are going to buy none but goods made in the United States, it is absurd to suppose we can go on indefinitely selling two and a half billion dollars' worth of goods to other countries, because, in the long run, whatever we sell to other countries we must take out in trade.

In the present extraordinary circumstances we ought to buy as few foreign goods as possible, because the greatest customers for our goods will buy from us just as little as possible; and it is no time to have a balance of trade against us. As a permanent condition, however, it is impossible to buy nothing from other nations while continuing to sell to them.

Making it Easy

THE South has some millions of bales of cotton that cannot be marketed this year, because war has closed European mills. To carry this cotton over for a year was beyond the resources of the cotton states; yet it must be carried over to prevent a calamity that would react on the whole country. So, after much consideration, it was proposed that banks all over the country should subscribe to a fund that should be loaned for a year on the surplus cotton.

That seemed a sensible arrangement; but no sooner was it launched than harrowing doubts arose as to whether the banks, in subscribing to this fund, would not be violating the antitrust law. This question was earnestly and widely debated. The Attorney-General of the United States gave an official opinion on it, and so did various other distinguished lawyers.

The best legal opinion was that subscription to the fund did not constitute a violation of the antitrust law and did not lay the subscriber open to a term in prison; but some prospective subscribers still entertained doubts about it—which, in view of the dubious maze that surrounds the subject, could hardly be called unjustified.

We need push the antitrust propaganda only one short step farther to create a condition under which two grocers will not dare to run down the same street for the purpose of putting out a fire in a third grocer's store without first getting a legal opinion as to whether the act is an undue and criminal restraint of competition.

Militaristic Ingratitude

ONE Gavrio Prinzip is ill used. Last June he shot the Austrian Archduke Francis Ferdinand. For that, Austria demanded that Servia humble herself, declaring war when the submission was not sufficiently prompt and abject. Russia went to the assistance of Servia, Germany to the assistance of Austria; and most of Europe, for four months and a half, has been embroiled in the greatest war of history.

Amid the vast destruction that flowed from Prinzip's act, he was—incidentally as a mere drop in the sea—put on trial, convicted and sentenced to twenty years in prison. That is about the same sentence he would have received if, in an altercation over the change for a glass of beer, he had killed a bartender. Having furnished the spark that fired half the world, he is shunted off to a common jail like any vulgar homicide.

So far as we gather from brief newspaper reports of the trial, not one of the great armament manufacturers, for whom he provided profitable trade opportunities beyond their utmost dreams, sent so much as a fifty-cent nosegay in recognition of appreciation.

The royal and noble youths of several lands, who were hoping for war as a bigger, more exhilarating game than hunting, seem to have utterly neglected the humble instrument who finally provided the desired amusement. All the professional militarists, who were impatiently awaiting the chance for pay and glory that war affords them, callously left him to a straw pallet and prison fare. If there is anything in the militarist cult, Gavrio Prinzip should surely have been given an ample pension and made a count at least.

There may be a reason for this ingratitude. The militarists and armament makers may regard both Gavrio Prinzip and the Archduke Francis Ferdinand as inconsequential accidents, believing that, as the nations continued to arm, to talk war and think war, it was only a question of time until some pretext for fighting appeared.

AN OFF YEAR THAT WAS ON

By Samuel G. Blythe

"WE STRIVE to Please" was the motto of a country store up in Western New York when I was a boy in those parts, and apparently the American people adopted that cordial sentiment for their very own in the election just past. Since the morning after that momentous day the political air has been joyously vocal with the cries of the Democrats and of the Republicans proclaiming that the triumph of each of these more or less grand old parties, on the occasion of the balloting, was completely and satisfactorily triumphant. We have the word of the Democratic leaders that there is nothing but sunshine in the situation, and that though the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives was, as it turned out, divisible, the Republican victory in dividing it is invisible. Likewise we learn from the Republican leaders that the result is a tremendous, not to say epochal, rebuke to the party in power and signifies significantly forthcoming events of much signification.

Even William Sulzer finds exceeding balm for his perturbed soul; the Socialists are happy; the Prohibitionists point with pride; the Suffragists claim striking advance, and the only mourners at the bench appear to be the Progressives, who, like the crab, seem to have progressed backwardly.

In the face of such universal—if the Progressives be barred—complacency over the results the past remains secure and the future has every evidence of being a cinch. Nationally we continue in a political status quo. Locally, from East to West, the voters, as Jack Slaght once put it, seem to have "run an exciting muck." The results from Boston to San Francisco are crazy quilt, but the people who made the quilt were not crazy when they made it. Positively they were not! In each instance what they did bears witness to the fact that they knew what they were doing.

First off, they cut down the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives from a great many more than a hundred to a few more than twenty. This goes two ways as a victory: It shows that the people have a well-defined grievance over existing conditions; and it shows that they stopped before they made that grievance too personal. No citizen, no matter how Jeffersonian his principles may be, can do other than smile indulgently at the clarioned glee of the Republicans; and no citizen, no matter how protectionist, but can admit that a majority of twenty controls a legislative body—and it may be more than that and undoubtedly will be, for there are contests to come and we all know those committees on elections—as securely, if not as easily, as a majority of a hundred and a good many odd.

Senate Gains

ALSO stick a pin in this: In addition to retaining the House the Democrats increased their majority in the Senate until it will be fifteen or sixteen after March fourth next. Whatever happens in 1916, there is little doubt, after looking at the geographical and political statistics of the thirty-three Senators who will go before the people for election in 1916, that the Democratic control of the Senate will exist until 1919, and maybe for a year or two later.

Hence nationally nothing happened that will change the general trend of legislation for the two years beginning on March 4, 1915; but a good many things happened that will give pause to the directors of that trend. One, and the most important of these things, is the clear-cut consequence that if the Democratic Party wins in 1916, and retains the Presidency, it must win of its own and not with the aid of a divided opposition. That is the big fact shown by these elections.

Mr. Wilson is a minority President. That is to say, his total vote in 1912 did not exceed the total vote of his opponents. Hence, by all political precedents, Mr. Wilson's party was a minority party, shoved into a majority position by the aid of the schism in the Republican Party. If the Progressive vote had maintained itself even at three-quarters of its 1912 strength Mr. Wilson's party would have continued in its majority position, for instead of a few more than a score the Democratic preponderance in the House would have been nearer one hundred. The Progressive vote was not maintained. Indeed, if the election this fall had been a presidential election—you know a wise man once said he could put Paris in a bottle by virtue of an if—but if it had been, then the Democrats would have lost, counting electoral votes by states according as they were Republican or Democratic this time.

Something may happen during the two years between now and the election of 1916 to bring back the Progressive Party to its former strength, or to something approximating it. Anything is possible in politics. But taking the situation as it developed in the voting this year, there does not seem to be much hope of that Progressive recrudescence. Wherefore, what the Democrats have to do during these coming two years is to get into such shape as is possible to meet a political enemy that for years had the upper hand in the voting, and will still have that upper hand if the results this year indicate a continued solidarity until 1916, which is what all the Republican prophets claim they do indicate.

The Democrats had an easy time two years ago. All they had to do was to sit steady and vote the ticket. The split between the Republicans and the former-Republicans who went with Roosevelt made the election of Wilson as certain as it is certain that he was elected. If that condition had continued the reelection of Mr. Wilson would have been equally certain. This condition, as it appears, has not continued. Large numbers of the Progressives have returned to their former affiliations. The Democrats apparently have no more strength than they had two years ago, probably less, owing to economic influences. Now, then, given a Republican opposition two years from now as effective as it was this year, and the Democrats will be put to it to win.

Both sides said that this election was a stand-by-Wilson affair, but it was so only in a modified degree. Rather it offered a fine chance for the American people to take their voting shillalahs and thump some heads here and there, and they thumped them. And if they did think to thump the head of the President, that head is still unbowed, for the President maintains a clear and efficient majority in the House and has increased his majority in the Senate. A political rebuke that continues a man in a position to do what he wants to do is not so much a rebuke as a topic of conversation for his opponents. Still, it has its merits. It is likely to superinduce caution and a certain conservatism of action.

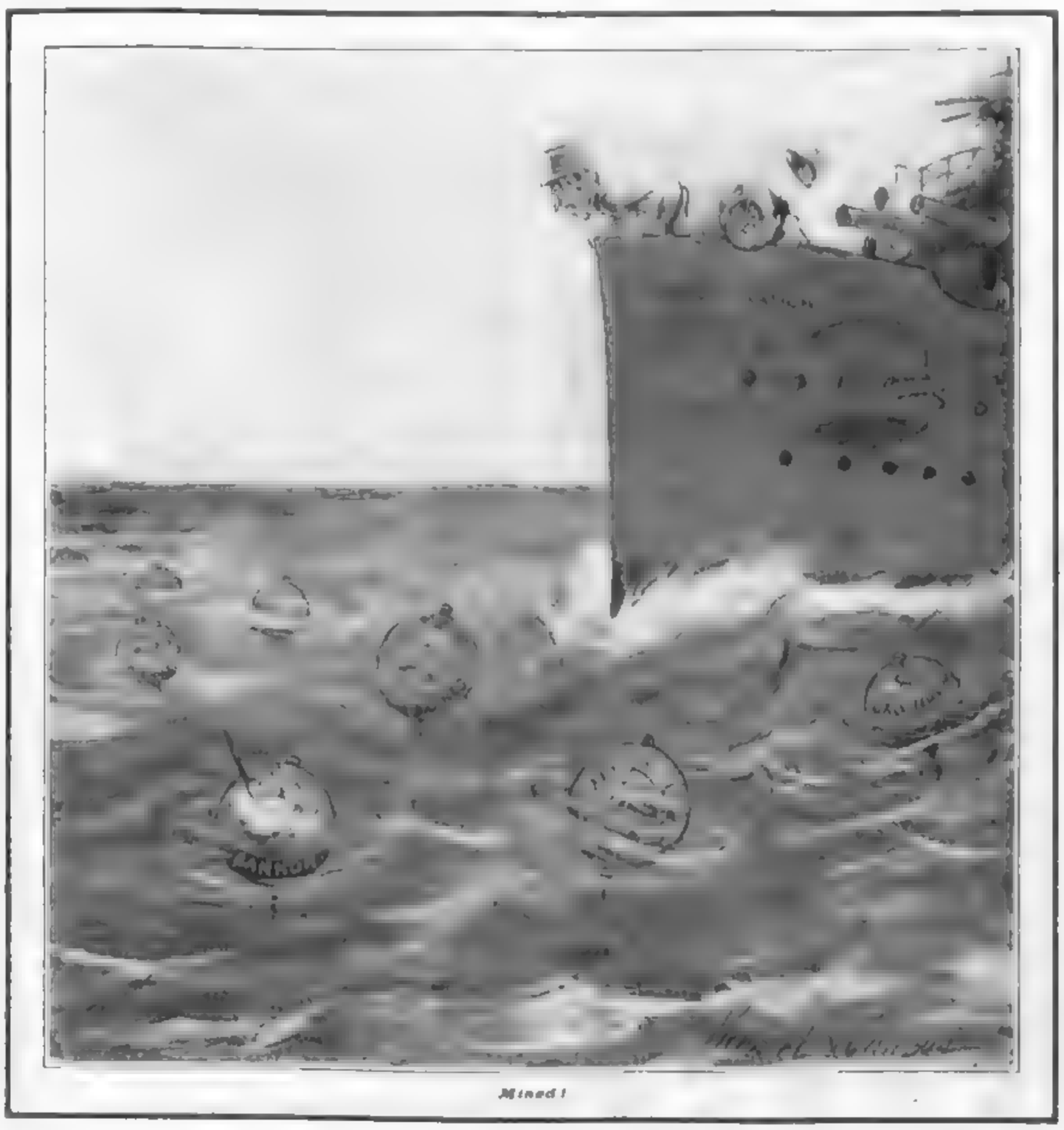
It isn't probable that the people thought of that. Nor would it have done any good if they had thought of it. Such things cannot be regulated, and how they are coming out is never known beforehand. This one came out fortunately, considered in the broad light. It revived a strong opposition, and no government can thrive without a strong opposition; but it did not deprive that government of initiative. Thus at the end of the next two years this Administration will be able to go before the people on a clean-cut basis, and not with a scrambled list of performances, so scrambled because there was no control of the lower House. This Administration will be able to say: "We have been in power four years. Here is our record. Accept it or reject it"; instead of: "We were in power two years and in half power for two years more. Here is what we did and what we tried to do. Judge us for our intentions as well as for our performances, necessarily limited owing to circumstances over which we had no control."

Loud Cries of "The Tariff Done It!"

IT IS a good thing that this is so. Take the tariff, for example. Instantly after the voting was over at the recent elections and the swing was seen, every high protectionist in the country began to yell: "The tariff done it!" From all parts of the country there came hoarse cries from those who were emerging from the high grass to the effect that this election shows conclusively that the people demand high protection—because, of course, the men from the high grass demand it themselves. The day has gone by in this country when any man or any group of men can be spokesman or spokesmen for the whole people.

Admitting that the revision of the tariff by the Democrats had a large part to play in the results of the elections, then what? Apparently it did not have enough of an effect to elect a legislative body that would take steps to revise it. The Democrats hold the House and the Senate. Republicans may have gained a lot of governors and state officials, but governors and state officials do not make tariff laws. The fact is that even if this was a tariff protest, it was a half-baked tariff protest; and the further fact is that it is a good thing for all concerned to allow this present tariff law to continue in operation until after the national election in 1916. By that time it will be a proved success or a proved failure, and judgment can be rendered on it accordingly. There can be matured and intelligent consideration of it before that time, and will be. There is no doubt as to what will happen in 1916, in a political way, if the present tariff fails to make good.

Legislative and executive means will be provided by the people for a revision to start promptly on March 4, 1917, at noon.



Mined!

For Christmas Send Whitman's

Good candy will carry the message and the spirit of Christmas greetings. At those stores, in almost every neighborhood in the land, where Whitman's candies are displayed, direct from the makers, you can select gifts that will delight anyone on your list.

From seventy sorts of sweets in sealed packages we suggest seven. You can buy a Whitman package to suit any taste and any purse.

The Newest Whitman Package

An irresistible assortment—13 kinds of nuts, with coverings of exquisite super-extra chocolate. Substantially packed in an elaborate two-tray box. $1.00 the package in pound size.*

Nuts, Chocolate Covered

A Fussy Package for Fastidious Folks

Designed especially for those who do not care for cream centers. A selected assortment—nut and hard centers. In one-half, one, two, three and five pound boxes, at $1.00 the pound.*

Fussy Package

The Sampler Package

The box itself is a reproduction of an old-fashioned sampler. Contains an assortment from ten of the Whitman packages. In pound and two pound packages at $1.00 the pound.*

Sampler Package

The Super-Extra Package

An enticing assortment of chocolates and confections—some hard, some soft, but each bite is a real delight. In pound to five-pound packages at 80c the pound.*

Super-Extra Package

Old Time Favorites

An assortment of old-fashioned sweets—caramels, mints, taffies, molasses candy, gum drops, etc. A quaint box holding 20 ounces at 60c the package.*

Old Time Favorites

Chocolate Covered Fruits and Nuts

Here is a favorite of the growing Whitman family. Contains a toothsome collection of exquisite nut and fruit centers heavily coated with super-extra chocolate. A 19-ounce package at $1.25 the box.*

Fruit and Nut Package

The Art Round Package

Super-Extra Chocolates or Confections in elaborate packages of three sizes, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 the box.* The decorated covers of these art packages are different types of beautiful women.

Art Round Package

The packages illustrated here, as well as other Whitman assortments, can be seen now in wide variety at our nearest agent. These agencies guarantee the freshness and quality of every package sold. If no agent is near, we will ship anywhere on receipt of price.

Write for booklet

Inquire of our nearest agency for a sheet of Whitman's Poster Stamps—quaint and artistic—or send a two-cent stamp to

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

*More in extreme West and Canada.

A political rebuke is one thing and a political licking is another. A president can look with somewhat of complacence on a rebuke if he continues to retain the legislative goods in his control. A rebuke isn't fatal, however disconcerting it may be. It is quite true that the results of this election probably gave Mr. Wilson no particular cheer. He set off no fireworks. However, he still retains his grasp, and that is the main point. The Republicans will have to do just as much hustling as the Democrats between now and 1916, and more. If the Grand Old Party thinks it is safe in 1916 because it got out of the coffin in 1914 and danced a jig on the lid, the Grand Old Party deludes itself. One off-year swing-back doesn't necessarily mean that all creation is subdued for all time.

The devitalization of the Progressive Party is what caused the revitalization of the Republican Party. Apparently the people in large measure forsook the Bull-Moose propaganda because it seemed an opportune moment to get in effective line for such protest as the various conditions were held to demand. A political protest is a heterogeneous thing. They protest in Massachusetts against one thing and in Iowa against another and in Colorado against a third; but they must have a reasonably similar medium for registering the protests. This year the Republican Party, owing to the fact that most Progressives were formerly Republicans, seemed to offer the medium, and it was chosen, just as the Democratic Party was chosen in 1910 for the protest against the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill and against Mr. Taft for signing and defending that measure. Everybody knew, because of the experience of 1912, that there is no political sense in making two bites of a political protest. So they took the old and familiar medium, the Republican Party, and they used it.

Here is where the element of 1916 uncertainty comes in. Will the men who recanted from the Bull-Moose doctrine this year, and went back to the old party, stay there? If they do, then what will happen in 1916 will be fully as interesting as what happened in 1912, for it will prove two major and many minor things. Should the Republicans win in 1916, the first major proposition that this victory will prove will be that a political party that has approached disintegration can rehabilitate itself in the good will and for the support of the people. The second major proposition will be that, even in the most favorable circumstances, the Democratic Party in this country is the minority party, and not of sufficient strength to maintain itself in power on its merits.

Eliminating the rebuke and protest and back-to-the-old-home features of the recent most interesting and instructive elections, we find that in a broad sense the people voted for men and not so much for or on account of measures. As they were running an exciting muck they did it thoroughly. In Massachusetts they elected the Democrat who ran for governor, but except him they elected all Republicans on the state ticket, or practically all. In New York, for Tammany or other reasons, they defeated Glynn, for governor, most decisively; and they gave Gerard, who is more of a Tammany man than Glynn ever was, a much greater vote for the senatorship than they gave Glynn. Moreover, a hundred and twenty thousand New Yorkers voted for William Sulzer for governor, the man who not long ago was impeached and removed from that office. And they let Davenport, the personal candidate of Colonel Roosevelt, run far behind Sulzer.

When Some One Blew Out the Gas

In Pennsylvania they reëlected Penrose, the type of the old-time Republican boss, by an overwhelming vote, and in the next state to the west, Ohio, they turned out Cox, the Democrat, who won so handily two years ago. In Indiana they stood by the Democracy very sturdily, but in Illinois they almost put in another typical boss, Sullivan, only he is a Democrat and not a Republican as Penrose is. In Minnesota, usually Republican, they elected a Democratic governor, and defeated Fred Stevens, one of the strongest Republicans in the House of Representatives. All through the West this touch-and-go voting was done. In Utah, the home of the Mormons, Reed Smoot, himself an apostle of the Mormon Church, had a narrow squeeze, and in Kansas, Charles Curtis, the pattest of Republican standpatters, was sent to the Senate—in progressive Kansas! In Oregon, Chamberlain, the Democrat, was returned to the Senate by a large plurality, and the Republican candidate for governor elected by an even larger one.

Out in California, Hiram Johnson won tremendously; but Francis J. Heney, also a Progressive, fell far behind. And so it went all over the country.

The Republicans who stood by in the dark days from 1910 until the present time are entitled to their joy and their claims of rejuvenation. The Republican Party seemed a moribund institution after the elections in 1910, when the Democrats took the House of Representatives after sixteen years of Republican control; and after the elections in 1912, when Mr. Taft carried only Utah and Vermont, there seemed no hope of resurrection. As viewed impartially the case was one of suicide. The old oligarchy blew out the gas. Now those that are left of this oligarchy would have it appear that former associates for the time strayed away, came back to the old headquarters where the gas was escaping, broke in the door, opened the windows, applied the pulmotor and restored vitality.

Very well. No one can object to that. The history of the Republican Party is a patriotic history, and it was a great and useful force in the upbuilding of this country. The fault has never been with the party *per se*, but with certain of the men who led the party. If it has been vitalized by the elections this fall, as its present leaders claim it has, it will have ample opportunity for being useful and patriotic again. And that brings up the question: "Is it vitalized?"

The Wails of the Old Guard

To judge from the loud cries of the old guard, emerging from retirement, it isn't. One and all of them—Cannon, Penrose, Hill, Curtis, Sulloway, McKinley, Rodenberg, and a score or so more—who were retired two years ago or who were fearful of being retired this time, are shouting for the same kind of Republican Party that was so emphatically defeated in 1910 and in 1912. They never seem to change, those politicians, and they never appreciate change. They are thinking the same sort of thoughts they thought way back in the McKinley days, and they are planning for the same kind of political action based on the same sort of political motive.

But that does not matter. The truth of it is that if the Republican Party, having had the breath of life blown into its nostrils by the people who almost strangled it two years ago by deserting it and joining with the propaganda that promised a new deal, does go back to its old procedure it will soon discover that this 1914 stimulus is not enduring, and it will drop back into the morgue, this time for keeps. Still, there is not much chance. It is well enough to allow Uncle Joe to caper and converse, and well enough to allow sundry other moss-grown patriots, exuberant in their reëntrance to public life, to say their joyous say. What these ancients proclaim is mere conversation. They fancy themselves once-more-to-the-breach heroes, whereas they are largely supernumerary, or at least supercrescent.

The Republican Party that was given a new lease of life on election day was not the old Republican Party—not at all. It was a promised new Republican Party. It was the party that met in Washington last spring and showed evidences of contrition, and evidences of reform, and evidences of progress. It was the Republican Party that confessed its faults and seemed to be contrite. If, now that it seems freshened, those professions and those sentiments and those promises of reform are not lived up to, then the next time the people take a smash at the Republican Party that smash will do the work for good and all.

There are signs in plenty that the really strong men in the Republican Party—not the dug-outs of this election—know these facts and the truth of them. There are plenty of indications that when the Republican Party comes to appeal nationally and presidentially to the country, that appeal will be no such old-guard appeal as was made in 1912, but an appeal based on a quickened sense of what the people demand of a political party and on an intelligent appreciation of the needs of the hour. It may be impossible to debourbonize a Bourbon; but there are some people in the Republican Party who are not Bourbons, and a modicum of political sense still

remains, astonishing as that may seem when you consider the party's history for the past ten years. They made a small start by revising Southern representation in their conventions, and it will be found that this small start will work gradually into a full acceptance of many of the doctrines that were, to a large degree, the actuating motives for the desertion that was so effective in 1912.

The Republican Party, if it desires to keep alive now that it has its second time on earth, will become a progressive party and not remain a reactionary party. The whole aim and end of politics in this country is not government, but the power to govern. It took a lot of hammering to get into the intelligences of the Republican old-guardsters the simple fact that there had been a change in this country, that old political methods and old political principles were neither venerated for their age nor respected for their associations. Now that the lesson has been learned, and learned painfully, the old guard as well as the newer guardsmen want to return to power as always. The ends will be made to justify the means. You will find that this new or renewed Republican Party, notwithstanding what the dug-outs may shout, will be a fairly progressive party—as to promises anyhow. It will be reasonably radical.

Wherefore the attitude and the actions of the Democrats will be of vital importance, both in relation to their own future and in relation to the future of the Republicans. The Democrats have two full years for the shaking down and the proof of their new legislation—the tariff, the currency scheme, the anti-trust statutes, the trades commission, the conservation laws, and thus and so. It is quite fortunate for the country that these laws are already on the statute books and that there is no adverse majority for the next two years, for they deserve a fair trial and the uncertainties as to what they will provide are over. To be sure, the uncertainty of what they will do remains, but that is a hazard of the game, and no good sportsman will begrudge the President this opportunity of proving his case after he has presented it in so forceful a manner.

And it is equally fortunate that the majority in the House has been lessened, for a shrunk majority always tends toward a certain conservatism of action. Any man can read any lesson into these recent election returns that he cares to read into them, but the wise man will unerringly put his finger on the sore spot, which is a depressed economic situation developed by a variety of causes, one of which was entirely beyond our preventing, and one of which is politically held to be the direct effect of the accomplished legislation and the outlined legislative program of the party in power.

The President's Program

We clamor for change, but we shrink from correction. In 1912 some four millions out of a total of fifteen millions of our voters went gayly for Roosevelt, because they wanted a change and felt that he was the apostle of mutation. Thus they left the road clear for Mr. Wilson, who is somewhat of an artist in alteration himself.

Then, after the changes came, the bulk of these four millions scampered back to the party they left because the innovations they demanded were made with the knife instead of with the soothing application of salve.

That does not alter the fact that the innovations are in force and will be in force for two years, and there should be a clarity of issue in 1916 that will bring about a decisive and probably beneficial result. As things now stand, and are most likely to stand in 1916, Mr. Wilson will be renominated by the Democrats. Personally Mr. Wilson does not care a snap of his finger whether he is renominated or not. Politically he may care a great deal, and patriotically. He had a certain program. He was sincere about it. Despite many adverse circumstances and conditions he has had the great good fortune to be left in a position, so far as legislative aid goes, to watch his program work out, to supplement it if necessary, or to amend it. He must have every hope that by the end of the next Congress his policies will be in such shape that their acceptance or rejection will be unmistakably indicated, and that will be a satisfactory conclusion, because if they are successful they will be indorsed, and if they are not successful Mr. Wilson will be the first man to welcome their overthrow.

In conversation we are a radical people. We talk a great deal. Many and many a man who yelled his head off for tariff revision and for new currency laws and for various other reforms registered his solemn ballot protest last November against the very reforms he had yammered about. The talk of these people never jibes with their actions. What the bankers and the captains of finance call caution and uncertainty really is timidity. As a voting people we do not stand the gaff.

For these reasons it is well enough not to take too seriously all this talk of protest and rebuke. In 1910 we rebuked the Republicans, and again in 1912. Now in 1914, to hear the former rebuked tell it, we have rebuked the Democrats, and in 1916 we may rebuke somebody else. We are a volatile and a versatile people. We can recant as easily as we can rebuke, and we are not politically partisan, we are now politically peripatetic. We move from affiliation to athliation with ease and grace, with little effort and with less thought. The vital cause of to-day becomes the unimportant causerie of to-morrow. Hence what happened on November 3, 1914, though interesting and in a way significant, is no more definitive than what happened in 1912. They will be beating a new sort of tom-tom by 1916.

Taking future solidarity for granted, the Republicans are already planning for candidates, campaigns and conquest. The crop of eligibles always is greatest the day after election. At that time their triumphs are freshest in our minds, and we canvass them, not on a basis of what they may do, but on the basis of what the people have done for them.

Hard Times for Political Prophets

Ten years ago political prophecy was a recognized institution. It was fairly easy to tell what would happen in a political way in any forthcoming eighteen months. Now political prophecy is the most barren of intellectual recreations. In the old days the rules of the game were fixed, and the game was played according to those rules. Now the people who play the game make up new rules as they go along. In 1900, if a thing had previously happened politically, that was a good reason for expecting it to happen again, provided conditions remained somewhat stable. To-day the fact that a thing has happened politically is the very reason why the odds are ten to one against its happening again.

Thus any consideration of Republican candidates at this time must be complimentary and not conclusive. If that party can hold together; if no new crusader comes along to draw away those four million eager souls who saw the light ahead in 1912; if some sense is used in the work of regeneration and reconstruction; if the Republicans turn their faces to the morning instead of against the wall—it may be worth while to be the Republican candidate. In that case there will be no lack of patriots who will aspire to the honor and willingly accept the responsibilities. Until we see what happens nothing will happen. A whole lot of proving up must be done.

That is not the case with President Wilson. If he continues to be successful, as Champ Clark wisely remarked, nobody else can get the nomination; and if he fails no one else will want it. He has a clear field. Likewise he has two years for demonstration, and that is where his prospects and the prospects of his party are held. The main fact of it all is that, notwithstanding Republican gains and Republican enthusiasms, the Democrats remain in control of the Government—in a smaller measure in the House, in larger measure in the Senate, and in the White House. The situation continues to be up to them.

The results of the elections this year prove, precisely as they did in 1910 and in 1912, that a certain stage of independent voting has been reached, and that is the greatest advance we have made in a political way. The fluctuations indicated by the election returns are not all the result of independent thought and action. Some of them come from pique, some from fear, some from protest, some from local causes, some from individual hard luck, some from deeper causes and beliefs. Still, a good deal of this sort of voting is backed by real independence. If that independence is fostered and developed it will be the medium for giving to the people of the United States a government for themselves instead of a government for power, politics and politicians.

"Sure! Mother always used it."

And he might add that "Mother" is a sensible and thoroughly practical housewife. She has the best of reasons for favoring

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Not only because it saves time and avoids needless labor and care, but because it is so entirely wholesome and satisfying.

Nourishing in itself, an aid to digestion, a sharpener of appetite—this perfect soup is, in fact, a regular promoter of good-nature and sturdy health.

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Your money back if not satisfied.

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Asparagus	Clam Bouillon	Pea
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HOARDED GOLD

(Continued from Page 4)

Despite the much-vaunted superiority of the European banking system, we use credit in personal finances far more than even the Englishmen. Fully nine-tenths of the total payments made in this country are brought about by other means than actual money—mostly by bank checks. Even the rich Englishman often fails to use a bank account for his personal needs. One has to travel only a little while abroad to see what gold is as money. No wonder the recent immigrant cannot learn to use banks when even the upper classes of his own country use them so little. Englishmen never speak of changing a bank note the way we do. They talk of cashing a bank note. Unlike Americans they do not look on bank notes as real money.

The newspapers have told how, when the present war began, small money of all kinds was swept out of circulation in Europe as though by a tidal wave. No doubt later on, when the war is over and all the European nations are forced to put out big bond issues, the hoarded money will come out and be patriotically employed; but, for the present, there is no question as to the universal extent of European hoarding, and the Bank of England attempted to make up the deficiency by issuing one-pound notes and ten-shilling notes.

The truth is, financial authorities in all civilized countries have recognized for some time that gold is wasted in general circulation. Gold should be concentrated in the reserves of the banks—more particularly the government banks—and paper money put in circulation. Especially since the Balkan War, European banks have adopted a policy of keeping all the gold that comes in and paying out none.

The average Englishman, Frenchman or German, however, hates to use paper. It will take the governments a long time to force it down their throats. Shortly after the present war began a prominent American tried to change a five-pound Bank of England note at several of the great London banks.

Everywhere he was politely told that only the Bank of England would give him change—or, as they call it, cash.

The American stood in line and when his turn came asked for smaller notes for his five-pound note.

"But," said the clerk in startled surprise as he stared at the strange American, "I can give you gold. Besides, we are out of small notes."

"Well, all right," replied the American; "but I had just as lief have the new ten-shilling notes. I wish to see what they are like."

"You are the first man, sir, who has asked for anything but gold to-day," replied the clerk as he continued to stare.

Three Hundred Salted Millions

We Americans are accustomed to paper money and bank checks. It is an inheritance from Colonial and Revolutionary days, and many other periods of our history, when shinplasters and other paper substitutes for gold had to satisfy our grandfathers.

This country is one of the world's greatest producers of gold, and the stock of yellow metal here is the largest in the world; but the free use of so many other kinds of money and of bank checks has made gold relatively so scarce in circulation that even the immigrant hoarder in the East and Middle West rarely has actual coin in his treasure.

What the total hoardings of the rich and well-to-do amount to is a subject for the wildest guesswork; but as to the amount hidden away by the newer immigrants there is something like knowledge. Several authorities agree that three hundred million dollars is not an exaggeration. State Labor Bureaus have often given the subject attention and from their reports a pretty accurate idea may be had.

The Chief of the Department of Mines of a Western state points out that when an Italian, Hungarian, Slav or Pole is injured, a large sum of money, ranging from fifty dollars to five hundred or one thousand, is almost always found on his person. A prominent Italian banker says that the average Italian workman saves two hundred dollars a year, and that there are enough Italian workmen alone in this country, without considering other nationalities, to account for three hundred million dollars of hoarded money. In two and a half years immigrants have sent back to Europe about two hundred and fifty million dollars in savings.

No other agency has so overcome the tendency of the immigrant to hoard as the Postal Savings Bank. Foreigners have implicit faith in a government bank, whatever may be their distrust or ignorance of others. Postal Banks will not take from any one person more than one hundred dollars in one month, and no one is permitted to have a total balance to his credit at one time of more than five hundred dollars exclusive of accumulated interest; but, even when firmly told that such are the rules, foreigners will hang round for half an hour and beg the clerk in charge to take the money and put it in the safe without paying interest. Many Hungarian and Austrian reservists tried in vain to leave sums ranging from four thousand to ten thousand dollars in cash with the Postal Banks before they left for the front.

A woman went into one of the branches in New York and shyly asked the superintendent to step outside, where she could speak to him alone. Then she haltingly told him that she had two thousand dollars sewed up in her clothing. She and her husband had kept a candy store in Brooklyn; but they had lost thirty-one hundred dollars in a get-rich-quick investment, and then her husband had died. Discouraged, she had determined to go back to her native land and wanted a safe place to leave two thousand dollars of what she had kept from the wreck. Being unwilling to place her money in any bank except of the government variety, she decided, on the superintendent's advice, to rent a safe-deposit box; but in half an hour she came back and said she had been unable to get the money out of her clothes without completely undressing, and so had decided not to rent a box.

The Value of Postal Banks

In one case in a Western town twenty thousand dollars was offered in canvas sacks containing tarnished and long-unused coins; but practically no gold is ever offered in Eastern cities. It is nearly all dirty and crumpled paper money, evidently taken from the homely hiding places of timid people unfamiliar with business and financial institutions. In the poorer Jewish quarters of the larger cities much of the money is black with coal dust, for it comes from the tiny coal cellars where baskets rather than truckloads of coal are bought and sold.

In the last month or two literally hundreds of persons desiring to deposit more than the hundred-dollar limit have been turned away daily from one branch postoffice alone in New York.

In another branch the superintendent told me that relatively few persons offered less than the hundred-dollar limit, though a glance at the waiting line of depositors, then more than a block long, revealed only shabbily dressed, poor-looking men and women.

So fast has the money been coming in that at times it has been difficult to find bank depositories ready with the required collateral security. At one time the New York postmaster had one hundred and thirty thousand dollars idle in the Subtreasury waiting for the convenience of banks to take it over.

It is a strange factor in the psychology of the ignorant that they throw themselves with blind confidence on government institutions for protection, few of them knowing that every cent they place with the Government is redeposited with ordinary commercial banks.

Before the system was started, bankers feared they would lose deposits, even though the Postal Banks pay only two per cent as compared with from three to four per cent in other classes of savings institutions; but most of the fifty million dollars that has gone into the Postal Banks is money which would not have gone into other banks at all. In other words, it has been hoarded money, restored by this means to the channels of trade.

In August and September as much money was deposited with the Postal Savings Banks in New York as had been placed there in the preceding three years. At Station B, on Grand Street, in the Jewish section of the East Side, a line forms early in

the morning and steadily increases throughout the day until eight o'clock at night, when the office closes; by which time the line often extends outside the building along two city blocks.

The great savings banks of New York, with a billion and three-quarters dollars on deposit, had lost only ten million dollars from August first to November first. Considering that they have millions of ignorant depositors, the showing is remarkable; but the banks required depositors to give sixty days' notice of withdrawal. When the two months expired only a relatively small part of those who had given notice took their money out.

The savings banks calmed the fears of depositors by their readiness and promptness in paying out money when the owner actually needed it for illness or to meet debts. At nine o'clock one morning the president of a bank entered his building and saw three Italian workmen standing across the street in earnest gesticulation and conversation. Fearing an incipient run, he walked into the paying teller's cage the moment the bank opened for business and pushed the clerk aside. In a few moments one of the Italians came across the street and appeared in front of the cage.

"I want my mun," he firmly announced.

"How much?" asked the president.

"What you give?" the Italian questioned.

"All you want," replied the president as he quickly paid out six hundred dollars, the entire amount to the credit of the workman.

As soon as the laborer had crossed the street and rejoined his countrymen, another came across and withdrew his deposit of seventeen hundred dollars. Then the third man came over and took all his money out.

"And I was sorry to see him coming," the bank president told me, "because he had nearly three thousand dollars in the bank."

Finally the three of them gathered across the street; and, after much comparing of notes and further gesticulation, they returned in a body and redeposited every cent.

Confidence is the great thing among the more ignorant bank depositors, as it is throughout the banking world. A Jewish couple on the East Side of New York had fifteen thousand dollars in a weak private bank. Becoming suspicious of all private banks, they withdrew the money and hid it in an old stove in their flat; but the fear of thieves preyed on their minds incessantly and finally the wife devised a scheme.

"Shush, Mendel," she said, "you ask it round and find oudt which is it the best two savinks banks in New York. Then put a thousan' dollars in both of them. Comes next day, you go to both banks und ask it for the money. Well, what's t' use to argue? The one as gives it to you we will put it in all the money."

Mendel did just as he was told, and his attempt to remove a thousand dollars from the great institution where he had placed it the day before brought his story to light.

Losses of Hidden Money

Another man deposited a large sum and returned a few days later to take it out. His wife had fallen ill, he said, and a mortgage had been unexpectedly called. His hard-luck story was so heartrending that he was given the money at once, whereupon he promptly offered it for deposit again, saying he had taken up a fifty-dollar bet of a friend that he could not get his money out, and he had withdrawn it only to win the bet.

In a large way hoarding money defeats its own ends. When bank depositors become frightened they invent all manner of ingenious romances to induce bank officials to give them their money. They stand in line for hours and are vastly relieved as they near the window. At first the jingle of gold in their pockets or the feel of wads of bills affords keen delight. They feel as though they had saved their money from total loss; but as the days go by, and the responsibility of carrying it about or hiding it weighs more and more on them, there is apt to be a rush back to the bank.

Hoarding is a doubly vicious financial vice. Every dollar hidden away means about ten dollars' less loaning power for the banks. If the three hundred million dollars that immigrants are believed to hoard were turned over to the banks there would be nearly three billion dollars' more credit, which the banks could extend in the form of loans.

That is not the worst of it, however. Hoarded money is usually hidden money, and hidden money is pretty sure, in the long run, to be lost, stolen or destroyed. Even if this does not happen, the owner gets no return on his property; and he usually loses in the end, because the bank from which he has taken it does not fail. This is the history of nearly all hoarding.

One becomes accustomed to reading of the destruction or theft of money hidden behind pictures, in coal hods, old stoves, under floors and in stockings.

A flour merchant lost faith in banks and put all his money in a tin box, which he hid in a barrel; but the barrel was sold by mistake, and it cost him two hundred dollars to trace and recover it. In the panic of 1907 a farmer withdrew his money from the bank and, after pumping out an old well, dug a tunnel from the bottom of the well and at right angles to it. He placed the money in a box at the farthest end of the tunnel, walled up the entrance with cement, placed an old trunk at the bottom of the well proper to deceive robbers, and then filled the well with water.

Hoarding takes strange and gruesome forms. Men have been known to rent lots in cemeteries and use them solely to hide money. Sometimes an empty coffin containing a false bottom, where money was placed, has actually been lowered into a grave.

In Colonial and Revolutionary days money was hidden in secret compartments of furniture, and a general burying of gold took place during the War of 1812. No one can estimate the wealth hidden in Civil War times. Down mountain slopes, across the great plantations and along the streets of cities of the South are the trails of lost-fortune hunters. On the Mississippi River the shanty-boaters tell tales of kettles filled with gold coin and other money which were buried in the canebrakes or revealed in the caving banks of the Mississippi by a cascade of coin rushing down the crumbling slope into the flood. Now and then some sharp darky appears with a handful of old gold.

Too Much Pocket Money

A mathematician might estimate the quantity of nugget gold hidden by the placer miners, the loggers, tinkers, tramps, soldiers—all kinds of fortunes that are tucked away in useless and wasteful neglect in all parts of the country—in stockings, mattresses, old clothes, garrets, cellars, hollow trees, hotels, mansions, and caches of desperadoes. Some one took the trouble to average up twenty-four typical reports of the finding of hoarded gold, and the average figure was eighty-two hundred and eighty-three dollars.

Who can estimate the odd gold coins that are set aside as pocket pieces, watch charms, lucky pieces, or as curiosities? Many people carry far more pocket money than they need. Even persons who use a checking account in a bank carry more money than they can possibly use. I asked the cashier of one of the largest banks in the country how much hoarding he thought was going on.

"I can't answer your question," he replied; "but I know that everybody hoards too much. Here; look at what I have in my pocket—sixty-four dollars. All I need for spare cash in a month is about fifteen dollars, because I pay all large bills by check; but here I am carrying sixty-four dollars, and fifty dollars of that ought to go into the bank. That is the way with every one."

George von L. Meyer, Postmaster-General under President Roosevelt, once estimated that half a billion dollars is normally hoarded in this country. There is eighteen hundred million dollars in the hands of the people which the banks never get hold of. Of course it is impossible to say how much of this is legitimately used in the normal course of trade; but it must be remembered that money taken in by railroads, street cars, restaurants, hotels and merchants of every description mostly finds its way into the banks and is accounted for by the regularly reported holdings of the banks. Thus, of the eighteen hundred million dollars in the hands of the people a very considerable sum must be hidden away or lost.

Hoarding is growing relatively less common, even in the backward countries of Asia and Africa, for the younger generations to whom the treasures descend are more inclined to put them to use; and the tendency in all countries is to use banks more than formerly.

A great favorite with Ladies. Gold or Sterling Silver Mounting. Fitted with ring so that pen may be suspended by chain.

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The recipient of one of the new Parker Transparent Pens or a new Self-Filler or a Jack Knife Safety will recognize at once the unique and individual in Parker Fountain Pens, as well as the obvious quality of this "made-on honor" pen. *Geo. S. Parker.*

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YOU can look right through the transparent barrel and watch the Lucky Curve perform its function of keeping the pen clean by capillary attraction. You can tell instantly how much ink there is in the barrel and when pen will need refilling.

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Perfectly smooth barrel—no outside projections or mechanism of any kind—no openings into side of barrel—no danger of accidental ink spills. To fill, drop the point into any inkwell, press the button and in two seconds it's loaded.

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WRIGLEY'S DOUBLEMINT
has the new double strength Peppermint flavor.

These WRIGLEY'S "twins" bring great benefit—they brighten the teeth—sweeten the mouth and breath—soothe the throat and help appetite and digestion.

They do not burden the stomach.

"Understand he had no insurance."

"Not a penny! Absolutely wiped out—a total loss."

"Poor devil! Pretty hard luck!"

"Worse than that. Confounded carelessness, I call it."

"Suppose *you* are insured all right?"

"You bet! Dollar for dollar."

"What's the name of your company?"

"Name of the company? Why—er—blessed if I know! Left that to the agent."

"You don't even know the name of your company, you know nothing about its financial resources, nothing about its reputation for fair dealing, nothing about how promptly it settles losses—and yet you're quite sure you are safely insured!"

"By George, I never thought of all that. But I'm going to find out mighty soon!"

"Well, you can't do it too quick, and while you are about it look up the record of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company. Hundred and four years in business. Has always settled every honest obligation on the dot. Does a bigger fire insurance business than any other company in the United States today. That's my company—the old, reliable Hartford."

"Who is the Hartford Agent here? I may want to look him up."

Perhaps *you* want to know the Hartford Agent in *your* town. If so mail us the coupon below. It will also bring you a most instructive booklet.

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Gentlemen:—Send me "Fire Insurance and Fire Prevention," your booklet suggesting ways of preventing fires.

*Name*_____

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THE HANDSHAKE AGREEMENT

(Continued from Page 8)

"Whoo!" cried the agonized Purdy, realizing all these things and burying his head in his blankets. He lay there shuddering until presently Long Shorty rose and shook him by the shoulder.

"Dan'l," he said solemnly, "pull yoreself together an' face the music."

Mr. Purdy, thus adjured, realized his responsibility and pulled himself together.

"Wa-al," he queried in a broken voice, "what've you got to suggest?"

"I suggest," replied Long Shorty, "that there's a highsterical female, the victim o' two o' the worst old fools that ever saw sagebrush, a-kickin' an' a-squawlin' in the box o' that otter-mo-bile; an' it's up to me an' you to face the music. We can't run away from it, Dan'l, even if Gentle Annie was alive an' well to pack our kit an' enough water to get out o' the country. It's up to us to excuse ourselves for widderin' this woman and give the remainders Christian burial. Climb into a clean shirt and overalls, Dan'l, and let's try to look respectable even if we ain't."

Dan shook his head and bit his lips; nevertheless, he accepted Long Shorty's advice and changed his clothes.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness," said Long Shorty philosophically.

"Don't make much difference after a man's damned," answered Mr. Purdy, choking back a sob.

As they dressed, Long Shorty outlined the course of action.

"We'll just be strollin' along, easy an' casual, like we was out prospectin', an' happen on to the scene accidental-like. Mebbe she didn't see us on top o' the hill and we know she didn't see us at the otter-mo-bile! In that case mebbe she won't know we killed her old man an' that'll make her a heap easier to handle."

"I hope so," mourned Dan. "There ain't no use tellin' everything we know."

"You said something that time, pardner. We'll have to get her over to camp, where she can lie down with her sorrer ——"

He broke off suddenly, reached into his war bag and brought forth a bottle of the proprietary medicine without which no true desert rat ever travels—a quart of whisky, with a flash test of eighty-five degrees.

"A snort o' this'll put some heart in her," he declared confidently; and together they took their courage in hand and sauntered carelessly along the trail to the scene of the tragedy.

The woman was still crouched in the tonneau, but they could hear her wails though they were a considerable distance off. Long Shorty and Dan realized what she was hiding from and did not blame her.

When they had approached within fifty yards of the stranded automobile Long Shorty, simulating profound excitement, yelled at the top of his voice:

"Oh, Dan! Hurry up! There's something happened here. I hear a lady cryin'."

"What's the matter?" shouted Mr. Purdy dutifully.

"An otter-mo-bile, an' buzzards, an' a lady cryin'!" yelled Long Shorty. "Somethin's shore happened to somebody." And away he raced through the low sage, with the unhappy Purdy following.

"Man dead here," he called a moment later. "Rock rolled down off the mounting an' flattened him out like a postage stamp."

Out of the tail of his eye the diabolical Long Shorty was aware of a woman's face peering at him over the back of the front seat. Dan Purdy was also subconsciously aware of the same apparition; but since he was following Long Shorty's lead he elected to ignore it until a shrill, quavering cry of "Help!" forced him to turn his attention from the "remainders."

Long Shorty did likewise and the widow stood up in the tonneau and held out her arms appealingly. Our heroes hastened to her aid. Dan Purdy unfastened the tonneau door, and with loud lamentations and shiverings of woe the distressed female fluttered into his arms like a light Monday morning wash down a laundry chute.

"Ma-ma-ma——" stuttered Dan helplessly.

"Ma-ma'am, whatever's the matter of you?" Daniel finally managed to blurt out.

Continued and hysterical "Oh-oh-oh's!" were his sole reply, however, while the widow, her arms clenched tightly round his neck, to his great embarrassment, sobbed out her woe on Mr. Purdy's bosom—the latter's attitude during this distressing scene resembling somewhat that of a man fighting a ghost or making love to a crocodile. Long Shorty relieved the situation.

"Here, now, ma'am," he said soothingly; "this is shore tough luck, and me an' old Dan certainly feels for you in yore sorrer an' affliction; but what can't be cured must be endoored. As the Good Book says: 'The Lord gave, an' the Lord hath taken away'; an' yore husband's app'inted time had come. Take a jolt o' this hooch, ma'am, an' it'll put some heart in ye." And despite her vigorous protests he forced the bottle to her lips and emptied down her throat a firing charge for a six-cylinder motor. 'Thar!" he continued. "Ye feel better right off, don't ye?"

The victim of this desert hospitality gasped, blinked, coughed, and in various other ways demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt that for the present, at least, her mind was off her recent bereavement. She finally fainted.

"Ye tarnation jackass!" roared Mr. Purdy. "Ye went an' poured that licker down her Sunday throat." Apprehensive, frightened, his voice rose to a shrill scream. "Whatever will I do with her? I do believe she's died on my hands."

"Lay her down flat an' let the blood run to her head," Long Shorty commanded.

He replaced the bottle and, with both feet, quickly scooped a depression in the sand, thereby forming a slight incline to accelerate the flow of blood to the head. Mr. Purdy gladly dropped his burden into the receptacle thus provided and the two stood looking down at her.

"She ain't used to licker," Dan complained. "In givin' licker to females in a emergency like this it ought ter have a little water an' sugar in it."

"I ain't no doctor or trained nuss, nor yet no barkeeper!" Long Shorty retorted fiercely; "but I'm layin' you three to one it ain't in the book that licker's to be diluted at a time like this. It ain't in Natur'!"

"Don't you bet no more with me!" shrilled Dan passionately. "This is what comes o' that fool gamblin' sperrit. It's like to disrupt our pardnership, and it's killed a innercent stranger an' left us with the widder on our hands. As the feller says: 'Be good an' you will be happy.' Whatever," he demanded frantically, "are we a-goin' to do with this widder? She's a frail old fawn, an' if somebody don't come and git her she's shore a-goin' to die on our hands."

"Why so?" demanded Long Shorty. "Die o' what?"

"Starvation, you born dummy! She can't eat our grub an' thrive on it. Pers'nally, Charles Wilfred, I ain't aimin' to start no private cemet'ry association."

Long Shorty scratched his ear.

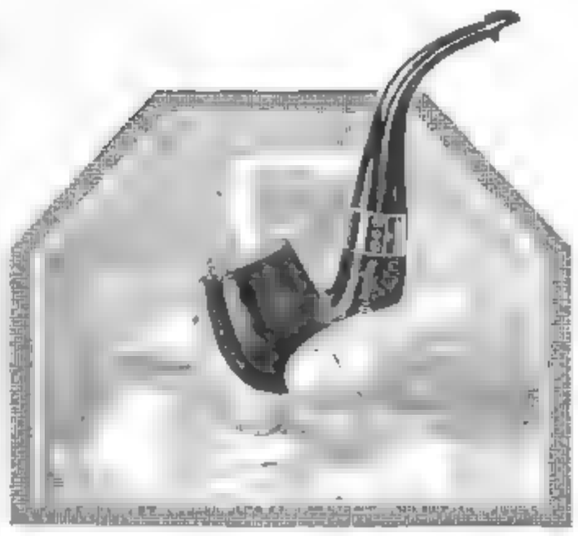
"Whatever was she a-doin' out here, I'd like to know?" he demanded. He pulled off his battered sombrero and commenced to fan the widow. "An' where'd she come from? Dan'l, I'm beginnin' to lose a whole lot o' them regrets I felt at first about killin' her husband. Serves him right for a-bringin' of a woman into this country."

He continued to fan the widow, while Dan stepped off to one side, like a farmer viewing the blood-sweating behemoth at a circus, and made an interested appraisal of the automobile. He was not familiar with such contraptions, being of the opinion that they resembled considerably a forgotten shot in a shaft and were liable to explode when least expected.

However, what with Long Shorty's fanning and the fire of the Desert Dew coursing through her veins, their patient presently opened her eyes, gave a little shuddering gasp and a long sigh and, after the fashion of her kind, demanded in a thin, far-away voice to know where she was. Long Shorty solemnly assured her that she was with friends.

She sat up, smiled wanly on them and held out a hand to each. They accepted and lifted her to her feet, whereupon she promptly swayed into Long Shorty's arms and hung there. With difficulty he pried her loose, after which he and Dan formed a seat with their horny, clasped hands, and placed her therein; then, with an arm round the neck of each deliverer, the unwelcome guest was borne to the camp by the water hole.

While Long Shorty supported her at the tent entrance, Dan hastened inside to shake out their bedding and dislodge a couple of



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dozen lizards from its folds. Then Long Shorty steered the widow inside and he and Dan retreated to the automobile, leaving her alone with her grief.

Presently they returned with two wicker suitcases, a hamper basket and a light camping outfit, which they deposited outside the tent, and once more withdrew to the scene of the disaster. This time they carried a pick and shovel and the canvas with which formerly they had been wont to cover the pack on Gentle Annie. And when the grave was ready they gathered up their victim, removed from his pockets a jackknife, four dollars and ten cents in silver, a folding pocket comb and a plug of chewing tobacco, wrapped him in the canvas and laid him in the grave.

Then Long Shorty went back to the camp and knocked on the tent pole.

TO BE CONCLUDED

A RESERVED SEAT

(Continued from Page 10)

Contrariwise, I could see how shells from the enemy crossed those shells in the air and curved downward to scatter their loads among the Germans. In the midst of all this would come a sharp, spattering sound, as though hail in the midst of the thunder shower had fallen on a tin roof: and that, I learned, meant infantry firing in a trench somewhere.

For a while I watched some German soldiers moving forward through a criss-cross of trenches; I took them to be fresh men going in to relieve other men who had seen a period of service under fire. At first they suggested moles crawling through plow furrows; then, as they progressed onward, they shrank to the smallness of gray grubworms, advancing one behind another.

My eye strayed beyond them a fair distance and fell on a row of tiny scarlet dots, like cochineal bugs, showing minutely but clearly against the green-yellow face of a ridgy field well inside the forward batteries of the French and English.

At that same instant the lieutenant must have seen the crawling red line too. He pointed to it.

"Frenchmen," he said; "French infantrymen's trousers. One cannot make out their coats, but their red trousers show as they wriggle forward on their faces."

Better than ever before I realized the idiocy of sending men to fight in garments that make vivid targets of them.

My companion may have come up for pleasure, but if business obtruded itself on him he did not neglect it. He bent to his telephone and spoke briskly into it. He used German, but, after a fashion, I made out what he said. He was directing the attention of somebody to the activities of those red trousers.

I intended to see what would follow on this, but at this precise moment a sufficiently interesting occurrence came to pass at a place within much clearer eyerange.

The gray grubworms had shoved ahead until they were gray ants; and now all the ants concentrated into a swarm and, leaving the trenches, began to move in a slanting direction toward a patch of woods far over to our left. Some of them, I think, got there, some of them did not. Certain puffballs of white smoke, and one big smudge of black smoke, which last signified a bomb of high explosives, broke over them and among them, hiding all from sight for a space of seconds. Dust clouds succeeded the smoke; then the dust lifted slowly. Those ants were not to be seen. They had altogether vanished. It was as though an anteater had come forth invisibly and eaten them all up.

Back to Earth Again

Marveling at this phenomenon and unable to convince myself that I had seen men destroyed, and not insects, I turned my head south again to watch the red ladybugs in the field. Lo! They were gone too! Either they had reached shelter or a painful thing had befallen them.

The telephone spoke a brisk warning. I think it made a clicking sound. I am sure it did not ring; but in any event it called attention to itself. The other man clapped his ear to the receiver and took the word that came up the dangling wire, and snapped back an answer.

"I think we should return at once," he said to me over his shoulder. "Are you sufficiently wearied?"

I was not sufficiently wearied—I wasn't wearied at all—but he was the captain of the ship and I was not even paying for my passage.

The car jerked beneath our unsteady feet and heeled over, and I had the sensation of being in an elevator that has started downward suddenly, and at an angle to boot. The balloon resisted the pressure from below. It curled up its tail like a fat bumblebee trying to sting, and the guy ropes, to which I held with both hands, snapped in imitation of the rigging of a sailboat in a fair breeze.

Plainly the balloon wished to remain where it was or go farther; but the pull of the cable was steady and hard, and the world began to rise up to meet us. Nearing the earth it struck me that we were making a remarkably speedy return. I craned my neck to get a view of what was directly beneath.

The six-horse team was advancing toward us at a brisk canter and the drum turned fast, taking up the slack of the tether; but, as though not satisfied with this rate of progress, several soldiers were running back and jumping up to haul in the rope. The sergeant who took care of the telephone was hard put to it to coil down the twin wires. He skittered about over the grass with the liveliness of a cricket.

Chased by a French Flyer

Many soiled hands grasped the floor of our hamper and eased the jar of its contact with the earth. Those same hands had redraped the rim with sandbags, and had helped us to clamber out from between the stay ropes, when up came the young captain who spelled the lieutenant as an aerial spy. He came at a run. Between the two of them ensued a sharp interchange of short German sentences. I gathered the sense of what passed.

"I don't see it now," said, in effect, my late traveling mate, staring skyward and turning his head.

"Nor do I," answered the captain. "I thought it was yonder." He flirted a thumb backward and upward over his shoulder.

"Are you sure you saw it?"

"No, not sure," said the captain. "I called you down at the first alarm, and right after that it disappeared, I think; but I shall make sure."

He snapped an order to the soldiers and vaulted nimbly into the basket. The horses turned about and moved off and the balloon rose. As for the lieutenant, he spun round and ran toward the edge of the field, fumbling at his belt for his private field glasses as he ran. Wondering what all this pother was about—though I had a vague idea regarding its meaning—I watched the ascent.

I should say the bag had reached a height of five hundred feet when, behind me, a hundred yards or so away, a soldier shrieked out excitedly. Farther along another voice took up the outcry. From every side of the field came shouts. The field was ringed with clamor. It dawned on me that this spot was even more efficiently guarded than I had conceived it to be.

The driver of the wagon swung his lumbering team about with all the strength of his arms, and back again came the six horses, galloping now. So thickly massed were the men who snatched at the cable, and so eagerly did they grab for it, that the simile of a hot handball scrimmage flashed into my thoughts. I will venture that balloon never did a faster homing job than it did then.

Fifty men were pointing aloft now, all of them crying out as they pointed:

"Flyer! French flyer!"

I saw it. It was a monoplane. It had, I judged, just emerged from a cloudbank to the southward. It was heading directly toward our field. It was high up—so high up that I felt momentarily amazed that all those Germans could distinguish it as a French flyer rather than as an English flyer at that distance.

As I looked, and as all of us looked, the balloon basket hit the earth and was made fast; and in that same instant a cannon boomed somewhere well over to the right. Even as Captain von Theobald sung out to us that this was the balloon cannon in the German aviation field back of the town

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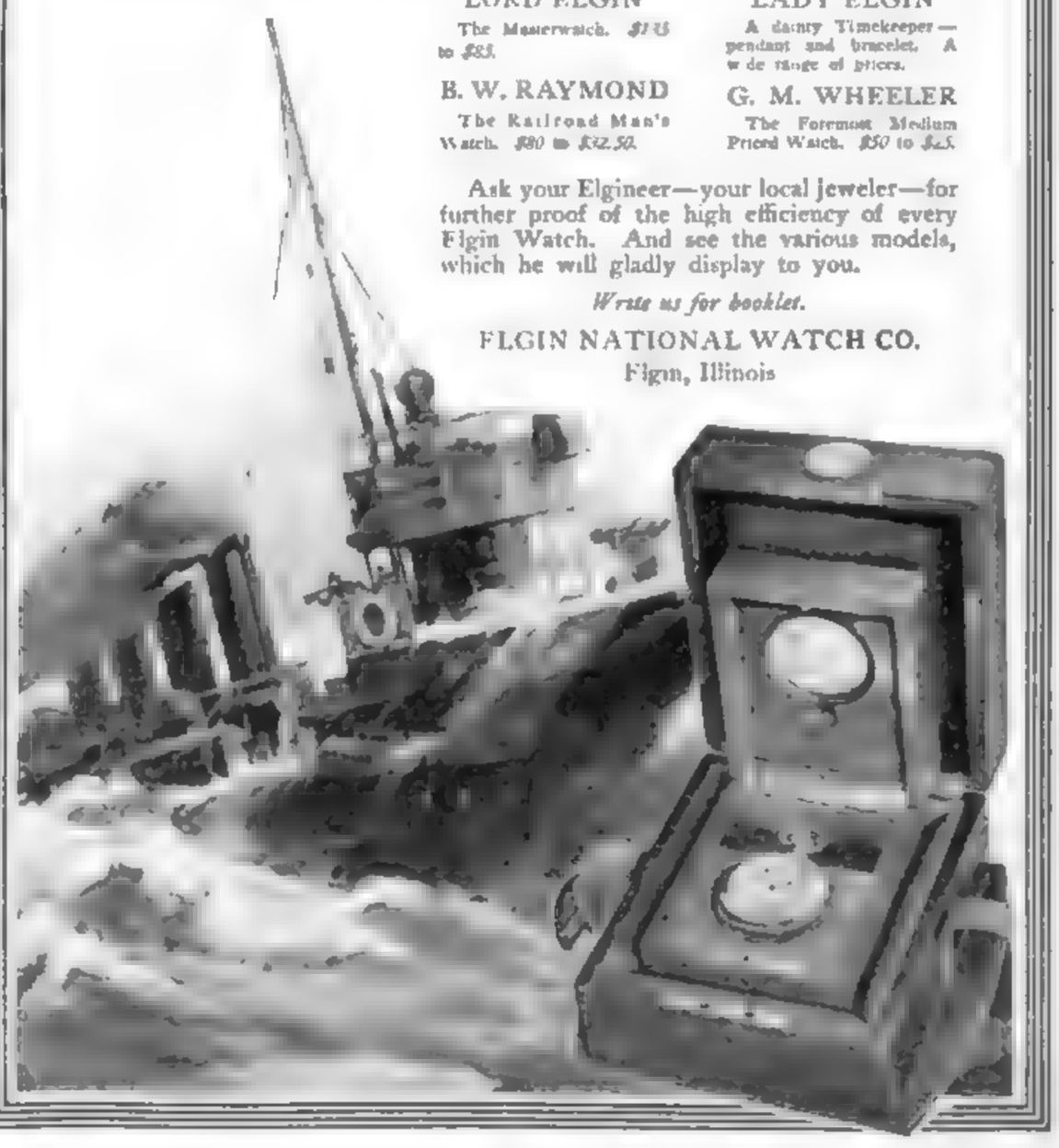

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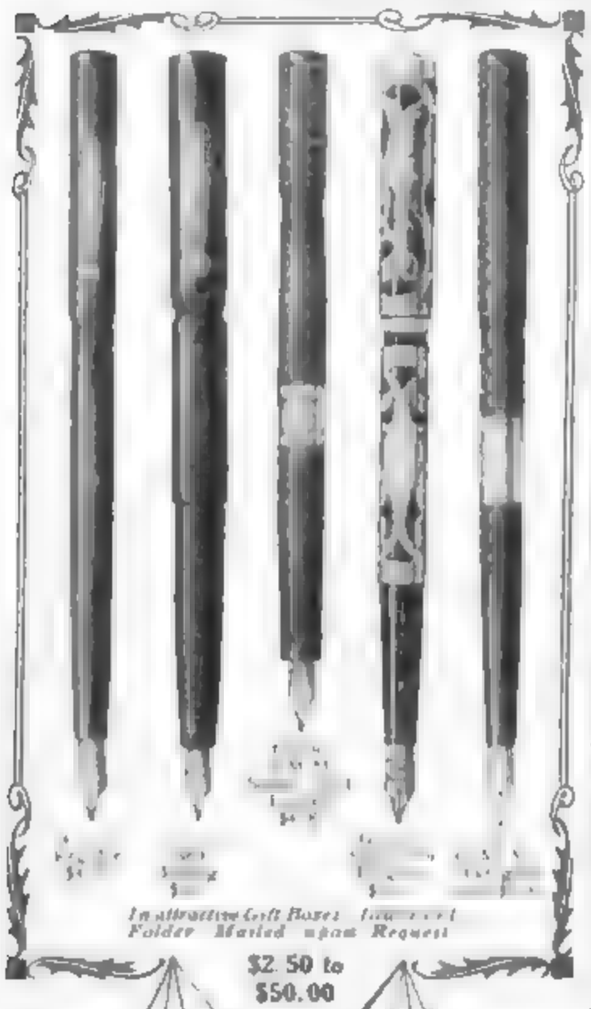
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opening up, a tiny ball of smoke appeared against the sky, seemingly quite close to the darting flyer, and blossomed out with downy, dainty white petals, like a flower.

The monoplane veered, wheeled and began to drive in a wriggling, twisting course. The balloon cannon spoke again. Four miles away, to the eastward, its fellow in another aviation camp let go, and the sound of its discharge came to us faintly but distinctly. Another smoke flower unfolded in the heavens, somewhat below the darting airship.

Both guns were in action now. Each fired at six-second intervals. All about the flitting target the smokeballs burst—above it, below it, to this side of it and to that. They polka-dotted the heavens in the area through which the Frenchman scudded. They looked like a bed of white water lilies and he like a black dragonfly skimming among the lilies. It was a pretty sight and as thrilling as I have ever seen.

I cannot analyze my emotions as I viewed the spectacle, let alone try to set them down on paper. Alongside of this, big-game hunting was a commonplace thing, for this was big-game hunting of a magnificent kind, new to the world—revolving cannon, with a range of from seven to eight thousand feet, trying to bring down a human being out of the very clouds.

He ran for his life. Once I thought they had him. A shell burst seemingly quite close to him, and his machine dipped far to one side and dropped through space at that angle for some hundreds of feet apparently.

A yell of exultation rose from the watching Germans, who knew that an explosion close to an aëroplane is often sufficient, through the force of air concussion alone, to crumple the flimsy wings and bring it down, even though none of the flying shrapnel from the bursting bomb actually touch the operator or the machine.

However, they whooped their joy too soon. The flyer righted, rose, darted confusingly to the right, then to the left, and then bored straight into a woolly white cloudrack and was gone. The moment it disappeared the two balloon cannon ceased firing; and I, taking stock of my own sensations, found myself quivering all over and quite hoarse.

Ambushed in a Cloud

I must have done some yelling myself; but whether I rooted for the flyer to get away safely or for the cannon to hit him, I cannot for the life of me say. I can only trust that I preserved my neutrality and rooted for both.

Subsequently I decided in my own mind that from within the Allies' lines the Frenchman saw us—meaning the lieutenant and myself—in the air, and came forth with intent to bombard us from on high; that, seeing us descend, he hid in a cloud ambush, venturing out once more, with his purpose renewed, when the balloon reascended, bearing the captain. I liked to entertain that idea, because it gave me a feeling of having shared to some degree in a big adventure.

As for the captain and the lieutenant, they advanced no theories whatever. The thing was all in the day's work to them. It had happened before. I have no doubt it has happened many times since.

After that, what followed was in the nature of an anticlimax—was bound to be anticlimactic. And yet the remainder of the afternoon was not without action. Not an hour later, as we stood in a battery of ten-centimeter guns—guns I had seen in operation from my lofty gallery seat—another flyer, or possibly the same one again, appeared in the sky, coming now in a long, swinging sweep from the southwest, and making apparently for the very spot where our party had stationed itself to watch the trim little ten-centimeters perform.

It had already dropped some form of deadly souvenir we judged, as we saw a jet of black smoke go geysering up from a woodland where a German corps commander had his headquarters, just after the airship passed over that particular patch of timber. As it swirled down the wind in our direction the vigilant balloon guns again got its range, and, to the throbbing tune of their twin boomings, it ducked and dodged away, executing irregular and hurried upward spirals until the cloudfleece swallowed it up.

The driver of that monoplane was a persistent chap. I am inclined to believe he was the selfsame aviator who ventured well inside the German lines the following morning. While at breakfast in the prefecture at Laon we heard the cannoneer-sharpshooters when they opened on him; and as we ran to the windows we Americans, I mean, the German officers breakfasting with us remaining to finish their coffee—we saw a colonel, whom we had met the night before, sitting on a bench in the old prefecture flower garden and looking up into the skies through the glasses that every German officer, of whatsoever degree, carries with him at all times.

He looked and looked; then he lowered his glasses and put them back into their case, and took up the book he had been reading.

"He got away again," said the colonel regretfully, seeing us at the window. "Plucky fellow, that! I hope we kill him soon. The airmen say he is a Frenchman, but my guess is that he is English." And then he went on reading.

Getting back to the afternoon before, I must add that it was not a bomb which the flying man threw into the edge of the woods. He had a surprise for his German adversaries that day.

Deadly Darts From on High

Soon after we left the stand of ten-centimeter guns a civilian Red Cross man halted our machines to show us a new device for killing men. It was a steel dart, of the length and thickness of a fountain pen, and of much the same aspect. It was pointed like a needle at one end, and at the other was fashioned into a tidy rudder arrangement, the purpose of this being to hold it upright—point downward—as it descended. It was an innocent-looking device—that dart; but it was deadlier than it seemed.

"That flyer at whom our guns were firing a while ago dropped this," explained the civilian. "He pitched out a bomb that must have contained hundreds of these darts; and the bomb was timed to explode a thousand or more feet above the earth and scatter the darts. Some of them fell into a cavalry troop on the road leading to La Fère.

"Hurt anyone? *Ach*, but yes! Hurt many and killed several—both men and horses. One dart hit a trooper on top of his head. It went through his helmet, through his skull, his brain, his neck, his body, his leg—all the way through him lengthwise it went. It came out of his leg, split open his horse's flank, and stuck in the hard road.

"I myself saw the man afterward. He died so quickly that his hand still held his bridle rein after he fell from the saddle; and the horse dragged him—his corpse, rather—many feet before the fingers relaxed."

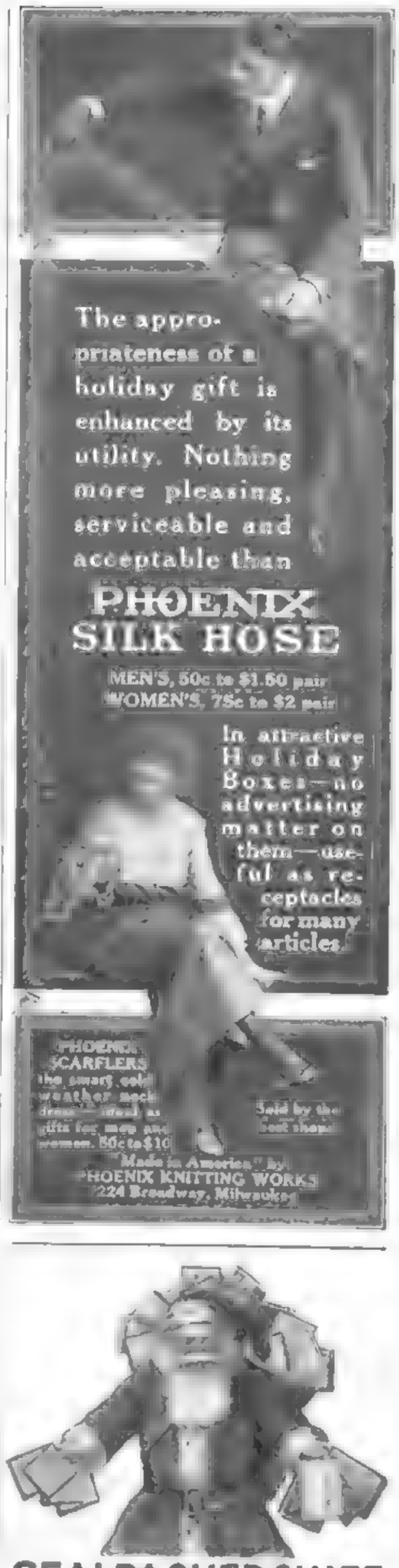
The officers who were with us were tremendously interested—not interested, mind you, in the death of that trooper, spitted from the heavens by a steel pencil, but interested in the thing that had done the work. It was the first dart they had seen. Indeed, I think until then this weapon had not been used against the Germans in this particular area of the western theater of war. These officers passed it about, fingering it in turn, and commenting on the design of it and the possibilities of its use.

"Typically French," the senior of them said at length, handing it back to its owner, the Red Cross man—"a very clever idea too; but it might be bettered, I think." He pondered a moment, then added, with the racial complacence that belongs to a German military man when he considers military matters: "No doubt we shall adopt the notion; but we'll improve on the pattern and the method of discharging it. The French usually lead the way in aërial inventions, but the Germans invariably perfect them."

That day wound up and rounded out most fittingly with a trip eastward along the lines to the German siege investments in front of Rheims. We ran for a while through damaged French hamlets, each with its soldier garrison to make up for the inhabitants who had fled; and then, a little later, through a less well-populated district.

In the fields, for long stretches, nothing stirred except pheasants, feeding on the neglected grain, and big, noisy magpies. The roads were empty, too, except that there were wrecked shells of automobiles and bloated carcasses of dead troop horses.

When the Germans, in their campaigning, smash up an automobile—and traveling at the rate they do there must be many smashed—they capsize it at the roadside,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strip it of its tires, draw off the precious gasoline, pour oil over it and touch a match to it. What remains offers no salvage to friend, or enemy either.

The horses rot where they drop unless the country people choose to put the bodies underground. We counted the charred cadavers of fifteen automobiles and twice as many dead horses during that ride. The smell of horseflesh spoiled the good air. When passing through a wood the smell was always heavier. We hoped it was only dead horses we smelled there.

Where there has been fighting in France or Belgium, almost any thicket will give up hideously grisly secrets to the man who goes searching there. Men sorely wounded in the open share one trait at least with the lower animals. The stricken creature—either man or beast—dreads to lie and die in the naked field. It drags itself in among the trees if it has the strength.

I believe every woodland in Northern France is a poison place, and will be so until the freezing of winter seals up its abominations under ice and frost.

Nearing Rheims we turned into a splendid straight highway bordered by trees, where the late afternoon sunlight filtered through the dead leaves, which still hung from the boughs and dappled the yellow road with black patches, until it made you think of jaguar pelts.

Midway of our course here we met troops moving toward us in force. First, as usual, came scouts on bicycles and motorcycles. One young chap had woven sheaves of dahlias and red peonies into the frame of his wheel, and through the clump of quivering blossoms the barrel of his rifle showed, like a blacksnake in a bouquet. He told us that troops were coming behind, going to the extreme right wing—a good many thousands of troops, he thought.

Ordinarily uhlans would have followed behind the bicycle men, but this time a regiment of Brunswick Hussars formed the advance guard, riding four abreast and making a fine show, what with their laced gray jackets and their lanes of nodding lances, and their tall woolly buskies, each with its grinning brass death's-head set into the front of it.

The Plaint of the Hungry Hussar

There was a blithe young officer who insisted on wheeling out of the line and halting us, and passing the time of day with us. I imagine he wanted to exercise his small stock of English words. Well, it needed the exercise. The skull-and-bones poison label on his cap made a wondrous contrast with the smiling eyes and the long, humorous, wrinkled-up nose below it.

"A miserable country," he said, with a sweep of his arm which comprehended all Northwestern Europe, from the German border to the sea—"so little there is to eat! My belly—she is mostly empty always. But on the yesterday I have the much great fortune. I buy me a swine—what you call him?—a pork? Ah, yes, a pig. I buy me a pig. He is a living pig; very noisy, as you say—very loud. I bring him twenty meters in an automobile, and all the time he struggle to be free; and he cry out all the time. It is very droll—not? me and the living pig, which ride, both together, twenty meters!"

We took some letters from him to his mother and sweetheart, to be mailed when we got back on German soil; and he spurred on, beaming back at us and waving his free hand over his head.

For half an hour or so we, traveling rapidly, passed the column, which was made up of cavalry, artillery and baggage trains. I suppose the infantry was going by another road. The dragoons sang German marching songs as they rode by, but the artillerymen were a dour and silent lot for the most part. Repeatedly I have noticed that the men who work the big German guns are rarely so cheerful as the men who belong to the other wings of the service; certainly it was true in this instance.

We halted two miles north of Rheims in the front line of the German works. Here was a little shattered village; its name, I believe, was Brimont. And here, also, commanding the road, stood a ruined fortress of an obsolete last-century pattern. Shellfire had battered it into a gruel of shattered red masonry; but German officers were camped within its more habitable portions, and light guns were mounted in the moat.

The trees thereabout had been mowed down by the French artillery from within

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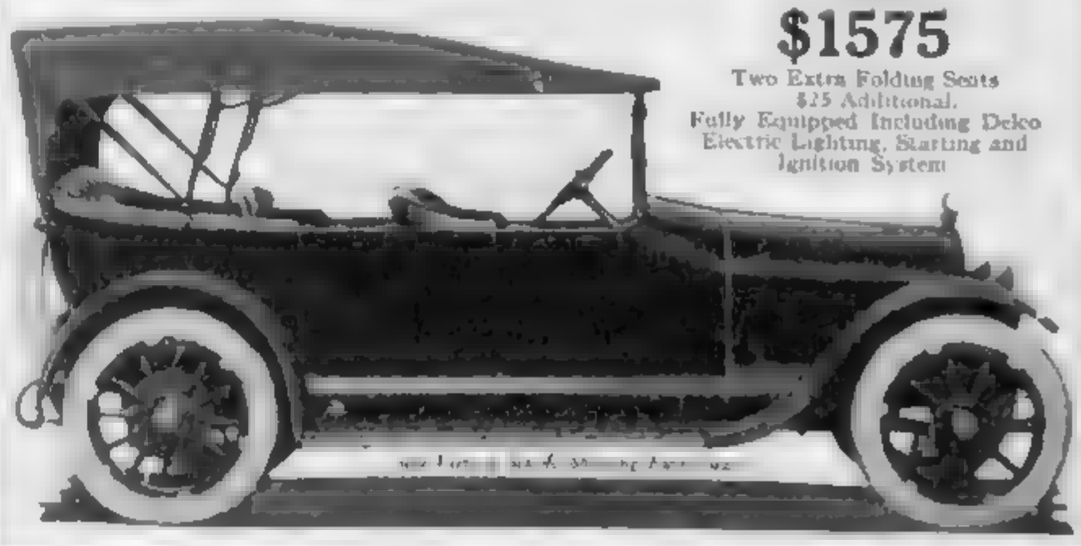

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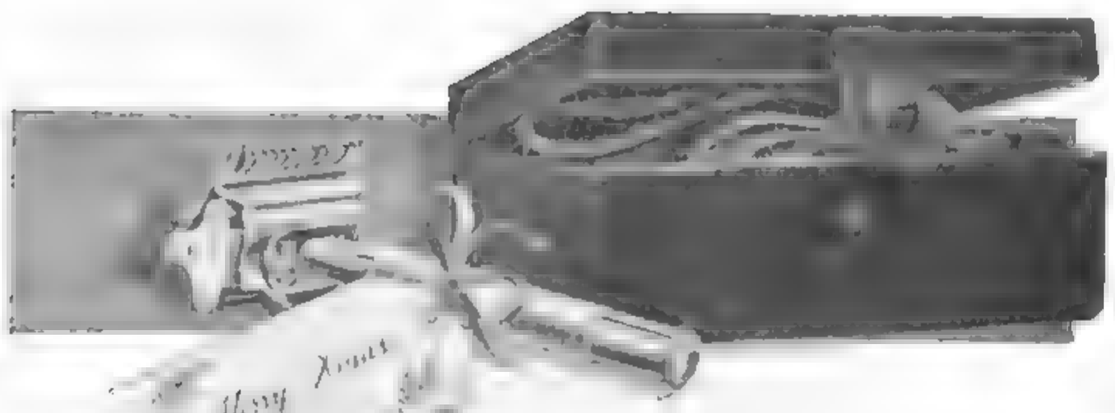

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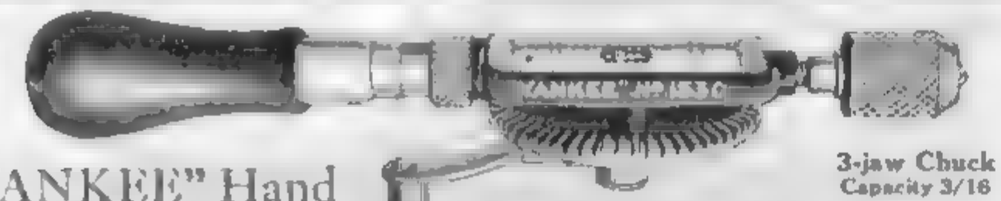

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the city, so that the highway was littered with their tops. Also, the explosives had dug big gouges in the earth. Wherever you looked you saw that the soil was full of small, ragged craters. Shrapnel was dropping intermittently in the vicinity; therefore we left our cars behind the shelter of the ancient fort and proceeded cautiously afoot until we reached the frontmost trenches.

Evidently the Germans counted on staying there a good while. The men had dug out caves in the walls of the trenches, bedding them with straw and fitting them with doors taken from the wreckage of the houses of the village.

We inspected one of these shelters. It had earthen walls and a sod roof, fairly water-tight, and a green window shutter to rest against the entrance for a windbreak. Six men slept here, and the wag of the squad had taken chalk and lettered the words "Kaiserhof Café" on the shutter.

The trenches were from seven to eight feet deep; but by climbing up into the little scarps of the sharpshooters and resting our elbows in niches in the earth, meantime keeping our heads down to escape the attentions of certain Frenchmen who were reported to be in a wood half a mile away, we could, with the aid of our glasses, make out the buildings in Rheims, some of which were then on fire—particularly the great Cathedral.

Viewed from that distance it did not appear to be badly damaged.

Already during that week, from many sources, we had heard the Germans' version of the shelling of Rheims Cathedral, their claim being that they purposely spared the pile from the bombardment until they found the defenders had signal men in the towers; that twice they sent officers, under flags of truce, to urge the French to withdraw their signalers; and only fired on the building when both these warnings had been disregarded, ceasing to fire as soon as they had driven the enemy from the towers.

I do not vouch for this story; but we heard it very frequently. Now, from one of the young officers who had escorted us into the trench, we were hearing it all over again, with elaborations, when a shrapnel shell from the town dropped and burst not far behind us, and rifle bullets began to plump into the earthen bank a little to the right of us; so we straightway came away from there.

We were noncombatants and nowise concerned in the existing controversy; but we remembered the plaintive words of the Chinese Minister at Brussels when he called on our Minister—Brand Whitlock—to ascertain what Whitlock would advise doing in case the advancing Germans fired on the city. Whitlock suggested to his Oriental brother that he retire to his official residence and hoist the flag of his country over it, thereby making it neutral and protected territory.

"But, Mister Whitlock," murmured the puzzled Chinaman, "the cannon—he has no eyes!"

We rode back to Laon through the falling dusk. The western sky was all a deep saffron pink—the color of a salmon's flesh—and we could hear the constant blaspheming of the big siege guns, taking up the evening cannonade along the center.

Pretty soon we caught up with the column that was headed for the right wing. At that hour it was still in motion, which probably meant forced marching for an indefinite time. Viewed against the sunset yellow, the figures of the dragoons stood up black and clean, as conventionalized and regular as though they had all been stenciled on that background.

Seeing next the round, spiked helmets of the cannoneers outlined in that weird half-light, I knew of what those bobbing heads reminded me. They were like pictures of Roman centurions.

Within a few minutes the afterglow had lost its yellowish tone and burned as a deep red flare. As we turned off into a side road the columns were headed right into that redness. It was as though they marched into a fiery furnace, treading the crimson paths of glory—which are not glorious and probably never were, but which lead most unerringly to the grave.

A week later, when we learned what had happened on the right wing, and of how the Germans had fared there under the battering of the Allies, the thought of that open furnace door came back to me. I think of it yet—often.

THE WOMEN OF FRANCE

(Continued from Page 12)

This is not the whole story of the situation. There are no *ouvroirs* in the poorest districts of Paris. The women there are not trained to the politer trade of dressmaking. There are no clerks nor lady's maids among them. They are the women who adopt the profession of ragpicking in times of peace. My impression is that the dickens will be to pay later on in these more wretched sections if the war lasts even a few months longer. The women who go about these streets now with whiskers already growing on their chins, and babies wrapped in their shawls, are the same women who in times past stormed the palace of a king.

One side of the women's part in every war is their service at the bedsides of the wounded soldiers. Paris is now a city of hospitals, and every hospital is filled with women ministering to wounded men. In the afternoon, between the hours of two and four, every hospital in Paris is visited by a procession of women carrying fruits, cigarettes and flowers to the soldiers.

There is an old mansion in the Rue de la Chaise, built in the reign of Louis XIV by the Marquis de Vaudreuil, the last French Governor of Canada. Long afterward it became the home of Napoleon's sister, Elisa Bonaparte. Then it was a convent. Fifteen years ago the Dominicans added a chapel. In recent years it has been a private hospital, and since this war began it has been the Canadian hospital supported by the readers of a Montreal newspaper.

It was in this place that I came face to face for the first time with the red crime of war. We entered the chapel, one evening just at nightfall, where fifty men lay in a double row of cots—Frenchmen, Turco-French, Arabs and English, all desperately wounded. Most of them wore the clothes they had fought in. Some had lost a leg, others an arm. Some had terrible wounds in their bodies.

So they lay, watching the white-turbaned nurses moving back and forth. Not a groan, only here and there a livid face drawn with pain. One had lain, with his leg nearly off, five days upon the battlefield without food before he managed to attract the attention of a wandering sheep dog. The dog took in the situation and ran back to his master, who brought the man in. Near the middle of the ward an Arab lay with closed eyes. He was a Mohammedan who must eat the food of Christians. He could not understand a word that was said to him nor convey a single wish except by signs. The point was that he was past wishing. As we bent over his bed he looked at us as from an infinite distance, through centuries of pain and silence. What had he to do with all this? He did not know. Yet he also was about to die for France.

It is incredible that one should stand in such a place, surrounded by mutilated men in the prime of their youth and strength, without realizing that war is a ferocious form of insanity. Nothing can justify it. But such ideas are abhorrent to France in her present mood. I suppose they would be to any nation, even to the women of it. Certainly I did not hear a single woman in that place express regret or pity, but only admiration and praise, as we moved about between the beds distributing gifts. And these soldiers did deserve all praise. But I doubt if the world will ever again approve a system of settlement that lays men low like this.

The thing that has impressed me most as I have gone from one hospital to another is the patience of these victims; the absence of all weakness and complaints. They are still soldiers with incredible endurance. A man with no legs will look up cheerfully at you and say with smiling satisfaction: "The pain is almost gone out of my feet to-day." Not a shadow on his face to indicate that he has gazed into the crystal of the awful years to come.

Yesterday as I was distributing fruit to the soldiers in the British Hospital—which was the fashionable Astoria Hotel—I saw a shape lying upon a bed on the opposite side of the ward, an object resembling the head and face of a man upon the pillow, wrapped

(Continued on Page 36)

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(Continued from Page 34

in cotton, with only holes for the eyes, nose and mouth. The thing moved. It lifted a hand swathed in bandages and stained with blood. But there was no mistaking the awful signal it made, imperative and reenforced by hoarse sounds resembling the remains of a voice. I obeyed. And as I drew near I saw two large blue eyes, clear summer skies, regarding me from beneath the cotton.

"Have you got a banana?" came the same voice through lips that could not move, burned beyond recognition as a human mouth.

I hesitated. I did indeed have some bananas, which I had been going to give the convalescents, but the idea of letting a man eat such an indigestible fruit, who had practically lost all of his face except his wonderful eyes, seemed doubtful.

"If you've got one do give it to him," said an orderly behind me. "He's been begging for bananas for a week."

I made haste to feed him, for he could not feed himself. I peeled the banana and poked it an inch at a time through the hole in the cotton above his mouth. The business was finished in about half a minute. Nothing was said between us, except that I promised to bring a bagful for him next time. This man had all the skin burned from his face, breast and hands by the explosion of a shell in a kettle of water he was boiling to make tea. It is needless to add that he was an Englishman. The only thing he had complained of was that the women never brought bananas when they came to visit the hospital.

These wards have their comedies connected with their frightful tragedies. A young lad, not quite seventeen years old, lies in the bed next to the man with the burned face. He lost one leg in the battle of the Aisne. When the pain left him he felt the need of diversion. He was very weak, sadly depressed, and being a French boy he could not long endure that. One day he begged the nurse to give him a little wine. Being very sorry for him she granted the request. A few minutes later another nurse came in. The same plea, with the same success. He had a third glass of wine—and so on with each nurse who came by, not one of them knowing that he had already been refreshed.

A Naughty Young Cherub

When the sixth one entered she was amazed to hear him shout with joy. He had reached the proper altitude of spirit. He had the legs of a centipede.

"What on earth is the matter?" she exclaimed.

"I'm happy, gloriously happy!" shouted the boy.

"You are intoxicated, and the Cardinal of Paris is just coming to visit the ward," she answered in despair.

"Hang the Cardinal of Paris!" giggled the boy.

At this moment the Cardinal did enter. The boy lay back upon his pillow, radiantly flushed, watching the great man as he walked down between the rows of beds. Presently the Cardinal caught sight of the young unregenerate hero.

"What a beautiful boy! He looks like a cherub," he whispered to the outraged nurse.

Then he came across, bent low, kissed the boy's brow and took particular pains to bless him, while the ward held its breath, and the young rogue, suddenly sobered, received the benediction like a good Catholic.

In one of the upper rooms of this hospital I came upon an Irishman who must be a descendant of Sterne's famous Tristram Shandy. He was lying upon his cot, fully clothed in his khaki uniform. When I offered him some grapes he became confidential. He held up his metal cigarette case, which, he told me, he always carried in his breeches pocket. There was a hole through it, made by the bullet which also went through the Irishman.

"Wanter see where she came out of me?" he asked.

Before I could make up my mind about that he elevated himself to his knees, flirted over on his face, reached one hand back and poked a grimy finger into a hole in his trousers.

"And then," he exclaimed as he reversed himself, "she went through my water bottle. I was glad of that, for I knew she was out of me."

"Must have been a busy bullet," was all I could think of to say.

The Women's Hospital is in the Claridge Hotel, a magnificent building which was to have been opened to American tourists this fall. This hospital has a unique history. The head of it is Dr. Flora Murray, an ardent militant suffragist who was formerly physician to the "mice" when the militants were imprisoned and forcibly fed in England. At the beginning of hostilities she wisely avoided the British War Office and offered her services directly to the French Government. She has equipped one of the best hospitals in Paris. The surgeons, nurses and even the orderlies are all women. Only two or three men are employed, in menial positions. The work has been accomplished with such notable success as finally to win the approval of the British authorities. A feature of this hospital is a mortuary chapel.

"The mortality, you know, is very great," said Doctor Murray as she conducted me to the chapel. The room was flooded with subdued light and filled with flowers, and before the altar a flag-covered platform stood ready to receive the dead.

We hear much less in Paris than in London about German atrocities. But in one of the hospitals in the Champs Elysées there are three women and a little girl lying at the point of death, mangled by German shells. One has lost a leg, one an arm, one has a shattered spine, and the girl has half of her right foot torn off. This happened in a village near Rheims where many women and children were killed.

We heard in London that there has been a renaissance of religious faith in France since the beginning of the war. This was interesting, if true.

High Mass at the Madeleine

Still, a nation may have one soul in times of peace and quite another soul in times of war. For it is very difficult to preserve one's salvation with the most eloquent rationalism when cannons are blowing the breath of death across the land. Therefore, I went to high mass at the Madeleine on Sunday, where the scenes of the Christian faith are set with splendor.

As we approached the church I heard a roar in the heavens above—a queer sound, not of wings, but of a powerful motor. Instantly every face was lifted, and we saw the wide white flat wings of an aeroplane circling above the green roof of the Madeleine. On Sundays the Germans send their *Taubes* to drop bombs in Paris. This was one of three or four French airships which flew all day above the city to guard it from these fierce doves of the Kaiser's War God.

The church was crowded with old men and with women of every age. They were the fathers and mothers and wives of the French soldiers. Hundreds of candles burned before altars on both sides—the little short tapers of the poor and the very tall tapers placed there by the rich who could afford to spend more. But those tiny candles, many of them not more than two or three inches in height, they must have seemed more eloquent to the prayer-lifting angels.

Censers swung, the air was filled with smoking incense as the mass went on, the evidence of a piety deeply rooted in the hearts of these poor parents, these forlorn young wives and maidens, who could not save but could only pray for their sons and lovers. Still, one could see at a glance that these people did not represent the strength of France, but her weakness. They were the helpless ones, protected by men who were not praying but fighting and dying for France. So above the chanting of the priests and the sweet high tenor of the choir boys and the deep organ Amens I imagined that I could hear the whir and roar of that motor-bodied thing flying to and fro above the church. Instead of the ancient Angel of the Covenant this airship kept watch over that place. And I think after all this winged gun is more typical of the real faith of France at this moment than the priests and candles and kneeling people before the altars in the church below.

God is God and He is the maker of peace, not of war. I doubt if He has anything to do with this carnage, except to end it. And the laws of Nature and health which He has provided are already at work in that direction. One cannot drop shells upon cholera, or tetanus, or typhoid. These agents are busy in the trenches of both armies; and no science of war is equal to them. Give them time and they will conquer both armies.

However, there is no way to avoid faith. To believe in men is not so far from believing

in God. It is a kind of limited but strong anthropomorphic faith in Him. And these people, especially the women, do believe in their men. One is impressed with the difference in the quality of their patriotism and the patriotism of the English women in this crisis. The latter do indeed believe in the courage of their soldiers. But over and above that they have a fanatical faith to the effect that England is inviolate, that no enemy can invade her whose sacred shores have not felt the tread of a foe since the days of William the Conqueror.

On the other hand, the French women know that forty-odd years ago this same enemy laid low the lilies of France. Yet with a valor scarcely less heroic than that of their men in the trenches they are confident of victory, and they are ready to endure the terrific losses which are the price paid for such victories. This is their piety. It has all the features of a great creed—sacrifice, charity, courage and faith.

The Highest of All Arts

Religion is the art of the soul. It is the power of illusion through which men lift themselves to behold the substance of things unseen, the evidence of things hoped for. The French people interpret this war in the terms of their own temperament, which is emotional and artistic—that is to say, religious. But their conceit is to avoid the vocabulary of piety and to translate their emotions in the more familiar one of art. Hanotaux, the famous French historian, calls war "the highest of all arts," meaning that the material used in it is the finest, most delicate and inspiring of all materials—man. To mold a million men into an invincible force is the highest expression of art.

However, it is the immaterial part, this material. It is the spirit, not the flesh and blood, of these soldiers which neither shot nor shell of the Germans can conquer, which lives with ever-increasing strength in spite of the terrors of death.

The one absolute certainty is that this "highest art" is the most destructive of all. It beggars every other art, burns cathedrals, makes stables of universities, reaps the manhood of a nation like grass, insures disease and desolation in exchange for peace and plenty. That which remains of it at the end of a century is a history, a few monuments, a generation impoverished and stunted in mind and body by the blood that was lost.

That is one of the reasonable arguments against this "highest art"; but I doubt if the people of a neutral nation like ours can withstand the convincing eloquence of an address given by René Doumic at the opening of the Institute on October the twenty-sixth. It is the first epic I have seen worthy of the hour in France. He calls it "The Soldier of 1914," and amongst other things says:

"War exalts the soul, widens it, purifies it. At the approach of a battlefield a sacred intoxication, a joy of saints, seizes hold of those to whom has been reserved the supreme joy of braving death for the country."

It is said that a million people fled from Paris during those fearful days when the Germans were so near that the thunder of their guns was heard here. When I wrote the first paragraphs of this story they were still absent. One night we heard an uproar in the streets. The next morning the streets were crowded with people. I will not go so far as to say that they all came home in the same hour, but certainly the change within twenty-four hours has been miraculous. The boulevards are filled with such dense throngs that it is difficult to move backward or forward in them. The cabs and taxis are in a violent commotion. Cafés that have been closed since the first days of August are opened, and the old garçons no longer have the leisure to stand by each guest and discourse upon the glories of France. The shops are crowded, the only difference being that no one can buy very fine things in them, for the things displayed are very drear, mostly black—cheap black frocks and woeful black hats with long veils. There is none of the "smart mourning" which we associate with the widows of Paris, and more particularly with the widows in America.

I heard one woman say: "It is strange not to be thinking of what we shall wear this winter."

They know. It will be either their last winter's frocks altered, or these cheap black clothes.

The daughter of the famous French scientist, Pasteur, is directing the *ouvroir* just opened in connection with the Institute. This will probably be the fashionable dressmaking establishment in Paris this winter, for we shall have no Aphrodite-rising-from-the-sea fashions in Paris this year.

The people have indeed come home, but they are changed, as if they had been converted. They still have their ears to the ground, listening. The Germans are checked, but they are still on the soil of France. Their bombs are still falling on the city of Rheims.

This is no time to be gay, and they are serious, going in all directions, looking at everything, not with the eyes of tourists, but like a great family that has come home after a terrible experience and wishes to behold with the sense of possession the churches and altars, the arches and towers and galleries and monuments of its beloved city.

If it is a mood, it is at least a mood becoming to a people that has suffered much and barely escaped the worst.

We hear that the military governor of Paris is very much displeased because so many people have returned. This is the only intimation we have of what is going on. There is literally no news here of the war, only the most meager details of what happens at the front, and not even that until it is three days old.

The most significant thing I have heard was from a physician at the head of one of the hospitals. I remarked upon the few patients in a place which could accommodate hundreds.

"Yes," was the answer, "the wounded we have are going out rapidly now as convalescents; but we have been warned to prepare for as many as we can take within ten days."

The fighting is now on the coast, too far away for the wounded to be brought here. But in ten days! That must mean that the scenes are to be shifted nearer, and the women of Paris must be ready to receive their dead and wounded here.

Making Gas Safe

HOW to render gasoline fumes practically harmless is one of the great problems to-day, when gasoline cars and engines for all kinds of uses are spitting out vast quantities of exhaust gas. There is good reason to hope that a practical remedy will be found before long. Already one partial cure has been discovered.

In blasting out the great Mount Royal Tunnel, at Montreal, the railroad engineers thought they had found a remedy for gasoline fumes that would make possible the use of gasoline engines for hauling out rock as the tunnel heading advanced. The deadly feature of gasoline exhaust fumes is carbon-monoxide gas. A very little of this is dangerous. One cubic foot of carbon-monoxide gas in a thousand cubic feet of air is very serious.

The exhaust contains a considerable proportion of this deadly gas. The exhaust also has a large percentage of carbon-dioxide gas, which is comparatively harmless. The most dangerous thing about carbon-dioxide gas is that its presence in unduly large quantities means that the air is low in oxygen and so may not have sufficient for safety.

Accordingly the engineers of the tunnel tried to turn the carbon-monoxide gas into the comparatively safe carbon-dioxide gas by passing the exhaust over lime. Their scheme was sound theoretically, but did not work completely. Part of the harmful gas was made harmless, but part still remained in its natural condition.

As a result the engineers gave up the use of gasoline engines in such close quarters. Nevertheless, their idea is being studied; and there is hope that by some method along this line success may be obtained.

Experiments by the United States Bureau of Mines have recently shown that it is possible to figure out exactly the conditions under which a gasoline engine may be operated safely in a confined space, such as a mine.

A system has been discovered by which any engineer can tell how much carbon monoxide any particular engine is likely to puff out under bad conditions; and then, by figuring the amount of air in the confined space and the amount of fresh air coming in, the engineer can determine whether a given gasoline engine can be operated with safety.

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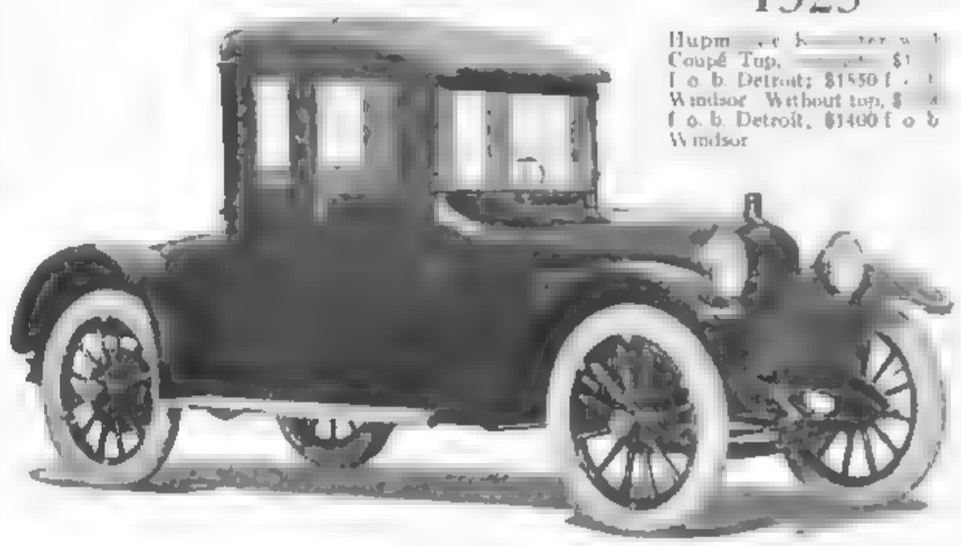
Hupmobile Runabout with Coupé Top, $1325 f. o. b. Detroit; $1550 f. o. b. Windsor. Without top, $1400 f. o. b. Detroit, $1400 f. o. b. Windsor



Closed Car Comfort at Open Car Cost

There have been winter tops and winter tops.

But there has never been a demountable winter top like the Hupmobile coupé and sedan.

Such others as you have seen have been built on a general plan, in local shops, for all cars.

This Hupmobile sedan is a thing of beauty as well as utility; designed and built in the Hupp factory.

It does not destroy the lines of the car; but retains the graceful beauty of the new Hupmobile.

It does not rattle and shake loose; it is as firmly attached as any other part of the car.

It is more than simply protection against wind and cold; this, in spite of economy of cost, actually has limousine luxury.

By that we mean that it is beautifully finished within and without.

Therefore, this top is literally a new thing in the development of the motor car.

Business and professional men—doctors and the like—are turning to the coupé-roadster.

Women find it endowed with delightful ease of handling, a motor that can't stall, a big parcel compartment, and plenty of head-room for hats and feathers.

Families, with one accord, favor the sedan-touring car, which brings them winter pleasures and conveniences and comfort they have never known.

Surely no family that can afford a car should go through the winter without this Hup sedan-touring car.

Special sedan top booklet on request.

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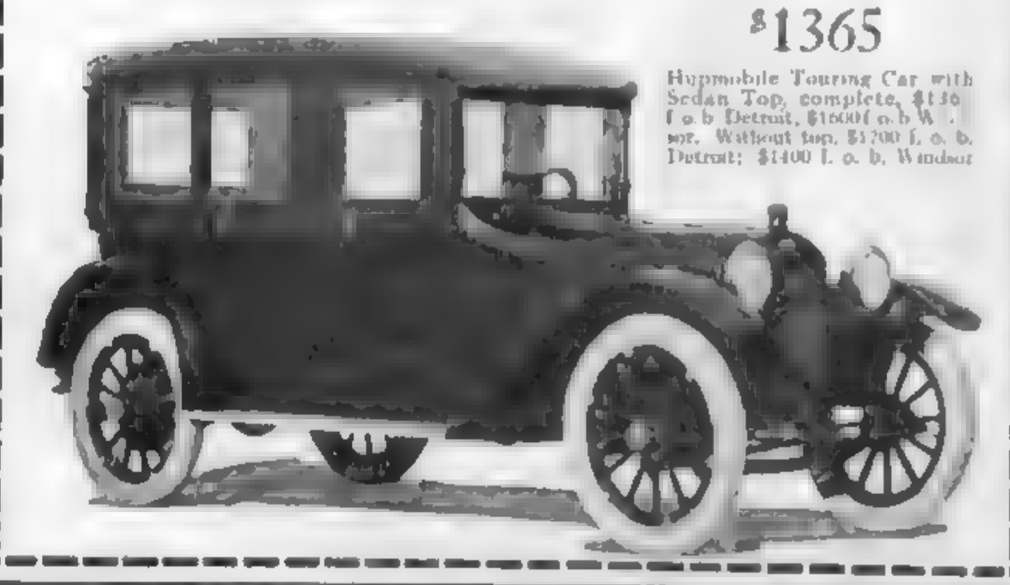

In the New Foil Package

20 *for* 10c

THE future historian who looks for the bits of color and humanity in this great World-War will surely have a keen and kindly paragraph of praise for the cigarette.

A N. Y. Times correspondent meets the returning wounded: French, English, Turcos, Senegalese and Hindus; he hands out cigarettes till his supply is exhausted. "But still they crowded about, stretching out their arms and crying: 'Cigarette, eh?'" The one word these men of five nations knew in common—the one joy they knew in common!
—the cigarette!

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CIGARETTES "Quality

10 *for* 5c

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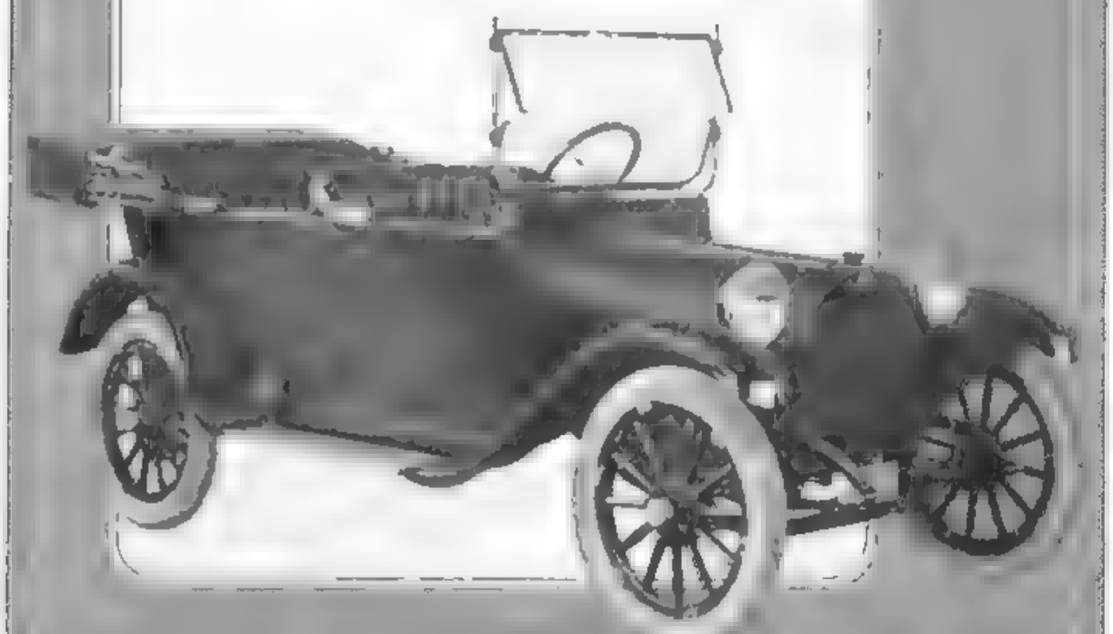

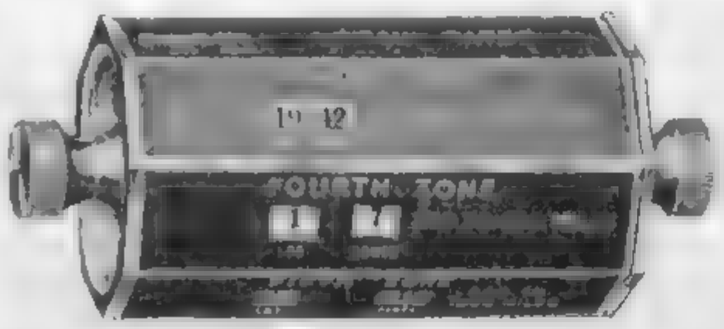

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MADE IN AMERICA

(Continued from Page 18)

that he was born near there; but, as a commentary sagely remarks, Big Jim does not look as though he was born anywhere close to water—nor do many of the Navajo adults or infants who are on the pay roll at the big hotel, or even the young girl, Naspah, who knows just enough English to say "Nothing doing!" if you want to photograph her and do not produce a good United States quarter.

The commonest trip of the park is down the Bright Angel Trail and back again the same day. The next most popular journey is the Loop, down the Hermit Trail and back the next day, up the Cañon on the Tonto or plateau trail, and the Bright Angel Trail. If one has time a wagon journey to one or more of the independent trails and resorts may be and should be made. One can cross by ferry at the foot of the Bass Trail and get into an untracked world.

There are many who believe that the view obtainable from the rim during a carriage drive along the handsomely built roads laid by the railroad company is sufficient to give one a perfect acquaintance with the Cañon. The average stop of thirty-three thousand tourists who visited the Cañon in 1913 was only one and three-quarters days a head. The average expenditure by each tourist was only nine dollars.

The business of seeing the easily seen parts of the Cañon when you get there may be brief, if you like to be brief in such an undertaking, or if you are obliged to be; but that is not seeing the Grand Cañon. It was in the undertaking to add greater flexibility to the Cañon program that the railroad and hotel company built the Hermit Trail, which was only opened for business last year. Perhaps fifteen thousand dollars were spent on this. It was intended to spend about twenty-eight thousand dollars in carrying the trail from the rim down to the water's edge. The last nine hundred feet of the drop and the last mile and a half or so of the distance did not end at the Colorado River, as was planned. On the contrary, it ended in an injunction suit.

Some might think that the last place in the world to find an injunction suit would be at the bottom of the Grand Cañon; but any such would be ignorant of the possibilities of the American character and the United States land laws. Not long after the old Indian and horse-thief and cattle and mining days an enterprising citizen, by the name of Mr. Ralph Cameron, began to see the possibilities of the American westbound civilization.

Once on a time Coconino County had an auction of the effects of a certain mining company, including one more or less feasible trail of checkered history—to wit, the Bright Angel. At auction Mr. Cameron bid in this trail, for a promise of one-fifth of the trail's revenue, it sometimes is alleged. The said revenue he later purposed to secure by charging a toll of one dollar a head for every animal going down or up the trail. And that county toll of one dollar a head you, as a tourist, pay for your mule, whether you pay it direct to Mr. Cameron's collectors or to the hotel company for transmission.

More Trails Needed

The questions of more trails, more accommodation for the public and a wider extension of roads into adjacent regions are certain to come forward with swiftness in the near future. The United States Government has as yet really spent very little money in Grand Cañon development. The road along the rim cost the railroad company about thirty thousand dollars; yet the Government does not allow the running of an auto truck for the carrying of water, even at midnight, when there is no horse traffic on the road. In short, the management of this, the prime attraction of all our scenic wonders, seems to be made up of a mixture of popular ignorance and governmental narrowness.

As a tourist attraction the Grand Cañon is an all-the-year-round proposition. There is no month in the year when it cannot be visited with pleasure. Ice and snow are there at times, but rarely or never in such quantity as to be unpleasant. May, September and October are perhaps the most admirable months; but one can go in March and get down into the Cañon safely, and there is not a day in any month when the Cañon will not afford a thrill for any observer. It is generally supposed that it can best be seen in fair weather, but it takes a storm to show the Cañon at its best. Then, indeed, you do get color of which you never dreamed, light effects almost unbelievable. When the clouds lift and the mists roll up and the tips of the countless pillars are revealed under the shafts of the sun—then you see the Cañon in better mood than when it lies under a glare of burning white. And when you see the Cañon in winter you are sure that is the only time.

From the usual viewpoints, on the south side of the Cañon, the sunset is better than the sunrise. The most inveterate late riser is very apt to get up to see the sun rise. You look from your window at daybreak and you do not see the Cañon at all. What was the Cañon is now filled level full with a deep, blue mist that seems almost a solid. It melts and breaks away in long streams of varicolored vapors, until, finally, slowly the entire interior is lighted and lies disclosed in its myriad hues of orange, pink—all the colors of the palette that men have tried to put on canvas.

These wonderful atmospheric effects are due to the great depth of the Cañon, due to the extreme dryness and clearness of the desert air, and to the color effects of the Cañon's walls themselves. Here you have the greatest geological exposition to be seen anywhere in the world; the deepest secrets of the past lie frankly before you. The trail makers and geologists have written down some facts for us, just as one may write down in sequence the colors of a sunset, the one meaning no more than the other.

On the Floor of the Cañon

At the rim lies the limestone, white, easily disintegrated—Kaibab limestone, they call it, after a part of that desert land. There is seven hundred feet of this, and the trail makers would be happy if only it would last, for they get down through that part of the Cañon wall easily. Then comes the great stratum you see strongly banding the walls, miles and miles in extent, three hundred feet deep—a light sandstone, broken and bad and difficult. Then you reach eleven hundred feet of red sandstone, not put in with the express purpose of trail building either. Below this you get five hundred and fifty feet of what is known as blue sandstone, though really it is red sandstone stained blue with leachings from the lime above.

So far you have been building your trail through the Carboniferous Age. You ought now to find the Devonian and Silurian Ages before you, according to the books; but the Cañon seems not to have been laid out by the rule. It drops seven hundred feet through green shale, with occasionally some more limestone for a sandwich. Then you get two hundred and fifty feet of buff sandstone, grading down in long talus heaps to the foot of the wall cliffs.

You are now at the floor of the Cañon, on the great Plateau, but not at the bed of the river. To reach that you must pass through thirteen hundred feet of the old and hard granite of the Inner Gorge. This granite is what makes the Devil's Corkscrew at the foot of Bright Angel Trail so difficult. The Hermit Trail hits the Cameronian Injunction Age before it gets to the Laurentian granite, but it shows seven and a half miles of fine trail building. You will always remember the Cathedral Stairs, as well as Hell's Half Acre, which lies on the Tonto Trail between the rim trails.

Garden Creek and Bright Angel Creek lie in faults, or broken-edged upheavals; and the giant walls themselves along the brim also are faults, the elevation rising about one hundred feet to the mile from south to north. Just what magic wrought all this only the Great Alchemist can say; but, at least, here lie the elements of that tremendous color scheme which has made Grand Cañon the prime wonder of all the world. The overshadowing presence of the great Cañon, as it is, dominates all things past and present.

At any rate, here is your Cañon. It is yours, mind you—not the property of any corporation or of any individual, but the property of this country—your property, to have and to hold; to enjoy and to appreciate; to love, honor and cherish.

The question is often asked whether or not the trails into the Cañon are dangerous

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for the traveler to take. "Doesn't it make one dizzy?" a timid tourist will inquire. Certainly it makes some people dizzy, but the dizziness is what you pay for. Thousands or hundreds of thousands of women have made the trip safely down the Bright Angel or the other trails; and, so far as known, there has never been an accident.

Without the North American mule the Cañon would not be feasible. One bold soul suggested building a funicular railroad down one of the side cañons; but happily this project was abandoned. Hence we have the funicular mule. He is strictly nonskid; his spark plugs never get too much carbon on them, and his carburetor always works. He approaches each turn after a fashion of his own, totally indifferent to the dizziness of the height. His neck, which to you will seem at least twenty feet long, goes out into space. Perhaps he untelescopes it another twenty feet to get hold of a bunch of leaves over the brink.

You are sure you are going to fall some five thousand feet in a straight drop; but the mule thinks otherwise. He values his precious neck far more than he does yours, and really is taking no chances at all. He is only waiting for his hind feet to catch up with his fore feet, for he cannot turn round until they do. This once effected, he groans deeply, turns about, and sets forth at forty-five degrees of angle and perhaps twenty-five per cent of drop—and at the next corner does it all over again. Many of the mules have made the ascent and descent scores and hundreds of times; and how they do it is also one of the wonders of the world, for some tourists do sit passing heavy on a saddletree.

"I'm bow-legged from helpin' 'em down," said one guide. "First thing they do is to grab the hitchin' rack an' say: 'Thank God, I'm saved!' Sometimes pore Mister Guide then has to carry them from the hitchin' rack into the dinin' room!"

A good mountain man can take these trails up or down on foot; but ninety-five per cent of those who think they can do it are by no means mountain men. One chap, to save mule hire, tried it, and gave out halfway up. It cost him eight dollars extra for a rescue party. One woman tried it, and was in the Cañon until past midnight, desperately frightened.

Alcibiades and Mr. Slim

However, into as well as along the Cañon you certainly should go, and certainly you should spend at least one night at the bottom—a night you never will forget. Then you will learn what stars can be and what silence is. With the tremendous calm all about you, you will look into your own mirror and see yourself perhaps as you really are—not very large. Get up at two o'clock in the morning, if need be, and see the moon hanging far above you over Pima Point, the latter three-quarters of a mile straight up, like the wall of a well. The sight will remain with you always. It is the Cañon in yet another mood—yet, as always, entirely indifferent to you; careless and ignorant of your existence.

At the bottom of the Cañon you will find a resthouse, to which all the water and food is brought down on the backs of mules or burros. Perhaps here you will make the acquaintance of Alcibiades, the donkey who regularly carries two hundred pounds of water; and of his master, Slim, the cook, condemned sometimes to live by himself at the bottom of the Cañon, for in three months only about two hundred and fifty tourists take the Hermit loop trip.

"They come down here," says Slim—"all sorts of 'em; an' they would drive me to drink if there was anything to drink—which there ain't. Now last week there come a Englishwoman here. She was travelin' all by herself, seein' this country, an' she allowed to do the Grand Cañon proper. She wore a man's hat an' a single-barreled eyeglass screwed into her eye, an' there wasn't nothin' on earth could shake that eyeglass out. Neither was there anything could jar the Englishwoman—she took it all just the way it come. She shore could eat and drink—it hustled me an' Alcibiades plenty to keep her goin'. Then she come to me an' said she had to have a bawth.

"'Bawth, ma'am!' said I. 'We can't run no bawth down here. That's the last thing we kin do. It's all Alcibiades kin do to git the water for your tea.' But that didn't make no difference. She had to have a bawth. So finally I thinks of that clean hole us fellows has scraped out in the

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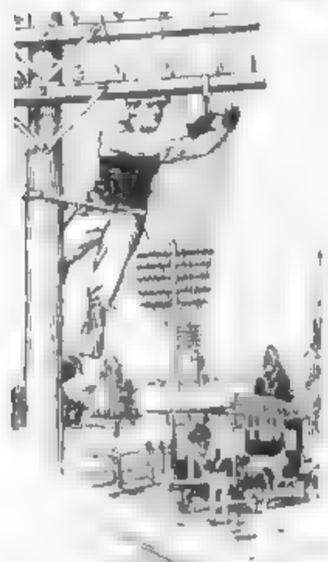

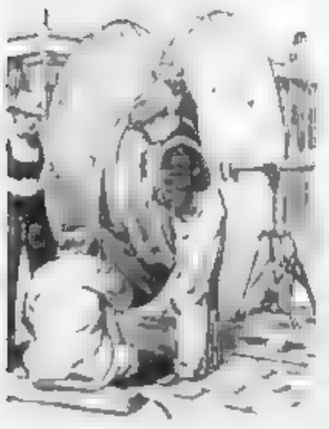

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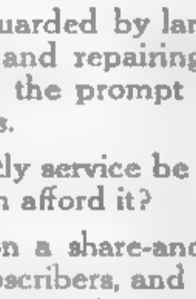

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Hermit Creek down below about a quarter of a mile, an' I leads the Englishwoman, single-barreled eyeglass an' all, down to that place, and come on back to the camp. About fifteen minutes afterward she come to me on a keen jump—eyeglass still stickin' in her eye.

"'My word!' says she, 'there's somethin' down there! I think it was a bear. Come an' see,' says she. 'I really cawn't take a bawth where there's a bear about, you know!'

"I declined to go back—told her I was scared in the dark; but the next mornin' I went down there, an' blamed if there wasn't a bullfrog settin' there, long as my hand! It was a petrified frog. Now where he come from I don't know. Of course there ain't no bear. Like enough she heard that frog make some sort o' petrified noise, an' natchelly it scared her.

"They come here from everywhere," continued Slim. "Masons an' Shriners, they get their new members up on Pima Point or Yavapai Point or somewhere where the lookin' down is good, an' they take 'em through the third degree—what? An' not long ago there was three hundred Methodist preachers started in a quarterly meetin' right up there on one of the rim points. Twelve cow-punchers was in from the range, an' they set in. I asked one of 'em what was the text, an' he says to me: 'What the preacher preached on? Why, I'll tell you. He says, says he: "Say, boys, don't this beat hell?"'

"I 'lowed they didn't any Methodist preacher in the world ever say anything like that at all. An', havin' nothin' to do down here by myself three or four days at a stretch, I found a place in the Good Book where it says: 'The works of the Lord are great!' I reckon that's what the puncher was tryin' to translate.

"The other morning forty schoolma'ams come down here—I like schoolma'ams an' stenographers special—an' one of 'em says to me: 'Mr. Slim, don't you never get lonesome down here?' They all ask that. I says: 'No, ma'am, I ain't lonesome—none to-day anyways.' An' I don't reckon any of 'em would be if they had to cook for forty folks all in a bunch, an' only Alcibiades to fetch the water."

Usually one guide will be the brave leader of anywhere from five to fifteen or twenty ladies—they outnumber the men three or four to one. After a season or two of this work a guide's face has a look of settled melancholy.

Little Henry and the Lion's Den

There is a cave, well known as the Lion's Den, not far from Bright Angel Trail; and this is nearly always used by the guides to get the attention of timid tourists fixed on something besides the dizziness of the trail. The lion saga has many variants; and there are other stories also. Once, last summer, some small animal had perished near the trail and left olfactory evidence of that fact. This was seized on by one of the guides, Little Henry by name, as an opportunity for revenge on an especially pernicious tourist.

"Ma'am," said Little Henry, "you ask me what makes that, and I will tell you, though I don't like to. The truth is that about two weeks ago a tourist lady and her mule both fell offen the trail right over yonder and was killed. We've been trying ever since to get their bodies, especially that of the mule; but we can't, no how. I oughtn't to tell you this. Don't let 'em know up to the hotel that I have, for it's as much as my job is worth—you see, we ain't allowed to tell about these accidents."

Any of the guides will give you a prompt answer to any question you ask, and each knows the names of all the features of interest—or is supposed to know them. That were a task for any master in mnemonics, for of all the disjointed nomenclature ever inflicted on any country that investing the topography of the Grand Cañon carries away the banner. Just who bestowed these names it is difficult to say, though one suspects the geologists of Washington.

You will find Thor's Hammer and Wotan's Throne over against Krishna Shrine and Rama Shrine and Vishnu's Temple. Apollo and Jupiter and Juno have one good temple each. Malgosa Crest—Spanish—is near the Quagunt Butte, which does not seem so Spanish. Escalante Butte effects a *rapprochement* with Moran's Point, which seems Irish, though famous. There is a Valhalla Plateau and an Ottoman Amphitheater; and far out you will see points named Isis and Horus and Osiris which most guides innocently call Bucyrus.

Then you come to Confucius, but do not remain Chinese, and pass on to Siva and the Cheops Pyramid. Zoroaster has a temple, and Pollux and Brahma over against Walapai Point, which is plain Indian. And you have, also, a Point Huitzil and Montezuma Point, and other things Aztec and Toltec; as well as plenty of Scandinavian and Greek and Bostonian.

Mr. Hance left his name on the map, as did Bucky O'Neil and Mr. Bass. Bucky O'Neil had a point named after him—one which hung out handsomely over the sheer drop of the Cañon—but that has been changed. Colonel Chemehueva and Mr. Drummond and Mr. Gelkie are all on the map—you suspect the latter of being honored by our Geological Survey as well as that of Canada. And then there are King Arthur and Guinevere; but somehow Lancelot is nix.

The focus of human events at the Cañon—most of the peace and bliss of sherbet and sunset, as well as the storm center of affairs—now lies at the head of Bright Angel Trail. At the foot of that trail you may, if you like, take a journey across to the other side of the Cañon and go lion hunting in a very wild region, after outfitting at Rust's Camp, as did Colonel Roosevelt. There is a cable and cage offering transport. You may pull yourself over in a boatswain's chair, if you like, and crank your cage back. There is no danger, unless you fall out; but the water looks rather sickening below you, with its savage boils and eddies.

The Bright Angel's Promise

Once across, if you like, you may try the swing bridge of hay wire and cedar poles across Bright Angel Creek. Carry a case of condensed milk over that bridge if you want a sensation even larger than Rye or Rastus or Major, or other good mule and true, has given you on the trail. If you like a calmer problem for contemplation, figure on the siphoning of Bright Angel Creek across this mighty cañon and lifting it by a series of electric pumps up to the southern rim. That, too, is on the cards.

The question is often asked where the Bright Angel Trail got its name. How much advertising value attaches to that lucky title no one can tell. It is in something of the same class with Almost-a-Dog Mountain in Glacier Park, or Going-to-the-Sun Mountain, which, it always seemed to me, is the best name carried by any mountain in all the world. Tradition has it that Major Powell gave this name to the Bright Angel Creek, being overjoyed to see some fresh water after many days of the Colorado's turgid and alkaline flood.

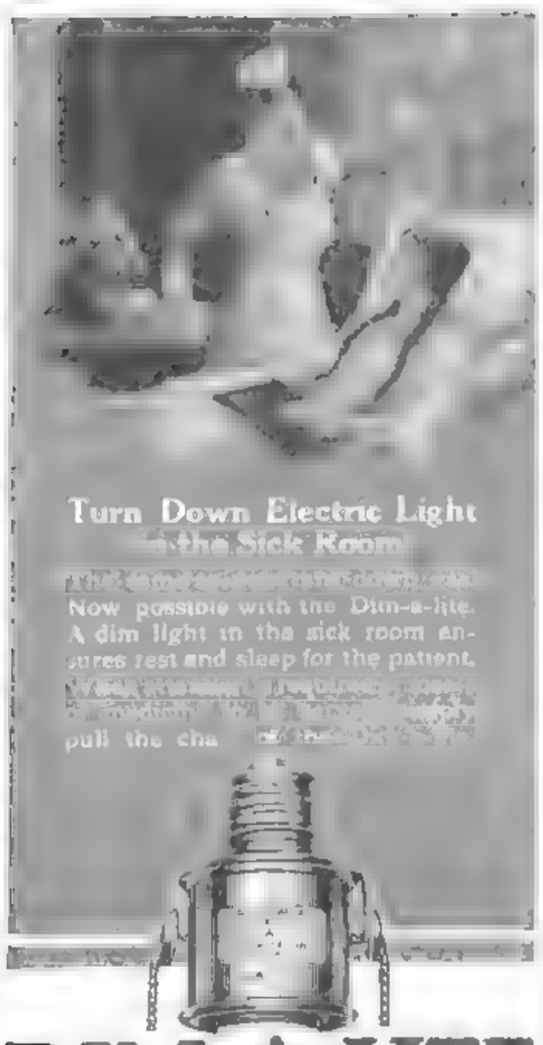
Little Henry, one of the guides, will tell a tourist that the name was given by two Spaniards who many years ago were descending the Colorado River in skin boats—please note the skin boats. In the night one of them had a dream and saw the figure of a bright angel beckoning to him. The said bright angel promised the two hardy Spaniards they should find fresh water the next day—and so they did.

This tale savoring somewhat of Powell, I told Little Henry that it was a good story and asked him where he got it.

"Well," he said, "I made it up partways. You have to be ready to answer all sorts of questions in this business."

The great drawback to the general development of the Grand Cañon is, of course, the lack of water. If you had a government concession for a hotel anywhere along the southern rim of the Cañon, what would you do with it? You are in the dry Southwest, where there are more cows and less milk, more rivers and less water, than anywhere else in the world. "You can look farther here and see less than anywhere on earth," one dissatisfied rancher used to say; "but what do you expect of a country where you dig in the ground for wood, climb a tree for water, and spell hickory with a *j*? And they got so much land here, they had to stack it." A hotel concession in such a country is not all velvet. The most important hotel company has no monopoly of the Cañon proper. The Government gave it a deed to only twenty-one acres.

At one time Andrew Carnegie and Mrs. Sage and George Gould were all there at once. The manager of the hotel gravely suggested to Mr. Carnegie that it would be good business to kidnap him and hold him for a ransom. It tickled the Scotch lad immensely.


Turn Down Electric Light
in the Sick Room
Now possible with the Dim-a-lite. A dim light in the sick room ensures rest and sleep for the patient.
pull the cha

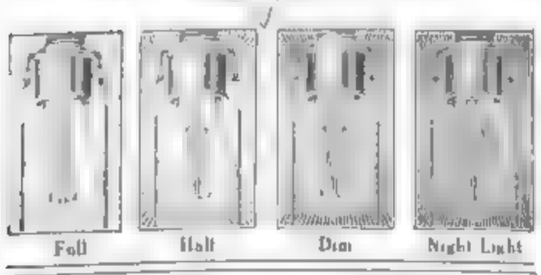
DIM-A-LITE

Not a Lamp. Gives Five Changes of Light

Full—Half Dim—Night Light—Out

The Dim-a-lite is unbreakable. Fits any lamp or current—screws into any socket—needn't grope in dark or burn full current. Ideal for bathroom, nursery, stair and hallways. Price $1.00, at electrical supply, hardware, department or drug stores or direct if your dealer can't supply. Guaranteed. Write for book No. 20.

WIRT COMPANY, Mfrs. and Patentees
Philadelphia, Pa.



Better than any mere toy.

A Brownie Camera as *the* Christmas gift for that boy or girl.

$1.00 to $12.00, at your dealer's.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,
Rochester, N. Y. *The Kodak City.*

TEXAS PECANS

New crop pecans direct from native home.

10 lbs., $2.00 20 lbs., $3.75 50 lbs., $8.75

Prices are for choice nuts f. o. b. Coleman, Texas. 3-lb. trial order prepaid to any post office in United States for $1.00. Write for prices on larger quantities. Remittance must accompany order.

Order to-day—insure delivery for the Holidays.

Concho-Colorado Pecan Co., Coleman, Texas

Unequaled as a Holiday Gift

Hubert Howe Bancroft's *Retrospection*, *New Pacific*, and *Popular History of Mexico*, the latest works of a noted author, deeply interesting, timely, and of permanent value. Three vols. uniform in neat box, at the bookstores, $6 net.

The Bancroft Co., 156 5th Ave., New York

OREGON MISTLETOE **More Christmas Fun**

Large spray postpaid to reach you for Christmas, 50 cents, cash or money order. Send today

OREGON MISTLETOE CO
613 Corbett Bldg. Portland, Ore.

"No," said he; "try that on Gould over there. They'd pay more for him!"

Visitors come from all over the world. Of these seventy-five per cent or more are women. The Cañon is fashionable, yes; but its main support comes from the every-day folks of the country—the best of all support.

What is the cost of a trip to the Grand Cañon? From most of the states of the Middle West, or pretty well to the East, you can buy a round trip across the continent and back, by two different transcontinental lines of railroad, for less than one hundred and fifty dollars. At the Cañon itself, if you wish to travel on a liberal basis, you can get room and bath, with meals, for six dollars a day at the leading hotel. America has nothing better—Europe nothing so good—for the sightseer. Your mules and guides and carriage drives, if you "do yourself well," will run your total bill up to ten or twelve dollars a day. For fifteen dollars a day at the Cañon you have about all there is to purchase and may rank yourself with the *haute noblesse*.

If you wish to travel simply and with equal self-respect, you can go to one of the outlying camps or to the cottage camp maintained near the station by the big hotel, and get a room alone for a dollar a day. Two women, for instance, can get a room for a dollar and a half a day. On this basis, with meals *à la carte*, as they can be had, a traveler can get along on two dollars, two dollars and a quarter or two dollars and a half a day, staying on foot. This is cheaper than doing an ordinary tour in Europe. The divers independent camps are also reasonable.

An average adequate daily expense at the Cañon might be about seven dollars and a half a day. This does not include bows and arrows, paintings by Thomas Moran or others, postal cards, or portraits of Indian chieftains pyrographically inflicted on a suffering sheepskin.

All who come to the Grand Cañon—ignorant or educated, laity or clergy—feel the note preëminently its own. There is something about it that compels reverence. It is the greatest sermon ever written in the world.

"'The peace · · · which passeth all understanding'—that's what it says to me when I see it in the sunlight," said one who lives there the year round.

"I look into the Cañon," he went on, "all the time, and I never weary of it; and it always gives me shame. What do you see in it? You see yourself—your standards that you didn't keep; your failures; your littleness; your worthlessness, stacked up against your own early standards—that's what you see. How small it leaves one feeling!

"Once a preacher came here," went on the same man, "and wanted to build a church; and he came to me expecting a good-sized donation. I said to him: 'Church? How much will I give you to build a church? Not a damned cent for your church will I give you! We've got the greatest church in all the world already. It would be a desecration to build any other near it. And music? A grand pipe organ, perhaps; no other will I have here.'"

You yourself must go there sometime to get your reckoning with yourself and your reckoning with the great things of life. Perhaps you may say that your great hour was precisely at that spot.

War Searchlights

NEW searchlights that form exceedingly difficult targets for an enemy's shots are now used in the European war, having been perfected just before it commenced. Ordinary searchlights are, of course, good marks for an enemy, though not so good as might be expected. Their use on a battle line has many restrictions because of the aim they afford.

The new lights are designed to have all the power of the biggest searchlights in the service, but to offer a target no larger than a baseball. The reflectors of these lights are three feet in diameter, but all the light rays are so accurately reflected that they can be sent through a three-inch orifice. Thus the light can be armored against attack by small-arm fire or quick-firing machine guns, leaving open only a three-inch aperture.

As a further protection against shots, the reflector glass is composed of many small sections, bound together by wire netting, which will hold the parts together even after being hit.

"Easy There! Don't You See I'm Working With

MECCANO

"SOON as I get down to building models with Meccano nothing can drag me away. Mother only half guessed at the liking I'd take to Meccano when she bought me my Outfit."

Give Your Boy Meccano

He will build scores of engineering models in shining steel—Cranes that raise, swing and lower loads; Lathes for real wood-turning; Monoplanes; Automobiles; Battleships as used in the European War, and machinery of all kinds. The interest never flags. He can build a new model with a fresh thrill every day.

Free Book No. 1

The story of Meccano by the Meccano Boy. Describes [illegible] the work. Points out pictures. Write for your copy to-day.

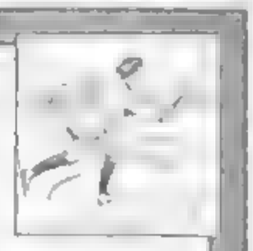
Prices	
No. 0	$1
No. 1	$2
No. 2	$4
No. 3	$6
No. 4	$10
No. 5	$16
No. 6	$36

MECCANO OUTFITS are complete with all necessary building parts, also big illustrated Instruction Book. No study required. No extras to buy. Prices from $1.00 up.

Sold by all Toy Dealers, Department Stores, etc., everywhere.

MECCANO COMPANY, INC., 71 West 23rd St. (Corner of Sixth Ave.), New York City

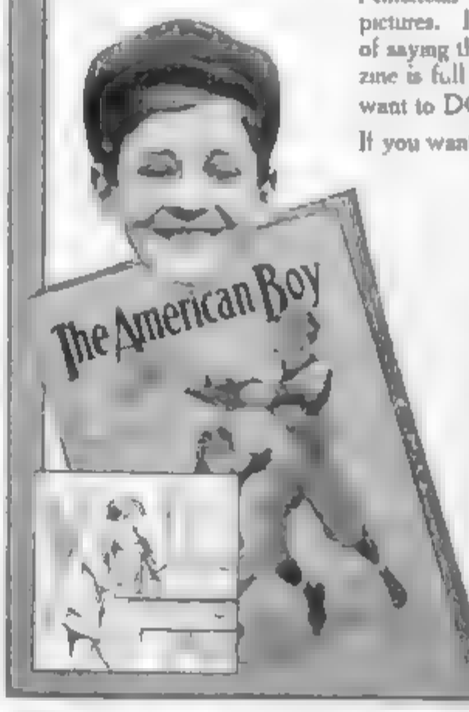
When you were a boy, you longed for such a magazine



You grown-up boys who have bright "chips" above ten years old can look back to the time when a bully good boys' magazine—all for you—would have been worth a mint. How eagerly you would have read its clean stories of adventures and travel and college life! And how you would have worked over the plans for building all sorts of mechanical and electrical devices as outlined in these practical departments! How you would have enjoyed the "Novel Inventions" and the other departments covering all boy hobbies! How that magazine would have helped you in your sports, in your studies and in your everyday life! Here is exactly the magazine you would have wanted—

THE AMERICAN BOY

—all ready and waiting to do for your boy what it might have done for you. The American Boy is "ALL BOY for all boys" and is full of pictures. Its writers were real boys once and have the knack of saying the right thing in the right words. The whole magazine is full of "ginger"—pure ginger—and it makes a fellow want to DO THINGS and BE SOMEBODY.



If you want a treat, buy this month's issue at the nearest newsstand and read the stirring stories and the snappy special articles. You'll certainly have that when-I-was-a-boy feeling.

For $1.00 you can have THE AMERICAN BOY sent to your boy for a whole year, and it would be the most sensible and acceptable Christmas gift that you could give him.

For 15 years the leading boys' magazine of the world, and read every month by 500,000 boys.

10c a copy at news-stands

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.
243 American Bldg.
Detroit, Mich.

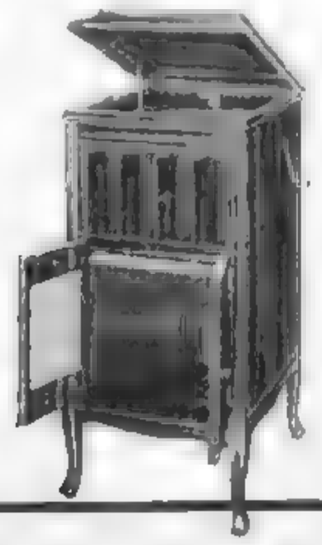
A Columbia will complete the family

A Columbia Grafonola, with a well-chosen series of records, is the one ideal gift for *all* your family, for all the year around.

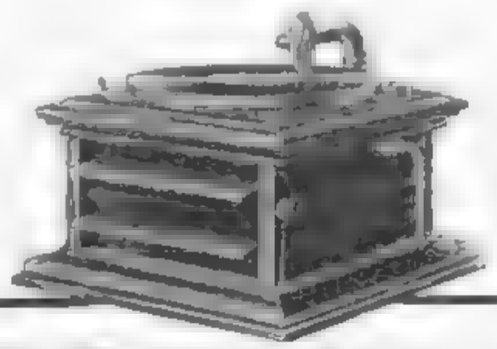
All the music of all the world, always at your command;—can you possibly decide on any one thing that will give so much pleasure, to so many people, for so long a time, at so little cost?

NOW when you get to the dealer's please don't lose sight of the fact that it is *music* you are buying, not a mere article of furniture. Don't be satisfied by *seeing*—don't decide until you *hear* a *Columbia*. Once you have heard the round, rich, full-colored *tone* of the Columbia Grafonola, you will realize (possibly for the first time) what a *difference* there is.

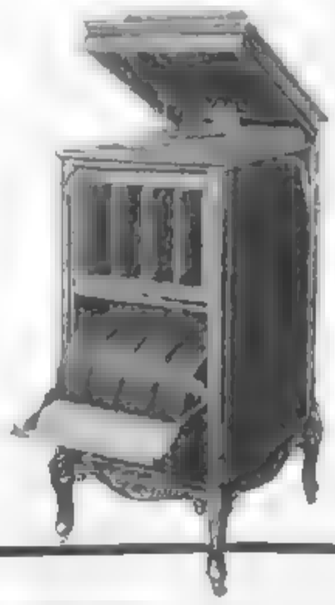
WILL you inspect these six representative Columbias with us—having in mind that any one of our 8500 dealers will deliver any Columbia Grafonola to your home at any time you say from now till Christmas morning, and that a small first payment is all that he will require, the balance to be paid in easy sums from time to time after the holidays?



PLEASE consider first the new "Leader." It has one distinctive feature in the Columbia Individual Record Ejector. Press the numbered button, and out comes the record from its cushioned rack. If you have believed that the difference between "talking machines" is mostly in appearance, *hear* the new "Leader" Columbia. A beautiful, simple, convenient musical instrument. $85—or $75 with ordinary record racks. This is the lowest price at which a completely cabineted upright instrument has been offered.

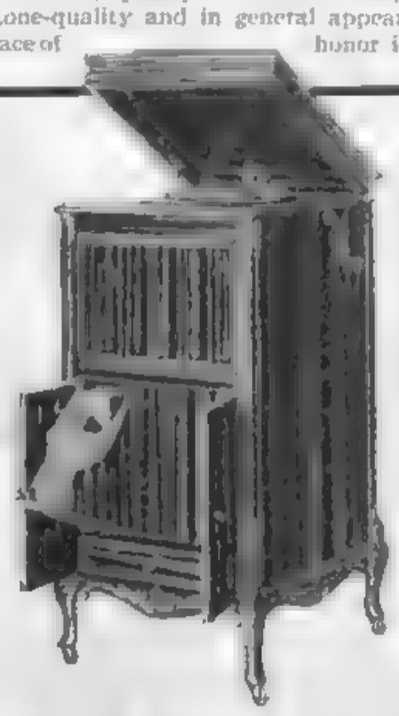


THE "Eclipse" for $25, will give you the true Columbia tone. The difference between this instrument and the more expensive ones is not so much in the kind of quality but more in tone *volume*, and in various refinements—record-compartments, covering-lid, finish, and motive power. If $25 is the limit you have set for your Grafonola, hear this "Eclipse" and you may discover that your $25 will go farther than you thought.



THE "Mignonette" for $100 most resembles the $200 "De Luxe." As a compromise between the bigger, higher-priced fully cabineted, elaborate upright and the "Eclipse" and "Leader" instruments, the "Mignonette" has proved to be exactly what thousands of careful people had in mind. We are proud of the "Mignonette" and you will be proud of yours if you select it and let its music start the day on Christmas morning.

WHATEVER your final decision is to be, you must see and hear the splendid big $200 De Luxe Columbia. The "De Luxe" represents the apex of achievement in cabinet instruments. Built to a conservative, tried-and-accepted type, it is an expression of quality in every detail—quality of material, quality of craftsmanship, quality of finish. In tone-quality and in general appearance, it will justify its place of honor in any home.



FIFTY dollars will place in our home the model that has been sold, as we believe, to more people than any other instrument, regardless of name price or make. "Favorite" in name, and favorite in fact. We present it here in its improved form, better worthy of its "Favorite" name and of its reputation than ever before. It has every Columbia tone-feature, including the tone-control "leaves" at the front instead of the little double doors which are now out of use on all Columbias.

AT $17.50, the "Meteor": a *Columbia*, like all the others, and that means its *tone* is *natural*, its motor is reliable, its appearance is faultless. For the man who has never owned a modern "talking machine" and hardly realizes what a continual pleasure such an instrument becomes; and for *you* if you have nothing in mind but an instrument for as little money as possible, that will play *any* record and play it absolutely evenly, and that can be carried around anywhere, the "Meteor" is truly the ideal gift. You can add four double disc records to the $17.50 and for just $20.10 be sure of *one* present that *is* a present.

Now, take them all in all, which is to be your "star" Christmas present? Only be sure that the instrument you select is a Columbia, for otherwise you will not be able to enjoy that very different and superior tone. Prove it by hearing, for in this case "hearing is believing."

There are thousands of Records

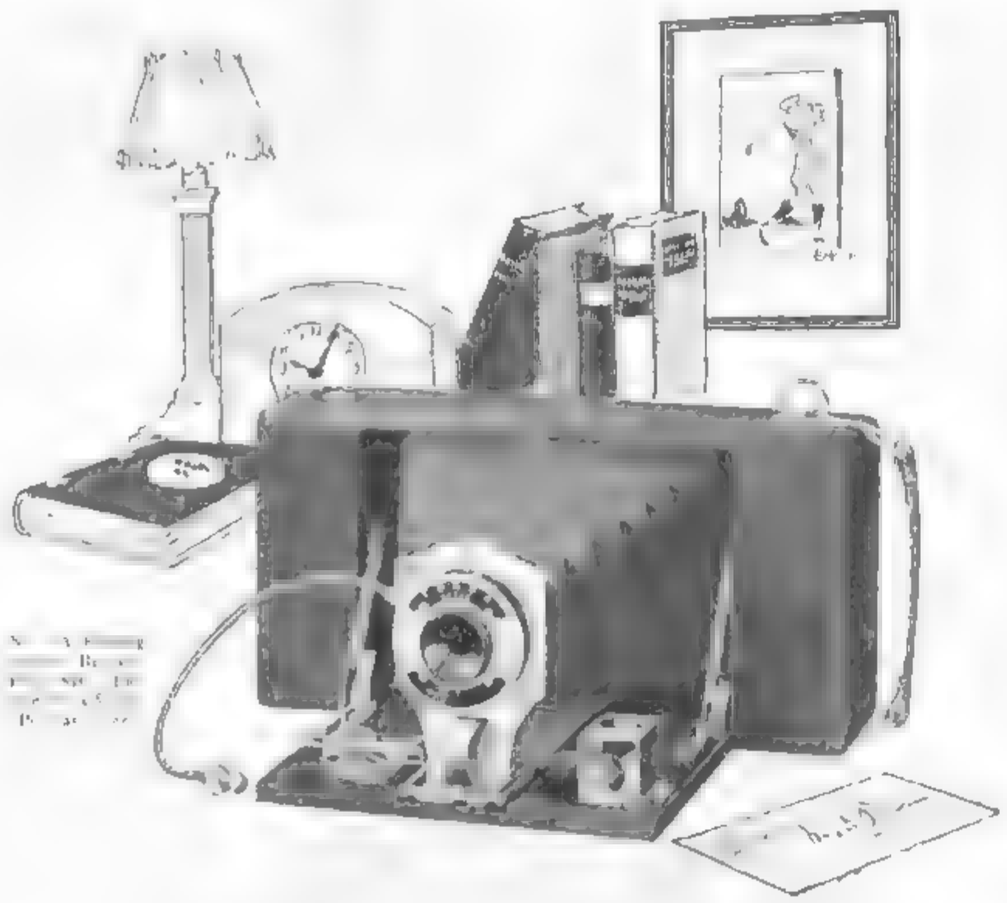
for you to choose from [illegible] 65 cents each. The Columbia dealer has ready selected lists of Christmas [illegible] choruses by the greatest stars of [illegible] country. (Incidentally [illegible]

Grafonola

circle Christmas morning

Columbia Graphophone Company
Toronto: 365-367 Sorauren Ave.
Prices in Canada Plus Duty.

Box 482 Woolworth Bldg., New York
Dealers wanted where we are not actively represented. Write for particulars.



JUST one snap with an Ansco will make Christmas Day last forever with you. Initiate some one this Christmas into the absorbing pleasure of picture-taking—give a good camera. Make it a superb

ANSCO

—the amateur camera of professional quality. Ansco cameras are made in numerous models, costing from $2 to many times that sum and are adapted to all branches of photography. Used in connection with Ansco film, Ansco chemicals and prize-winning Cyko paper, best results are assured.

Why not go now to an Ansco dealer in your town and see the many models? Write to us for new Holiday booklet.

ANSCO COMPANY, Binghamton, N. Y.

"Push the Button-and Rest"

Over 1000 Styles
Prices $12 to $100

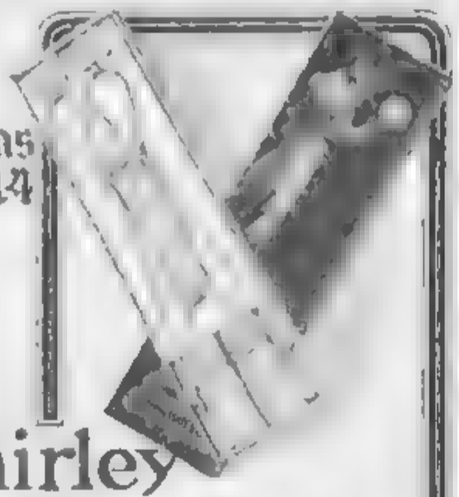
Royal Easy Chairs

THAT POSITION change HOLDS

SOLD BY ALL BEST FURNITURE DEALERS
Don't buy unless you see the word "Royal" on the Push Button, like this

ROYAL CHAIR CO Sturgis, Mich.

Xmas 1914



Shirley President Suspenders

50¢

For Christmas

A pair for every suit makes a man's whole year merry—saves time and temper every day. Try it and see! Choice of 12 beautifully designed gift boxes. At stores or postpaid, 50c.

"Satisfaction or money back"

Be sure "Shirley President" is on buckles
© A. Edgarton Mfg Co., Shirley, Mass.

LUCKY NUMBERS

(Continued from Page 15)

"What do you all want me to do?" Leon demanded. "Grow a beard and wear an alpaca *caftan?*"

"For my part you could wear a Buster Brown suit," said Max. "What are you so sore about?"

"I ain't sore about nothing," Leon declared. "But when Abe Potash goes to work and in a whole room full of people says I am a back number, y'understand, and that I am too old to dance, Margonin, I got a right to be sore."

"No, you ain't got right, Sammet," said Max. "Potash has got right. You are too old to dance. Any business man is too old to dance. Only a lunatic wants to dance, Sammet."

"Is that so?" Leon retorted. "Well, I suppose Mawruss Perlmutter is a lunatic?"

"He would be if he danced, Sammet; but he don't," Max replied.

"Don't he?" Sammet said.

"He's got too much sense, Sammet," Margonin said. "Morris Perlmutter is my niece's husband, Sammet, and I'm happy to say that I got every confidence in that feller, which you can imagine, Sammet, it's a great satisfaction to me."

"But, Margonin——" Sammet began.

"Because nowadays, Sammet," Max continued, disregarding the interruption, "relations is such loafers, what with oitermobiles and dancing, y'understand, that a feller is practically forced he should leave his money to charity, which before I would see my money go that way, Sammet, I would get married again with a large family of children to worry me that I should never got a peaceful moment again so long as I live."

"But just now," Sammet began again, "Abe Potash says to me —"

"Never mind about Abe Potash," Margonin went on. "Even if I wouldn't got much use for that feller, Sammet, you got to admit he's a good business man, and with a partner like Morris Perlmutter to hold him down, he would ——"

"Hold him down!" Sammet exclaimed. "What are you talking nonsense? If any one of them loafers does the holding down it's Potash, Margonin. Because when it comes to sporting round, y'understand, it don't make no difference if it is dancing, pinochle, oitermobiles or going on theayters, Margonin, Mawruss Perlmutter is right there every time."

Max shrugged his shoulders and began quietly enough.

"Admitting you are a business man," he said, "why should you knock Morris Perlmutter to me? I'm not his customer, Sammet; I'm his wife's uncle."

"That's your misfortune," Sammet said. But Margonin only recognized the interruption by a slight crescendo.

"Which even though I am willing to believe anything bad about a relation by marriage, Sammet," he continued, gaining force as he proceeded, "coming from a competitor I know it's all lies, and especially the dancing part, Sammet, which I have sat night after night *mit* Mawruss, Sammet, and for all he knows about how to dance, Sammet, he might of got locomotive attacks you in the legs, and that's what for a liar you are, Sammet."

Under the circumstances Sammet exhibited great moderation.

"If you would pass such a remark with some loafers," he said, "they would quick make for you a blue eye. But it ain't necessary for me to get mad at all, Margonin, because I can prove what I say."

"*Yow*, you can prove what you say!" Margonin jeered.

"All right," Sammet retorted; "I wouldn't argue with you, Margonin. Just come along with me, that's all."

He seized Max by the elbow and walked him round the corner of the veranda until they reached the windows of the grillroom. With one hand he held Margonin's sleeve policeman-fashion, while with the other he pointed to a table at which sat Miss Kammer with Mrs. Lesengeld.

"Keep your eye on that table, Margonin," he said.

"Leggo my arm!" said Margonin, but before he could struggle to free himself Leon released his hold.

"Look!" he cried. "That shows if I'm a liar or not."

Max gasped as he saw Morris Perlmutter approach Miss Kammer, who rose smilingly from the table and placed her hand on his nephew-in-law's shoulder. A moment later Morris grasped her round the waist and they stumped away to the strains of the latest fox trot.

"So I'm a liar, am I?" Leon demanded. But Max made no reply. Indeed, throughout the entire course of that lucky-number contest he remained silently gazing while couple after couple were eliminated by Harold Mendelberg, who stood on a chair in the middle of the dancing floor. As for Leon, he could not restrain his satisfaction, and every time Morris and Miss Kammer came within Margonin's field of vision he nudged Max and demanded anew, with a rising note of triumph, "So I'm a liar, am I?" until Max could stand it no longer.

"Yes, Sammet," he said; "you're a liar, and Perlmutter is a liar and everybody is a liar."

He wiped the perspiration from his forehead

"I'm a liar too, Sammet," he went on, "because I said I wouldn't do it, but I will."

"Do what?" Leon inquired.

"Get married again," Max replied, and started to walk back to his secluded corner. He had proceeded about a dozen feet when Leon caught up with him.

"Excuse me, Margonin," he said anxiously, "but might I ask if you've got any particular lady in mind?"

Max looked at Sammet and for the first time he comprehended the true significance of Leon's attire. He felt himself growing suddenly red in the face, and to cover his confusion he glared ferociously at Leon, to whom Margonin's answer seemed to possess a familiar ring.

"That's my business," Margonin said, and he strode rapidly toward the grillroom entrance.

V

"WELL, Mawruss," Abe cried the following morning, after they had removed their hats and coats, "what did I told you? When you and me give the decision last night to Miss Schoen and that young archyteck in the one-step contest, y'understand, I smiled at Adolph Schoen and he smiled at me. This morning I nailed him on the train, Mawruss, and he's going to give a look in here this afternoon."

Morris beamed with satisfaction.

"The archyteck was a good dancer, Abe," he said.

"*Aber*, the other judge was right, Mawruss," Abe said. "That young lady in the garment which looked like our style 3950, excepting the belt wasn't stitched on the front, Mawruss, danced a whole lot better as Miss Schoen. I don't blame him he wanted to give the prize to her."

"Sure, I don't blame him," Morris retorted. "That's a daughter from Max Lemberg, the Arctic Fur Company, Detroit. You should have seen to it that instead of a manufacturing furrier, the other judges was in a line like cloth sponging, *oder* coat pads, which don't sell goods to retailers."

"But I told him that Schoen is going to put in a fur department next fall," Abe said.

"Is he?" Morris asked.

"How should I know?" Abe replied. "Do you think Adolph Schoen consults me about such matters?"

"Well, that judge acted all right in the hesitation contest," Morris said. "He didn't kick at all that we give the prize to Miss Herzberg. He said she was way the best dancer in the room."

Abe flipped his fingers impatiently.

"Say, when it comes right down to it, Mawruss, there was other good dancers too," he said. "But he told me in the strictest confidence that he's been selling for ten years Herzberg's Arcade's fur department and he was scared stiff we would give the prize to somebody else, Mawruss, and if we did done so, Mawruss, Max Herzberg would never of forgave him."

"Our worries whether Max Herzberg forgives that manufacturing furrier or not. The point is, will Herzberg buy a bill of goods maybe?"

"Henry Lesengeld also," Abe said.

"I bet you," Morris said fervently. "I took enough chances on account of Miss Kammer. Every moment I expected to see Uncle Max come into the room."

Abe shrugged his shoulders.

"What do you bother your head about that feller for, Mawruss?" he protested. "Suppose he does find out you're dancing, Mawruss, the most he will do is to pass a couple cutting remarks *und fertig*."

You will see them at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, as part of Siam's magnificent exhibit. To learn **the truth** about its wonders—how much you can see and how little it will cost—

Send for These New, Free Books!

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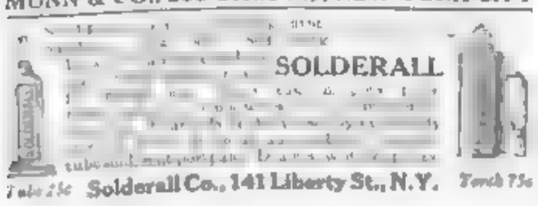

"Cutting remarks I can stand," Mawruss said. "*Aber*—— Why, how do you do, Mr. Lesengeld?"

He jumped to his feet and ran toward the elevator, from which Henry Lesengeld had just alighted.

"What brought you here so early, Mr. Lesengeld?" Abe asked, and winked furtively at Morris.

"Well, I'll tell you," Lesengeld replied. "I wanted to ——"

"Come inside and sit down," Abe said, leading the way into the office.

"But I wanted to see," Lesengeld continued, "in particular ——"

"Our lines we will show you later," Abe cried. "Mawruss, the cigars!"

"Never mind the cigars," Lesengeld protested. "I called to see Perlmutter."

"Well, you catch us both in," Abe replied, somewhat chagrined. "Me and my partner we got no jealousies one from the other, Mr. Lesengeld. We each sell our share of the goods here."

Lesengeld waved both hands at Abe.

"What do you mean—goods?" he said. "I want to talk to Perlmutter a little something private, Potash, if you don't mind."

"You want to talk to me private?" Morris said. "But I ain't got nothing private from my partner, Mr. Lesengeld. So fire ahead."

For a moment Lesengeld hesitated.

"All right," he said at last. "If you want me to do so I will do so."

He cleared his throat impressively.

"I should like to ask you simply a question, Perlmutter," he said. "The question is from the financial standing of Mister Margonin."

Morris and Abe exchanged puzzled glances.

"Uncle Max is all right," Morris replied at last. "Uncle Max has got money, Mr. Lesengeld. Whatever Uncle Max buys he can afford to pay for."

"*Aber* when you say he's got money, Perlmutter," Lesengeld continued, "you must understand that my sister-in-law, Miss Pauline Kammer, has got also money, y'understand, and unless Max Margonin is got at the lowest estimate twice so much as my sister-in-law got it, then what is the use of talking?"

The color left Morris' face and he sat down heavily in his chair.

"Excuse me, Mr. Lesengeld," Abe said. "What has Max Margonin got to do with Miss Kammer?"

Lesengeld appeared to grow slightly indignant.

"Of course, Potash," he said, "if you and Perlmutter is got such a copartnership agreement which goes share and share alike on relations as well as stock and fixtures, y'understand, I couldn't kick exactly. At the same time I should like to know what is it your business if Max Margonin asks me that he wants to marry my sister-in-law?"

"Max Margonin asks you he should marry Miss Kammer!" Morris cried. "When was this he asked you?"

"Last night late," Lesengeld replied; "and I must say, Perlmutter, that I think Margonin is right. When a couple of fellers like you and Potash goes to work and gives a prize to a daughter from Schoen Brothers & Company, y'understand, which this morning I hear it that Schoen is opening across the street from me in Cincinnati a branch from their Toledo store, y'understand, then all I can say is, Perlmutter, you couldn't expect otherwise."

"Couldn't expect what otherwise?" Morris asked.

"Why, Margonin says he was watching you last night for pretty near half an hour, and he says the longer you are dancing there the more he sees it you ain't to be depended upon, y'understand. So he makes up his mind then and there that what is the use staying single for the sake of relations which after he is dead—God forbid!—would play with his money like marbles already."

"But I was dancing with Miss Kammer," Morris protested.

"Even so," Lesengeld retorted. "You weren't doing me no favors, Perlmutter, and don't you think so for a moment neither."

There was a brief silence, during which Morris moistened his parched lips and gazed reproachfully at his partner.

"This is your idee, Abe," he croaked at last.

"What do you mean—my idee?" Abe asked. "Was it my idee you should take from that loafer dancing lessons, Mawruss?

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Did I do the reckoning from overhead expenses? What the devil you are talking nonsense?"

Lesengeld shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly.

"It don't make no difference whose idee the idee was," he declared. "The question is: Has Mister Max Margonin got from the lowest estimate one hundred thousand dollars, Perlmutter? Otherwise I would advise her she should accept Leon Sammet and be done with it."

It was now Abe's turn to grow pale.

"Accept Leon Sammet!" he cried in anguished tones, and Lesengeld nodded.

"He is also wanting to marry my sister-in-law," he explained.

Abe Potash gulped convulsively and laid an emphatic forefinger on Lesengeld's knee.

"Then let me tell you something, Mr. Lesengeld," he said: "Max Margonin is a very rich man, Mr. Lesengeld."

At the words "very rich" he twice sank his forefinger up to the second knuckle in the fatty layer above Mr. Lesengeld's right sartorial muscle.

"A very rich man, Mr. Lesengeld," he continued. "Some people which is considered millionaires should have Max Margonin's money, Mr. Lesengeld, and I wouldn't mind to *schenck* my worst enemy the overestimate."

At this evidence of his partner's treachery Morris could not restrain a heavy groan, which Lesengeld mistook for involuntary corroboration of Abe's statement. He therefore felt that the object of his visit had been attained, and reached for his hat.

"I believe you, Potash," he said, "and to show you I ain't got no hard feelings against you boys I will give you something a little advice." He paused impressively on his way to the elevator door.

"For a business man," he said, "dancing is nix."

After his departure Abe and Morris sat for at least ten minutes without making a sound.

"Well, what did I tell you when you started to learn, Mawruss?" Abe said at last.

Morris groaned again.

"You are shedding my blood, Abe," he declared.

"Me shedding your blood?" Abe cried. "Could you expect me I should sit still and let Leon Sammet get away with that elegant *shidduch*? Do you want you should lose Margonin's money and Lesengeld's account both?"

He rose to his feet and placed his hand on Morris' shoulder.

"When you consider what you're up against in the way of competition from charities and ladies, Mawruss, to say nothing of Margonin's good health," he concluded, "there's a sight more money in selling goods as waiting for rich relations to die on you, Mawruss, and don't you forget it."

VI

ON THE following evening no one could have accused Leon Sammet of looking like a young fellow as he sat at his table in the empty dining room of the Victoria Hotel. For there were no white trousers and clean shave to minimize the ravages of his fifty-five years. He had purposely restricted his toilet to a mere hand washing and had foregone shaving so that he might be early enough to view the arrival of Abe and Morris and thus derive a little comfort from their chagrined appearance. But he was destined to be disappointed.

Promptly at a quarter past seven Abe appeared at the dining-room door, and though there was much anxiety in his manner there was very little of chagrin. Even this air of anxiety disappeared after the head waiter had nodded vigorously and had pointed to a large round table in the corner of the dining room, which Leon observed to bear a quantity of flowers and glassware. There were eight places laid, and by the side of one of the chairs reposed an ice-bucket, from which protruded the necks of two bottles crowned with gold foil.

Hardly had Leon ceased to wonder at these preparations when Abe reappeared at the doorway, heading a small procession of seven people who seated themselves at the round table in apparently prearranged order. Abe sat down by the champagne bucket. At his right was seated Max Margonin. Next to Max sat Minnie Perlmutter and then came Henry Lesengeld, Mrs. Potash, Morris Perlmutter and Mrs. Lesengeld. The chair on Abe's left remained vacant, however.

"She says she will be down in a few minutes," Mrs. Lesengeld explained.

"There's no hurry," Abe assured her, and then he turned to Max with an amiable smile. "You've got to get used to such things, Mr. Margonin," he continued. "When me and my Rosie goes out together, y'understand, between the time she says she is just putting on her hat and the time when she does put on her hat, y'understand, I could figure up costs on sixty styles already—including the overhead."

Margonin grunted in reply. He had been so completely surprised by the compliant attitude of Morris and Minnie, and they had exhibited such enthusiasm over his impending marriage, that he had begun to wonder whether or not he had been a trifle impetuous in his love-making.

"My poor wife *olav Hasholam* was the same way," he said, and heaved a melancholy sigh. "Many's the time she kept me waiting, Potash, because we used to go out together a whole lot. We was great companions."

Morris coughed by way of heading off these untimely reminiscences, but the ruse failed of its effect.

"She was very fond of going on the theayter," Max continued. "She loved it especially moving pictures, because she said if you was going to spend money going on theayters, a moving pictures is just so much good for passing away an evening, y'understand, and you save anyhow one dollar and forty cents."

Mrs. Lesengeld sniffed audibly.

"Some people is pretty economical," she said, and Morris again coughed, but to no purpose.

"Not that she was economical in the house," Max went on. "A better table as my poor Leah *olav Hasholam* set, Mrs. Lesengeld, nobody ever sat down—I don't care he could be Abraham Carnegie even."

"I wonder what's keeping your sister," Abe broke in hurriedly.

"Perhaps I'd better send a waiter up to find out," Mrs. Lesengeld said, and after this was done Max resumed his in-memoriam conversation.

"Everything she cooked herself," he began; "for hours she stands on the kitchen range and I says to her, 'Mommer,' I says—I always called her Mommer even she wouldn't got no children—'Mommer, why don't you let the girl attend to that *gedämpfte Kalbfleisch?*' Which I can assure you, Mrs. Lesengeld, I never expect to eat such *gedämpfte Kalbfleisch* any more, Mrs. Lesengeld, no matter how many times I would get married again."

Mrs. Lesengeld grew crimson and her sniff became a veritable snort.

"And she said to me, 'Popper,' she said, 'you could get fifty girls in the kitchen,' she said, 'and ——'"

"Miss Kammer is not in her room," the head waiter interrupted.

"Then see if she is round the veranda or in the lobby," Mrs. Lesengeld said, "and for heaven's sake serve the soup or something."

"Sure, let's have the soup right away," Margonin agreed. "I'm pretty near starving already."

Accordingly the soup was served and the empty soup plates were removed, but the seat at Abe's left hand remained vacant.

"I wonder where she can be," Mrs. Lesengeld said, and her worried expression was reflected round the table, except upon the face of Max Margonin.

"It reminds from an experience I had when me and my poor Leah *olav Hasholam* was one summer in Long Branch. We was sitting in the dining room one night when ——"

At this juncture the head waiter returned.

"Miss Kammer has went to the city," he announced.

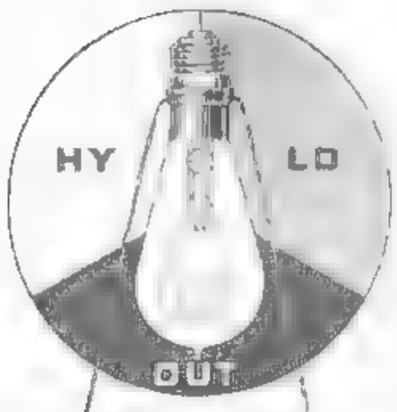
"Went to the city!" Lesengeld exclaimed. "She couldn't have went to the city."

"And left this here note for Mrs. Lesengeld," the head waiter continued.

He handed a sealed envelope to Mrs. Lesengeld who ripped it open at once.

"As I was saying," Max continued, "we was sitting in the dining room one night when ——"

His narrative was again interrupted, and this time by Mrs. Lesengeld, who attempted to rise from her chair. She clutched at the table cloth, her face as colorless as the exigencies of a modern toilet permit, and the next moment she sank to the floor, dragging with her seven sets of glassware, knives, forks and plates. In the excitement that followed, only Abe remained calm. With a view to a refund he at once withdrew the champagne bottles from the



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ice-bucket and placed them on an adjoining table. Then he picked up the letter which Mrs. Lesengeld had dropped, and while all the attention centered on that lady he scanned its contents unnoticed. It read as follows:

"*My dear Sister:*

"Harold Mendelberg and I have decided we will get married. He looks young for his age. He is thirty-seven. We are going to New York to-night and will be in Cincinnati Thursday. He is not so much younger than I am. Please express my trunks to the Geltmont Hotel, New York City. Everybody mistakes him for twenty-five, but he is really thirty-seven. We are going to be very happy.

"Your loving sister,

"PAULINE.

"P. S. He is going to grow a beard and then he will look his real age, which is thirty-seven."

During the middle of their fall shipping season a few months later, the morning activities of Abe and Morris were interrupted by the arrival of a visitor with a neat Vandyke beard.

"How do you do, Mr. Potash?" he said.

"How are you, Mr.—er—er——" Abe replied.

"You don't remember me," the visitor said.

"Your clothes is familiar," Abe said, "but I don't recognize your face."

"That's because I've grown a beard," the newcomer said, and a wave of recollection broke over Abe.

"It does make you look older," he said. "I mean it makes you look a whole lot older." He exchanged a perfunctory handshake with Harold Mendelberg. "Still learning the *Leute* to dance, I suppose?" he said rather frigidly.

"With Pauline's money all invested in Lesengeld & Kammer's store!" Harold exclaimed. "I should say not. I am now buyer for their cloak and suit department."

Forthwith Abe began to wring Mendelberg's hand until the latter's eyes filled with tears.

"Mawruss!" he yelled. "Come here quick. An old friend of ours has came—Harold Mendelberg."

"What do you mean—an old friend?" Morris said as he walked slowly forward.

"Sure!" Abe cried excitedly. "He is now buying goods for Lesengeld & Kammer."

Morris immediately broke into a run. "Why, how do you do, Mr. Mendelberg?" he shouted. "Ain't it a pleasure to see you? Come right in and sit down and we'll have a little talk over old times yet."

Harold avoided a second handshake by pulling off his gloves.

"Business before pleasure, Perlmutter," he said. "I've come in to look over your goods."

"Why, zoitainly," Abe assured him and led the way to the showroom, where in less than two hours Harold made a generous selection of Potash & Perlmutter's fall line.

"Well, Perlmutter," he said after cigars had been passed round, "I suppose your wife's Uncle Max is feeling pretty sore at me."

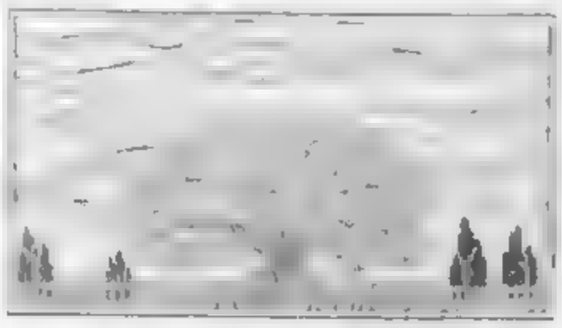
"*Oser a Stuck!*" Morris declared. "In fact he feels you've done him a favor—I mean he feels that perhaps it was all for the best. An old man like him ain't got no call to get married again, Mr. Mendelberg."

"Sure, he ain't," Abe said, winking at Harold, "not when your wife is his only niece."

Morris shrugged his shoulders angrily.

"For my part she could be his only daughter, Abe," he retorted, "and it wouldn't make no difference to me. I live to please myself, Abe, not relations nor partners neither." He turned almost defiantly to Harold Mendelberg.

"You must come up and eat dinner with Minnie and me, Mr. Mendelberg," he said; "and h'afterwards, might you would do us a favor and show us a couple of new steps in the fox trot?"



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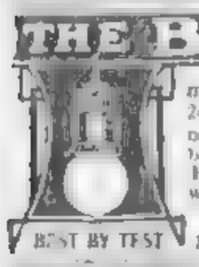

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(Continued from Page 21)

"Well," Richard observed, "I wasn't counting on having any witnesses on that occasion, but you can come along if you like. I suppose," he added, "I shall have to do him the courtesy of asking his permission, but ——"

"But what?" Hunterleys asked curiously.

They were on a long stretch of straight white road. Richard looked for a moment up to the sky, and Hunterleys, watching him, was amazed at the change that came over his face.

"There isn't a grand duke or a prince or an imperial majesty alive," he said, "who could rob me of Fedora!"

xxx

THERE was a momentary commotion in the club. A woman had fainted at one of the roulette tables. Her chair was quickly drawn back. She was helped out to the open space at the top of the stairs and placed in an easy-chair there. Lady Weybourne, who was on the point of leaving with her husband, hastened back. She stood there while the usual restoratives were being administered, fanning the unconscious woman with a white ostrich fan that hung from her waist. Presently Violet opened her eyes. She recognized Lady Weybourne and smiled weakly.

"I am so sorry," she murmured. "It was silly of me to stay in here so long. I went without my dinner, too, which was rather idiotic."

A man who said he was a doctor bent over her pulse and then turned away.

"The lady will be quite all right now," he said. "You can give her brandy and soda if she feels like it. *Pardon!*"

He hastened back to his place at the baccarat table. Lady Hunterleys sat up.

"It was quite absurd of me," she declared. "I don't know what ——"

She stopped suddenly. The weight was once more upon her heart, the blankness before her eyes. She remembered!

"I am quite able to go home now," she added.

Her gold bag lay upon her lap. It was almost empty. She looked at it vacantly and then closed the snap.

"We'll see you back to the hotel," Lady Weybourne said soothingly. "Here comes Harry with the brandy and soda."

Lord Weybourne came hurrying from the bar, a tumbler in his hand.

"How nice of you!" Violet exclaimed gratefully. "Really, I feel that this is just what I need. I wonder what time it is?"

"Half past four," Lord Weybourne announced, glancing at his watch.

She laughed weakly.

"How stupid of me! I have been between here and the Casino for nearly twelve hours and have had nothing to eat. No, I won't have anything here, thanks," she added as Lord Weybourne started back again for the bar, muttering something about a sandwich. "I'll have something in my room. If you are going back to the hotel perhaps I could come with you."

They all three left the place together, passing along the private way.

"I haven't seen your brother all day," Violet remarked to Lady Weybourne.

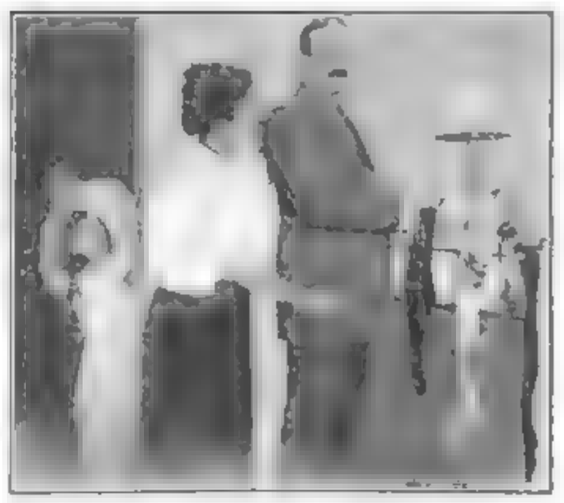
"Richard's gone off somewhere in the car to-night—a most mysterious expedition," his sister declared. "I began to think that it must be an elopement, but I see the yacht's there still, and he would surely choose the yacht in preference to a motor-car if he were running off with anybody! Your husband doesn't come into the rooms much."

Violet shook her head.

"He hasn't the gambling instinct," she said quietly. "Perhaps he is just as well without it. One gets a lot of amusement out of this playing for small stakes, but it is irritating to lose. Thank you so much for looking after me," she added as they reached the hall of the hotel. "I am quite all right now and my maid will be sitting up for me."

She passed into the lift. Lady Weybourne looked after her admiringly.

"Say, she's got some pluck, Harry!" she murmured. "They say she lost nearly a hundred thousand francs to-night and she never even mentioned her losings. Irritating, indeed! I wonder what Sir Henry thinks of it. They are only moderately well off."



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What joys and thrills you used to have when Santa came on Christmas Eve! Make this a happy Christmas for *your* youngsters and yourselves—fill their stockings with toys and trinkets, and those tasty confections—

Necco Wafers
Glazed Paper Wrapper
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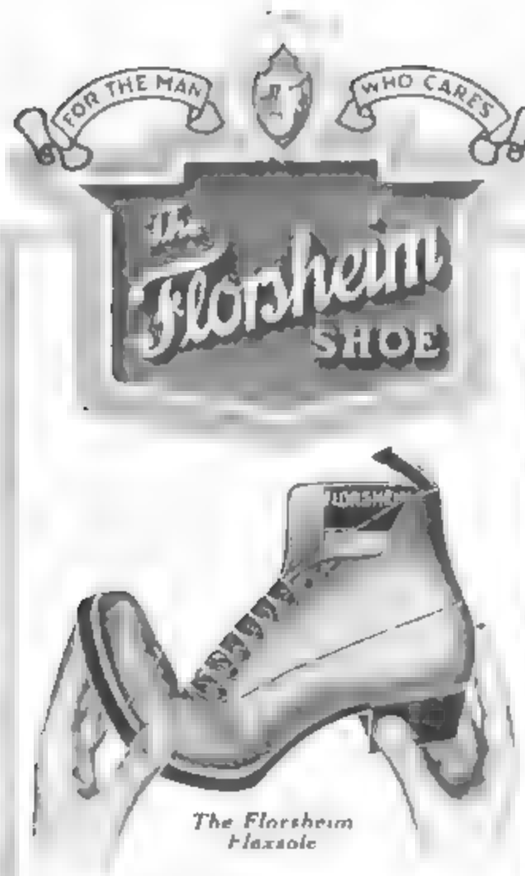

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Address

Her husband shrugged his shoulders, after the fashion of his sex.

"Let us hope," he said, "that it is Sir Henry who suffers."

Violet slipped out of her dress and dismissed her maid. In her dressing gown she sat before the open window. Everywhere the place seemed steeped in the faint violet and purple light preceding the dawn. Away eastward she could catch a glimpse of the mountains, their peaks cut sharply against the soft, deep sky; a crystalline glow, the first herald of the hidden sunrise, hanging about their summits. The gentle breeze from the Mediterranean was cool and sweet. There were many lights still gleaming upon the sea, but their effect now seemed tawdry. She sat there, her head resting upon her hands. She had the feeling of being somehow detached from the whole world of visible objects, as though, indeed, she were on her deathbed.

In her thoughts she went back to the first days of estrangement between her husband and herself. Almost before she realized it she found herself struggling against the tenderness that still survived, that seemed at that moment to be tearing at her heartstrings. He had ceased to care, she told herself. It was all too apparent that he had ceased to care. He was amusing himself elsewhere. Her impulsive little note had not won even a kind word from him. Her appeals, on one excuse or another, had been disregarded. She had lost her place in his life—thrown it away, she told herself bitterly. And, in its stead, what?

A new fear of Draconmeyer was stealing over her. He presented himself suddenly as an evil genius. She went back through the last few days. Her brain seemed unexpectedly clear, her perceptions unerring. She saw with hateful distinctness how he had forced this money upon her, how he had encouraged her all the time to play beyond her means.

She realized the cunning with which he had left that last bundle of notes in her keeping. Well, there the facts were. She owed him now four thousand pounds. She had no money of her own, and she was already overdrawn with her allowance. There was no chance of paying him. She realized with a little shudder that he did not want payment—a realization that had come to her dimly from the first, but that she had pushed away simply because she had felt sure of winning. Now there was the price to be paid! She leaned farther out of the window. Away to her left the glow over the mountains was becoming stained with the faintest of pinks. She looked at it long with mute and critical appreciation. She swept with her eyes the line of violet shadows from the mountain tops to the seaboard, where the pale lights of Bordighera still flickered.

She looked up again from the dark blue sea to the paling stars. It was all wonderful—theatrical, perhaps, but wonderful—and how she hated it! She stood up before the window and with her clenched fists she beat against the sills.

Those long days and feverish nights through which she had passed slowly unfolded themselves. In those few moments she seemed to taste again the dull pain of constant disappointment, the hectic thrills of occasional winnings, the strange, dull inertia that had taken the place of resignation. She looked into the street below. How long would she live afterward, she wondered, if she threw herself down? She began even to realize the state of mind that breeds suicides—the brooding over a morrow too hateful to be faced.

As she still stood there the silence of the street below was broken. A motor swung round the corner and past the side of the hotel. She caught at the curtain as she recognized its occupants. Richard Lane was driving and by his side sat her husband. The car was covered with dust, and both men looked weary, as though they might have been out all night. She gazed after them with fast-beating heart. She had pictured her husband at the villa on the hill! Where had he been with Richard Lane? Perhaps, after all, the things she had imagined were not true. The car had stopped now at the front door. It returned a moment later on its way to the garage with only Lane in it. She opened her door and stood there silently. Hunterleys would have to pass the end of the corridor if he came up by the main lift. She waited with fast-beating heart. The seconds passed. Then she heard the rattle of the lift ascending, its click as it stopped, and soon afterward the

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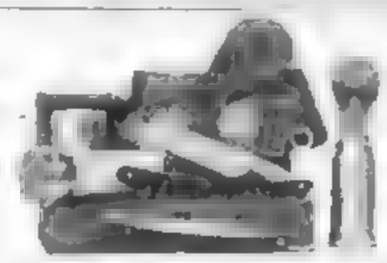

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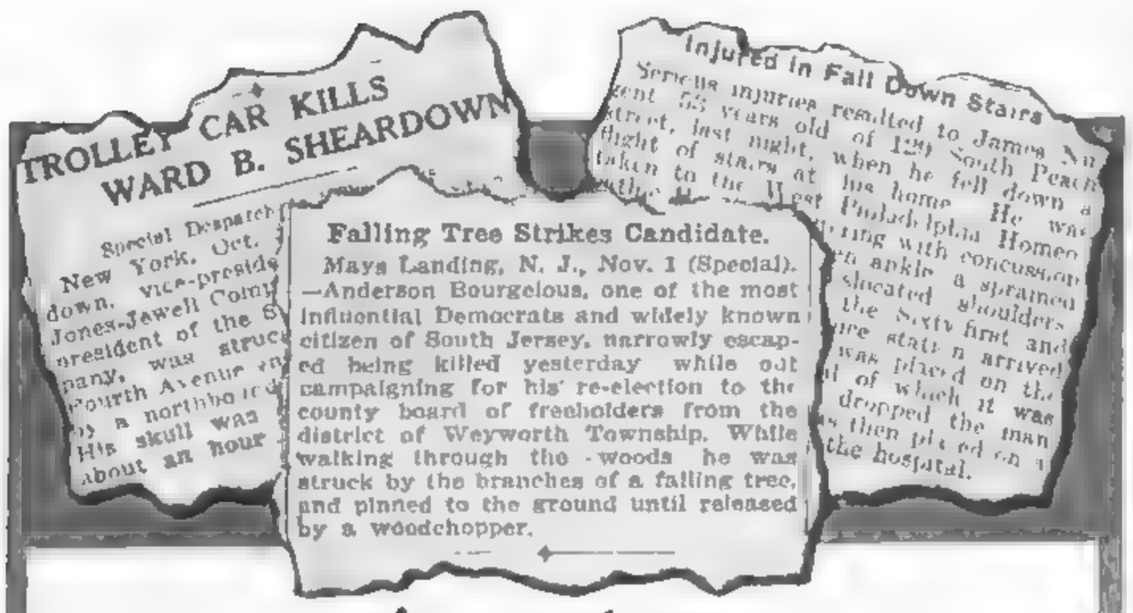
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by a northbo
His skull was
about an hour
Injured in Fall Down Stairs
Serious injuries resulted to James Mc
cent 55 years old of 129 South Peach
street, last night, when he fell down a
flight of stairs at his home. He was
taken to the West Philadelphia Homeo
suffering with concussion
an ankle a sprained
shoulder dislocated
the Sixty first and
are state n arrived
was placed on the
of which it was
dropped the man
is then placed on
the hospital.
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footsteps of a man. He was coming, coming past the corner! At that moment she felt that the sound of his footsteps was like the beating of fate. They came nearer and she shrank a little back. There was something unfamiliar about them. Whoever it might be it was not Henry! And then suddenly Draconmeyer came into sight.

"Lady Hunterleys!" he exclaimed softly. "You still up?"

She hesitated.

"Do you want to come in?" she asked. "You may. I have something to say to you. Perhaps I shall sleep better if I say it now."

He stepped quickly past her.

"Close the door," he whispered.

She obeyed him deliberately.

"There is no hurry," she said. "This is my sitting room. I receive whom I choose here."

"But it is nearly six o'clock!" he exclaimed.

"That does not affect me," she answered, shrugging her shoulders. "Sit down."

He obeyed. There was something changed about her, something he did not recognize. She stood facing him.

"Listen," she continued: "I have borrowed from you three thousand pounds. You left with me to-night—I don't know whether you meant to lend it to me or whether I had it on trust, but you left in my charge another thousand pounds. I have lost it all—all, you understand—the four thousand pounds and every penny I have of my own."

He sat quite still. He was watching her through his gold-rimmed spectacles. There was the slightest possible frown upon his forehead. The time for talking of money as though it were a trifle was past.

"That is a great deal," he said.

"It is a great deal," she admitted. "I owe it to you and I cannot pay. What are you going to do?"

He watched her eagerly. There was a new note in her voice. He paused to consider what it might mean. A single false step now and he might lose all that he had striven for.

"How am I to answer that?" he asked softly. "I will answer it first in the way that seems most natural. I will beg you to accept your losings as a little gift from me—as a proof, if you will, of my friendship."

He had saved the situation. If he had obeyed his first impulse the affair would have been finished. He realized it as he watched her face, and he shuddered at the thought of his escape. His words obviously disturbed her.

"It is not possible for me," she protested, "to accept money from you."

"Not from Linda's husband?"

She stood for a moment looking at him.

"Do you offer it to me as Linda's husband?" she demanded.

It was a crisis for which Draconmeyer was scarcely prepared. He was driven out of his pusillanimous compromise. She was pressing him hard for the truth. Again the fear of losing her altogether terrified him.

"If I have other feelings of which I have not spoken," he said quietly, "have I not kept them to myself? Do I obtrude them upon you even now? I am content to wait."

"To wait for what?" she insisted.

All that had been in his mind seemed suddenly miraged before him—the removal of Hunterleys, his own wife's failing health. The way had seemed so clear only a little time ago, and now the clouds were back again.

"Until you appreciate the fact," he told her, "that you have no more sincere friend than I, that there is no one who values your happiness more than I do."

"Supposing I take this money from you," she asked after a moment's pause, "are there any conditions?"

"None whatever," he answered.

She turned away with a little sigh. The tragedy which a few minutes ago she had seen looming up eluded her. She had courted a dénouement in vain. He was too clever.

"You are very generous," she said. "We will speak of this to-morrow. I called you in because I could not bear the uncertainty of it all. Please go now."

He rose slowly to his feet. She gave him her hand lifelessly. He kept it for a moment. She drew it away and looked at the place where his lips had touched it. It was as though her fingers had been scorched with fire.

"It shall be to-morrow," he whispered as he passed out.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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If you cannot buy from your dealer, full size package, prepaid, will be sent you for 30c in stamps. Have this treat that *is* a treat—send to our nearest office for a box of *Calarab*.

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COMFORT for everybody—a gift that is useful from cellar to garret. So be sure and mark down "PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER" on your Christmas list.

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Father uses it to heat the bathroom while he is shaving. Mother sews beside it. It thaws out sister's fingers for piano practice. It keeps brother warm at the work bench while he cleans his gun or sharpens his skates. It is portable and safe. Can be used anywhere.

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WHAT a cheer of human kindliness it spreads—Old Christmas! It beams from old gentlemen and twinkles from old ladies and sparkles and bubbles and glistens and glows from each brother and sister among us—children again.

That is the sacrament of Christmas. It is the beacon of good will and hearty deed, shared by the old world itself—the good round world that pours its treasures into the bright stores to make Christmas folk glad.

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Nibbly kinds, melty kinds, juicy kinds, crunchy kinds!

Date-stuffed candies, cream-packed candies! Some that are nut-filled, some that are nut-dipped. Some with whispers of the subtlest candy-flavors from the choice spice-spots of the world!

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